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October 17, 1925

Collier's

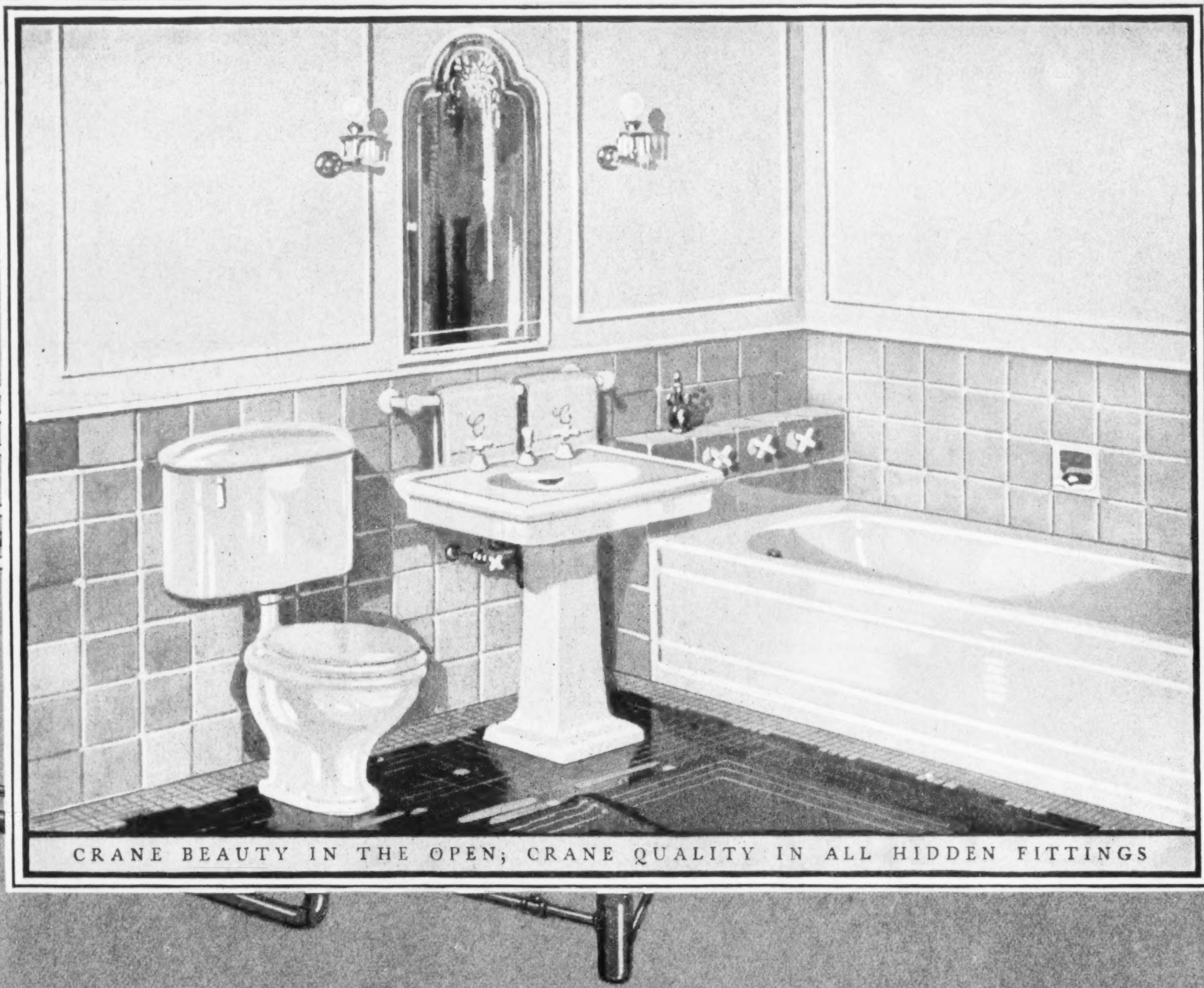
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Cover by Penrhyn Stanlaws

“Poison Gas for Home Use”
By William G. Shepherd

and

Jack Bethea's
“The DEEP SEA



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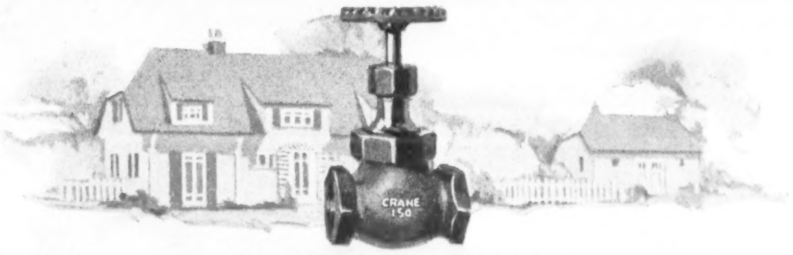

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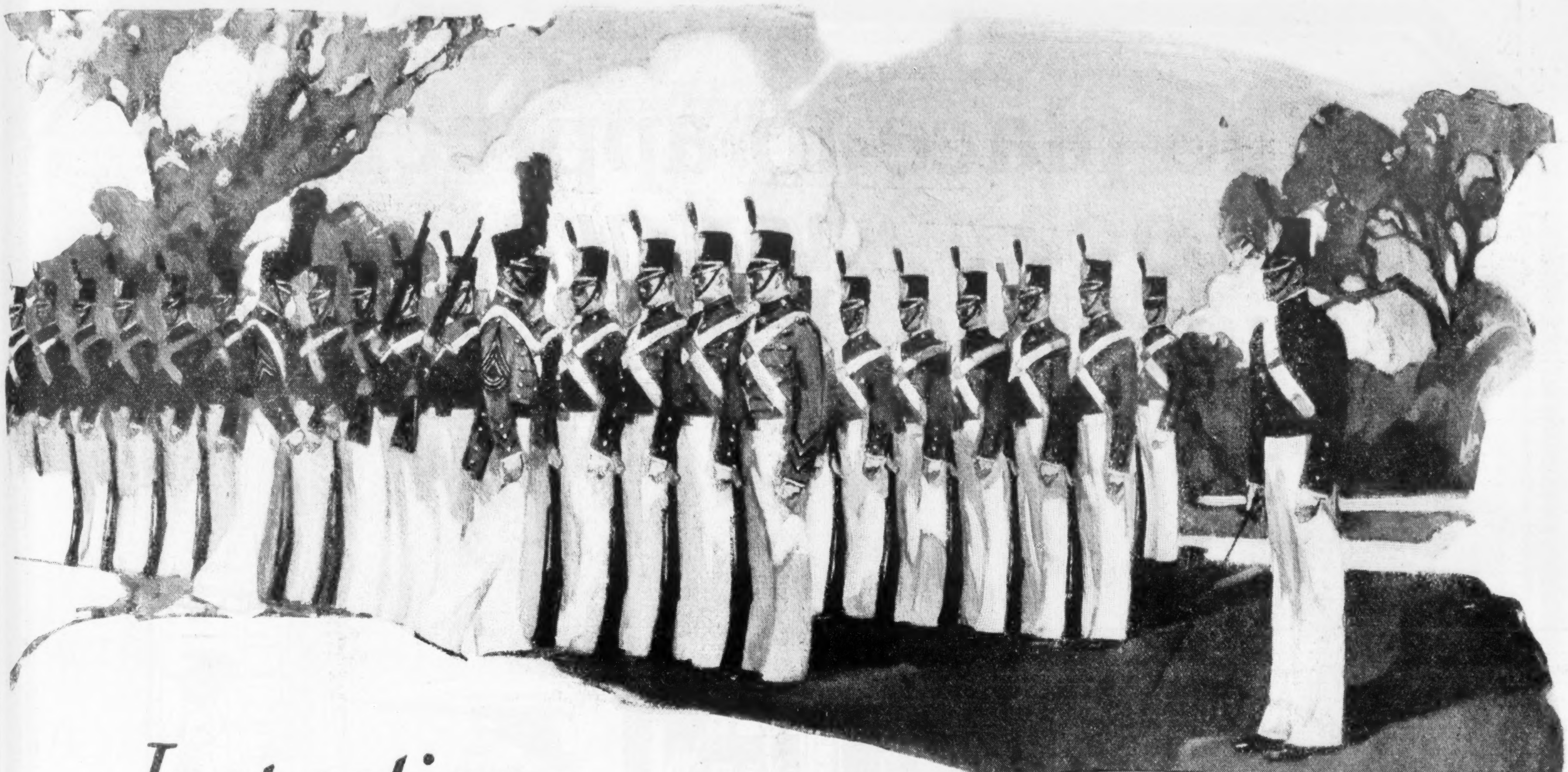

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Inspection—
Inspection!

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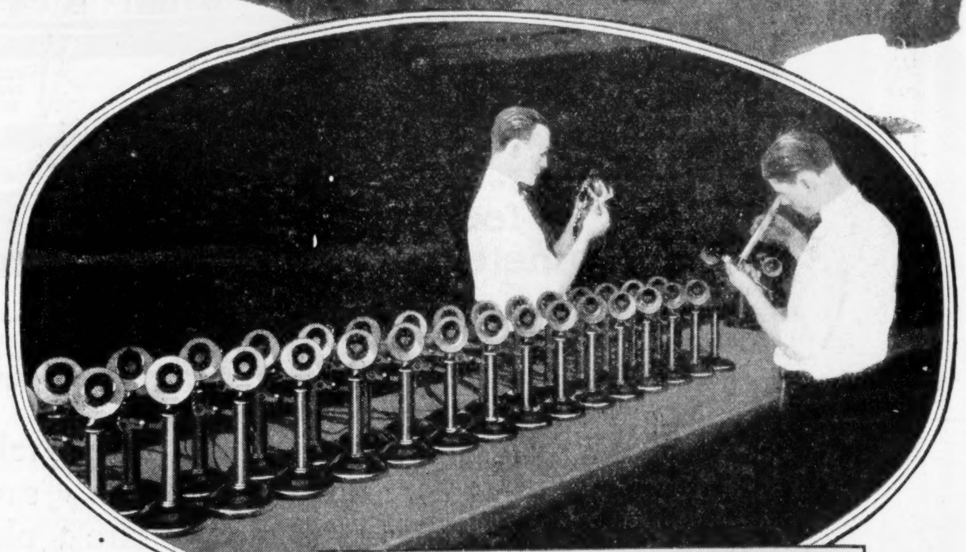

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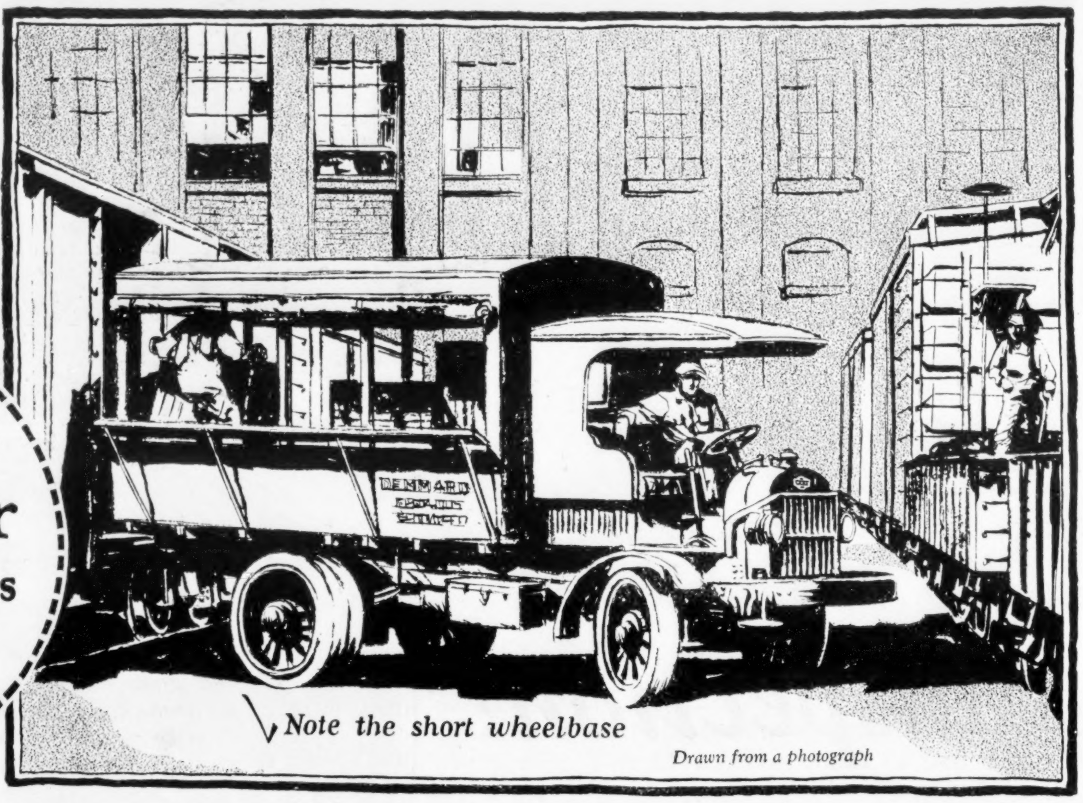

Note the short wheelbase

Drawn from a photograph

IF every truck buyer would get into the driver's seat and put an Autocar through his day's work, the advantages of *short wheelbase handiness* would open his eyes.

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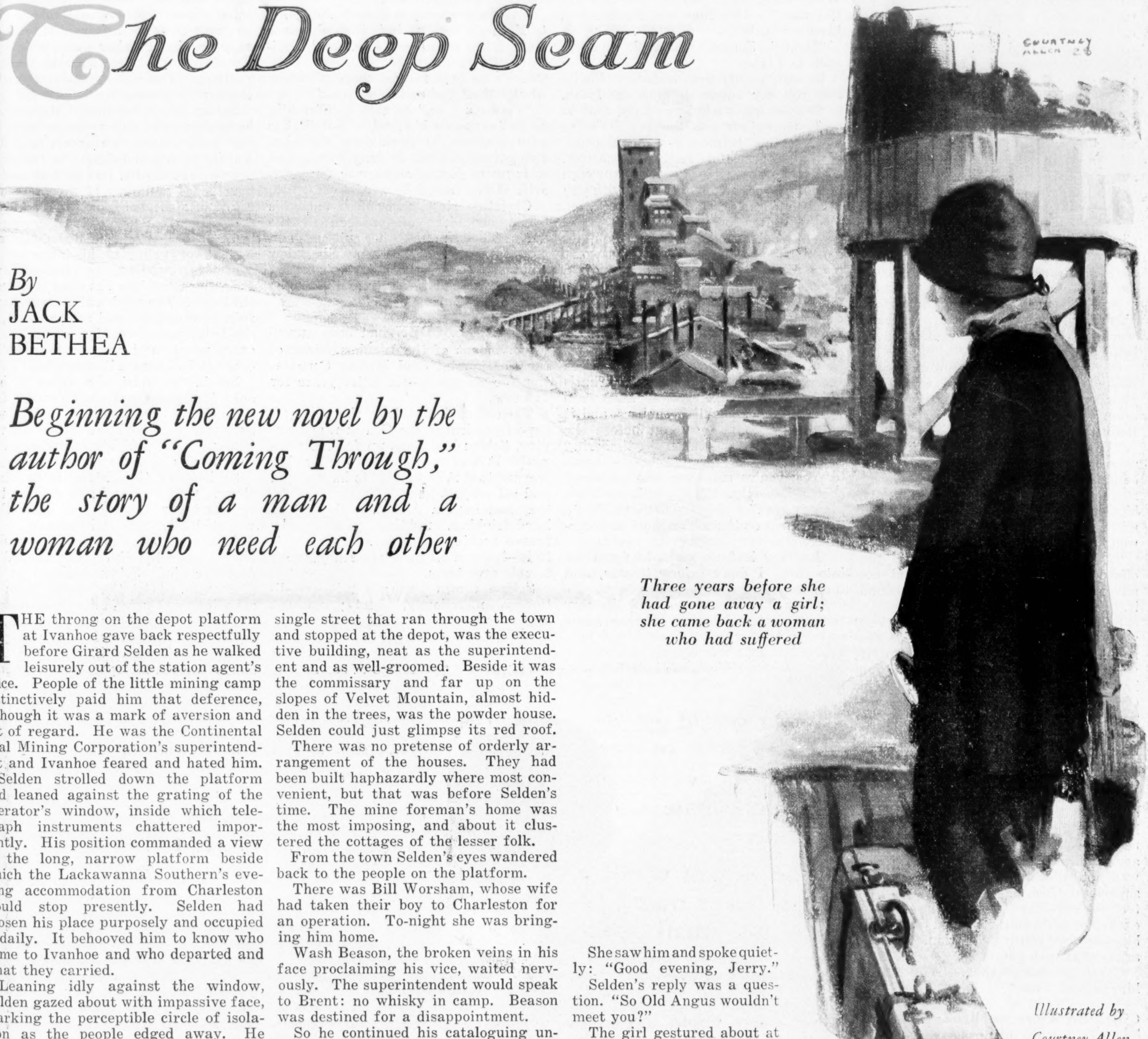
The Deep Seam

By
JACK
BETHEA

Beginning the new novel by the author of "Coming Through," the story of a man and a woman who need each other



Three years before she had gone away a girl; she came back a woman who had suffered

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

THE throng on the depot platform at Ivanhoe gave back respectfully before Girard Selden as he walked leisurely out of the station agent's office. People of the little mining camp instinctively paid him that deference, although it was a mark of aversion and not of regard. He was the Continental Coal Mining Corporation's superintendent and Ivanhoe feared and hated him.

Selden strolled down the platform and leaned against the grating of the operator's window, inside which telegraph instruments chattered importantly. His position commanded a view of the long, narrow platform beside which the Lackawanna Southern's evening accommodation from Charleston would stop presently. Selden had chosen his place purposely and occupied it daily. It behooved him to know who came to Ivanhoe and who departed and what they carried.

Leaning idly against the window, Selden gazed about with impassive face, marking the perceptible circle of isolation as the people edged away. He found it gratifying; he had achieved this result with calculation: so he ruled Ivanhoe. The camp feared him—and with reason.

Selden was a striking figure: a spare man with a tall, lithe body topped by a head of brown hair with the suggestion of a wave. He was cleancut, immaculately dressed in khaki always, silent, thin-lipped—and as self-sufficient a man as ever held in his hands the destinies and happiness of two thousand people.

From the height of the platform Selden could see the straggling little town, dominated by the gaunt skeleton of scaffolding at the tipple: the structure at the mine mouth where the cars are tipped. The roar of the mine cars discharging their cargo into the crusher reached Selden as he watched and automatically he marked the intervals. Every six minutes; no wasted time there.

Behind the tipple, at the head of the single street that ran through the town and stopped at the depot, was the executive building, neat as the superintendent and as well-groomed. Beside it was the commissary and far up on the slopes of Velvet Mountain, almost hidden in the trees, was the powder house. Selden could just glimpse its red roof.

There was no pretense of orderly arrangement of the houses. They had been built haphazardly where most convenient, but that was before Selden's time. The mine foreman's home was the most imposing, and about it clustered the cottages of the lesser folk.

From the town Selden's eyes wandered back to the people on the platform.

There was Bill Worsham, whose wife had taken their boy to Charleston for an operation. To-night she was bringing him home.

Wash Beason, the broken veins in his face proclaiming his vice, waited nervously. The superintendent would speak to Brent: no whisky in camp. Beason was destined for a disappointment.

So he continued his cataloguing until the train came and slowly emptied its load; there was the clang of the bell, the conductor's warning shout, and it pulled away. The throng dispersed until only Selden and a solitary figure—a woman—were left. She was little more than a girl, but dark-circled eyes, lines about the mouth, and a face that was haggard for all its youth, told of experience bitterly endured. She was dressed very simply in black, with a close-fitting hat that shielded her eyes. There was an air about her that set her apart from the others who had left the train; she seemed out of place on the rough platform; overrefined for the hardy West Virginia mining camp.

SELDEN stood still, watching her as she looked about as if for some familiar face, but when she stepped forward to leave the platform he barred her way.

She saw him and spoke quietly: "Good evening, Jerry."

Selden's reply was a question. "So Old Angus wouldn't meet you?"

The girl gestured about at the empty platform. "As you see, I did not expect my father, but my mother if—"

"So you have come back to Ivanhoe after all?"

The girl's figure straightened; her eyes fired and her face flushed. For an instant it seemed that she would speak fiercely, but under the superintendent's cold eyes she thought better of it and returned a monosyllabic assent.

Selden considered her, his gray eyes far from kindly, searching for the changes that three years had wrought. They were sufficiently plain. Three years before she had gone away a girl; she came back a woman who had suffered.

When he spoke his tone was still casual, "I expected you before this."

The girl's eyes narrowed. "Then you knew what I would do?"

Selden laughed soundlessly; it was a trick of his. "Of course. You had no choice."

The girl dropped her suit case and her voice was edged: "You saw to it that I had none, didn't you?"

"Certainly," Selden returned promptly.

"Oh! And you don't deny it?"

Again Selden's lips lifted. "Why should I?"

"Because of the past I thought you might. Most men would deny what you have done. Rather, there would have been no necessity for denial. They would have accepted my marriage as final."

Selden shrugged. "You've still something to learn about me. Did you expect it to end there?"

"Yes, I did." Her voice became accusing. "You planned this from the first."

"I knew that you must be awakened, yes. How I was to do it did not come to me so readily. This is one of the consequences I warned you against that day on the tipple. If you had listened to me, you would have been saved all this. But you wouldn't, and I didn't realize until too late that you would ignore my warning. It has taken me three years to remedy that mistake."

The girl was silent a moment, and when she spoke her voice vibrated. She was not without spirit. "So what Clement told me was true?"

"Knowing your husband, I doubt it," Selden said.

Christine Bennett, who had been Christine McIvor, winced.

"Clem said that you had blacklisted him—that you had made it impossible for him to work in the middle fields."

Selden nodded and answered comfortably: "I didn't stop with that. He can't work in Alabama or Tennessee. I don't believe in half measures."

Christine's eyes narrowed again. Behind her lowered lids a spark was glowing. "You knew what you were going to do the day I married Clem Bennett," she accused.

"You are forgetting again," Selden corrected. "I planned nothing then because I did not intend for you to marry Bennett. I had warned you plainly. You knew I would not have done that without cause. My advice had had weight before—"

"Advice? I don't recall that you offered advice. Orders, yes. But not advice. And I knew what was behind it. I'm not stupid, Jerry."

Selden looked hard at her. "You were stupid then, at all events, for you should have known me better. But if wasn't until after I learned that you had left Ivanhoe and been married in Charleston that I began to plan to save you from—"

"Do you call this saving me?" Christine's voice was bitter.

"Drowning people always fight rescuers," observed Selden. "That's true of emotions too. I've gotten you out of it, and it wasn't hard. I knew your husband; he is a type that is not unusual. All companies that mine coal are familiar with his kind. What I did was not difficult—just a word to the superintendents. We know how to protect ourselves and we don't hesitate to exchange information. You call it a blacklist; we call it protection. I won't argue that with you."

Christine straightened. "You forced him to desert me."

SELDEN'S tone was light. "Oh, no. I made it more advantageous for him to leave you than to remain with you. I did not doubt what his choice would be. You can always count on him to do the thing that will benefit himself."

"Why did you do this?" Christine was calm. "I asked nothing of you. All that I have ever wanted was freedom to live my life in my own way. Always my father had—and then you! Wasn't it enough that I had married the man I wanted to marry? Who had the right to interfere? Least of all you."

Selden refused to match her seriousness. "The station platform is no place to go into all that. Some other time."

"That means you won't tell me. But I know already. And Clem knew."

Selden smiled at that. "Yes."

Christine spoke slowly: "You wanted me back in Ivanhoe."

Selden's lips lifted at the corners. "So I did. And he sent you back, knowing that."

There was a new note in her voice. "We won't go into that; it does not concern you. Now that I am here, what?"

Selden gestured negligently. "That is for you to determine. I have done what I planned. I have rescued you, and now the future rests with you."

"You have forced me back here, yes. What right have you to rule my life like that?" Her face was flushed and her eyes flashed.

"None," Selden admitted, "except such as I take."

In spite of her determination, Christine felt her anger slipping the leash.

"Do you know what you have done to me? Or rather you couldn't. You're not a woman, helpless as I am; dependent on others for food and shelter. You've no idea what I've been through or what it means to come back with you here—laughing because you have won. You've beaten me, but—"

Selden interrupted sternly. "Be quiet a moment and listen. Hysterics won't help you. I've forced you through a very unpleasant experience, I'll admit, but I've extricated you from something that would have ruined your life. If I saw men working in the mine under rotten timber, I'd take them out whether they liked it or not. Then I'd replace the timber with sound pillars. That's what I've done for you. You were working under buckling timbers, and it was better to get you out before the roof caved in. I've taken the timbering out."

"Yes, you've cut away the timbers," she said shortly. "But you haven't replaced them."

"I cannot do that. You must do something."

"But you had no right to force me into this. I don't belong to you, and the past—"

Selden interrupted her, and she saw the superintendent that Ivanhoe knew and feared. "I took the right," he said softly. "What will you do about it?"

Christine answered promptly. "Nothing—now. You've won temporarily. I dance to your tune because I must. But it won't always be so."

Selden recognized the threat and dismissed it. "That is in the future. What do you plan now?"

"Why ask when you know? I'm going to Father's because it is the only place I can. I'm penniless; absolutely destitute. I'd go anywhere else if I could. There's no help for me there. I know what I shall find and so do you."

"Perhaps I do," he said indifferently as he turned on his heel. "But that is your concern. I have done my part. I've gotten you out of danger, and now it is up to you to start over for yourself. I'm through."

Christine stood motionless until his broad shoulders disappeared in the dusk. Then she lifted her suit case and stepped from the platform. She knew what she faced at her father's house, but she was not thinking of that. She was considering Selden.

GIRARD SELDEN had been superintendent of the Ivanhoe mines of the Continental Coal Mining Corporation for six years—six bitter years for Ivanhoe.

Then a man of thirty, the youngest superintendent in the Continental's employ, Selden had come up from Cincinnati. It was not long before Ivanhoe learned that it is possible to hate a man and yet respect him.

It had been a godless settlement of hard-drinking, fighting miners, who feared nothing on earth and very little in it—least of all those the company set to rule over them.

Selden tamed them; did it expeditiously, mercilessly, coldly; without anger and without malice; as unfeelingly as if he had been dealing with lumps of coal.

In the six years at the camp Ivanhoe never grew to know Selden. He manifested scant interest in the mass activities of Ivanhoe. He did not supervise the sports. The churches he left severely alone. But infrequently, capriciously it seemed to the camp, he interposed in the home life of the village; overstepped all rights of a superintendent; dictated with an incisiveness that would not brook refusal. Ivanhoe women never knew when Selden would take a hand in their domestic affairs. It was outrageous—but Ivanhoe was a good camp. To resist meant eviction; the blacklist, perhaps. The women shivered and let the superintendent have his way.

Selden knew Ivanhoe. Mysteriously he gathered his knowledge in ways that the camp found disconcerting. Outwardly he was indifferent to the simple dramas about him, but he followed the heartaches and joys of the camp with a sort of aloof, sardonic amusement that moved him occasionally to dry comment.

When Selden left the depot platform, instead of going to his office in the executive building, he turned away from the camp into the road that led to the lodge. The road was a corduroy affair, in disrepair and seldom used, for the lodge was forbidden ground to the camp people and none of Ivanhoe had ever set foot across its threshold.

Set in the midst of a grove of huge oaks, the lodge overlooked a valley from a gentle rise. It was built of logs with dormered roof and low eaves above a wide veranda. Lights twinkled in the windows as Selden approached.

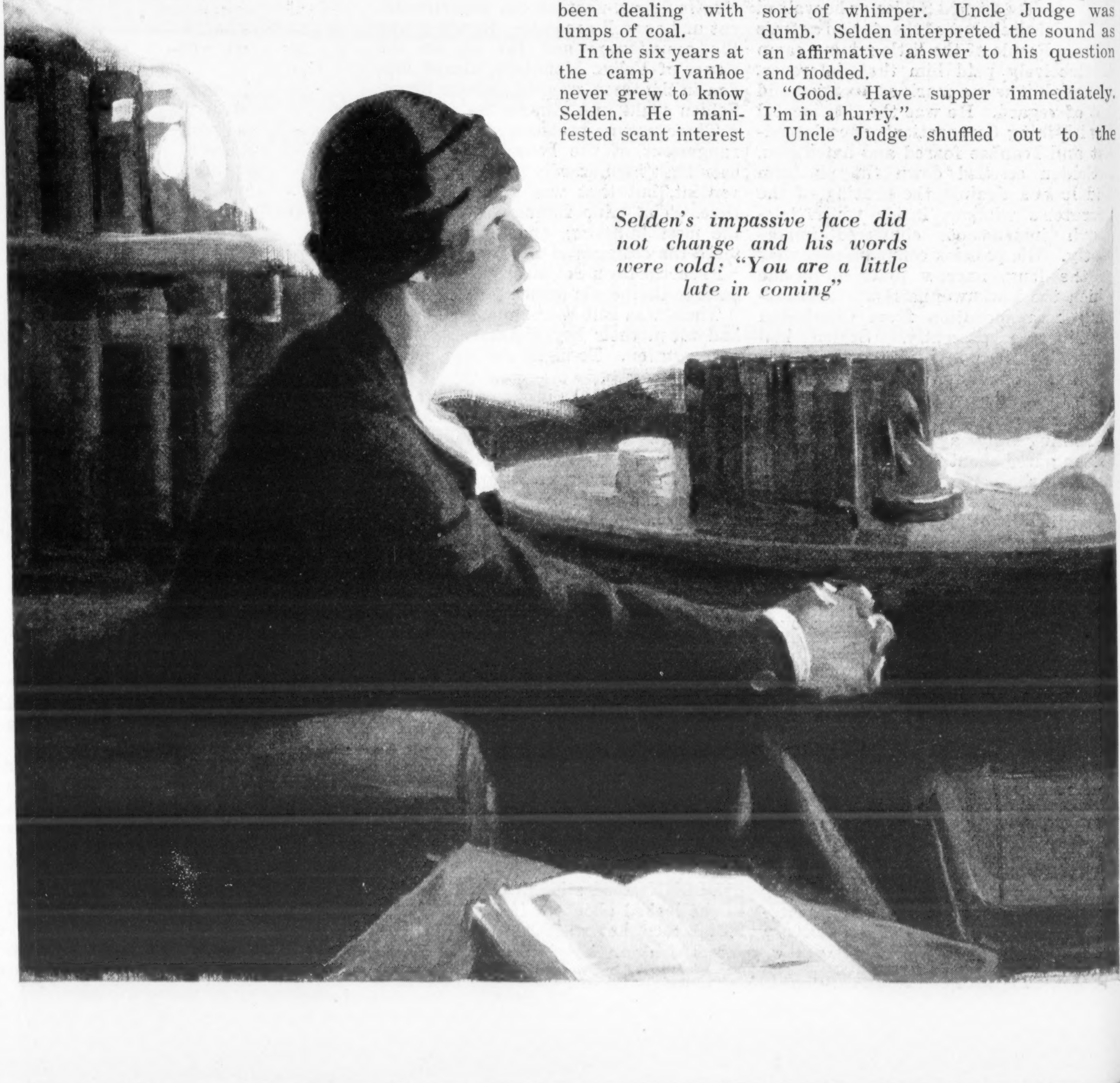
Selden was thoughtful as he strode along. Once he laughed softly to himself, and now that he was alone there was a kindlier note in his mirth.

An ancient Negro, incredibly wrinkled and with woolly white hair, opened the door for him. Selden glanced at him pleasantly. "Get the things from the commissary, Uncle Judge?" he asked.

The old Negro opened his mouth, but no articulate sound came—only a queer sort of whimper. Uncle Judge was dumb. Selden interpreted the sound as an affirmative answer to his question and nodded.

"Good. Have supper immediately. I'm in a hurry."

Uncle Judge shuffled out to the



Selden's impassive face did not change and his words were cold: "You are a little late in coming" kitchen, and Selden disappeared into the bathroom. The Negro was the only servant in the house. Selden found no need for any other. He had chosen the black because of his affliction. Selden wanted no talking outside and little at the lodge. Between master and man there had grown up some system of communication that Ivanhoe never fathomed, but that Selden and Uncle Judge found adequate.

Selden ate rapidly under Uncle Judge's deft service. The superintendent was anxious to be done and in the library with leisure for reflection. Christine's return demanded thought if he was to do for her what he planned.

These plans were only half formed, and he had denied them to her. He meant to help her, but she must come to him willingly. It was no part of his intention to force aid upon her. He was too shrewd a judge of human nature for that. First let her be broken under her father's harsh domination, and then he might expect an appeal. He was content to wait.

He drank his coffee quickly. Uncle Judge watched him from the kitchen door, divining his thoughts. Selden nodded.

"Fine," he said approvingly, and the old man's face brightened as it always did at a word of praise from Selden. The superintendent stirred the amber liquid thoughtfully. At last he spoke:

"Uncle Judge, I may have a caller. A woman. She will not come to-night, but when she does admit her. Do you understand?"

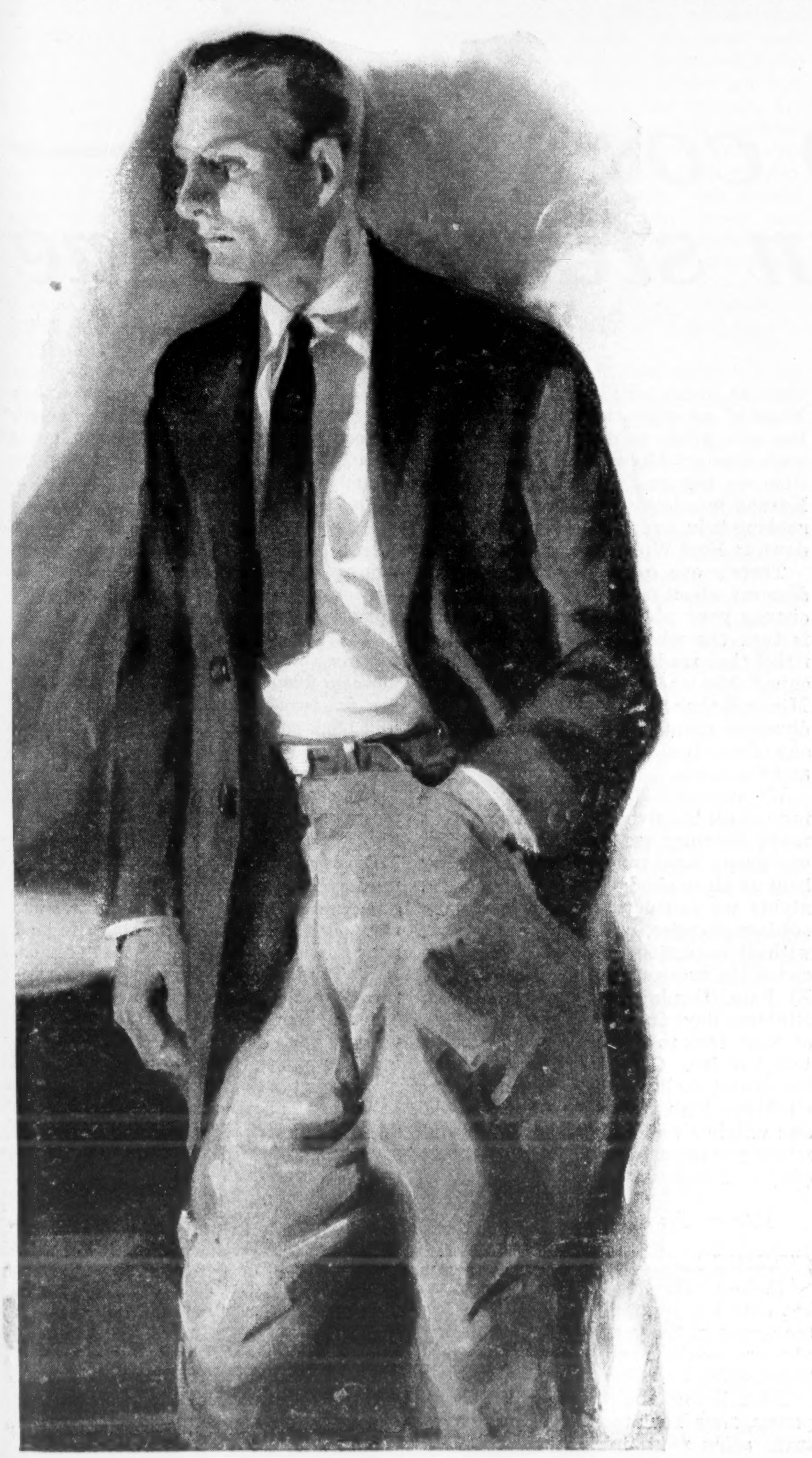
The Negro clucked in his throat. Selden interpreted it as an expression of wonder, and frowned.

"I know," he said impatiently. "We've never had camp people over here, but this is an exception. No matter what time she comes, call me."

UNCLE JUDGE nodded, and Selden left the table for the library, where he seated himself under a reading lamp and picked up a volume from the table. But the printed page did not hold him, and he sank into a fit of abstraction, a tiny frown between his eyes.

He knew Angus McIvor, a cold, austere Scotchman; he knew Mrs. McIvor, a colorless replica of her husband. He gauged McIvor's anger at his daughter's unsanctioned marriage to Clement Bennett. It would not have cooled in three years. Then he busied himself with the future.

In the days that followed he saw Christine from time to time as he went about the camp, and her brave manner did not deceive him.



To Selden through his underground channels came whispers of what was happening in the McIvor home: of old Angus' wrath; of the girl's ineffectual protests against her treatment. So Selden waited while the days grew into weeks and the weeks into a month. His confidence that she would come to him never wavered; it was a question of time only.

This night he was reading in the library, the book on the table under the light, one hand supporting his head and the lamp bringing out faint shades of bronze in his brown hair.

Presently Uncle Judge stood before him and moaned gutturally. Selden looked up impatiently.

"I'm busy," he snapped, "and I don't want to be interrupted."

The Negro whimpered, and his mouth worked. He drew his hands down in an outlining gesture. Selden glanced at him sharply and then rose quickly, tossing aside his book. He walked around the table and switched on the chandelier so that the room was flooded with brilliance. He paused, and it was as if he had closed a door within himself. Then he turned to Uncle Judge.

"Show her in," he said curtly.

Christine followed Uncle Judge down the long room on lagging feet, assuming a dejection she was far from feeling. The old man bowed in the direction of his master and disappeared silently through a door in an alcove.

Christine's bearing was not lost upon Selden, and she had assumed it for that purpose. Underneath her drooping exterior she was cool and calculating. She had not returned to Ivanhoe because she thought that what she planned to do would be easy. She had shuddered at the prospect of the dreariness of her father's house; at her mother's colorless disapproval and the coldness of the days before her, but she counted all this worth while if she could humble Selden.

She had not wanted to come to Selden until he sent for her. But his patience had outlasted hers, and she yielded because to accomplish her purpose there must be personal contact between them. His was the opening advantage; she acknowledged that, and it made her the more wary, more unscrupulous, more determined that he should think that she came reluctantly —driven by force of circumstances stronger than she. Christine wasted no time in indirection. "I have come to you to make an appeal."

Selden's impassive face did not change, and his words were cold: "You are a little late in coming."

Christine sat forward in her chair, her hands gripped tightly in her lap.

"You have a right to say that, I suppose, but it is ungenerous."

"I do not pretend to be generous."

Again her hands moved in her lap and her face twisted under strongly repressed emotion.

"You—you make what I have to say difficult," she said slowly. "It is not like the old days when—when we were friends. I appealed to you then—"

"Friends!" Selden's exclamation was scornful, and Christine's heart leaped when she heard it. "Friends! I thought we were, but I found that you did not know the meaning of the word. I had plans for you if you had only waited. I was anxious to help—then. I could have done something. You knew how I felt, but that did not change you. And now you come to me in the name of friendship. You are optimistic."

"Nevertheless I am here," Christine persisted. She did not expect to yield readily. "I have come to you because you are my only hope and I am desperate. And there is another thing. You forced me back here and you have no right to evade the responsibility for that. It is only just that you help me."

A godless settlement of fighting miners

"I hardly think it worth while," said Selden coolly. "Why should I help you? What call have you on me? I remember the past, and I have no desire to repeat the experiment. If you had only waited then, if you had only given me a chance to show you what was in my mind, this would not have happened and you would have obtained the freedom you have always craved."

"You are bitter," she mused aloud. "Perhaps that is natural, but I find that I do not know you as well as I thought. I never looked on you as vindictive. I see that you will not forgive my marriage. If you knew why I married, you would not feel as you do. If I appeal to you, it is only right that you should know what happened. Will you listen?"

Selden rose and switched off the chandelier, leaving the room in semi-darkness, the lamp on the table an island of light.

"I will listen," he said quietly.

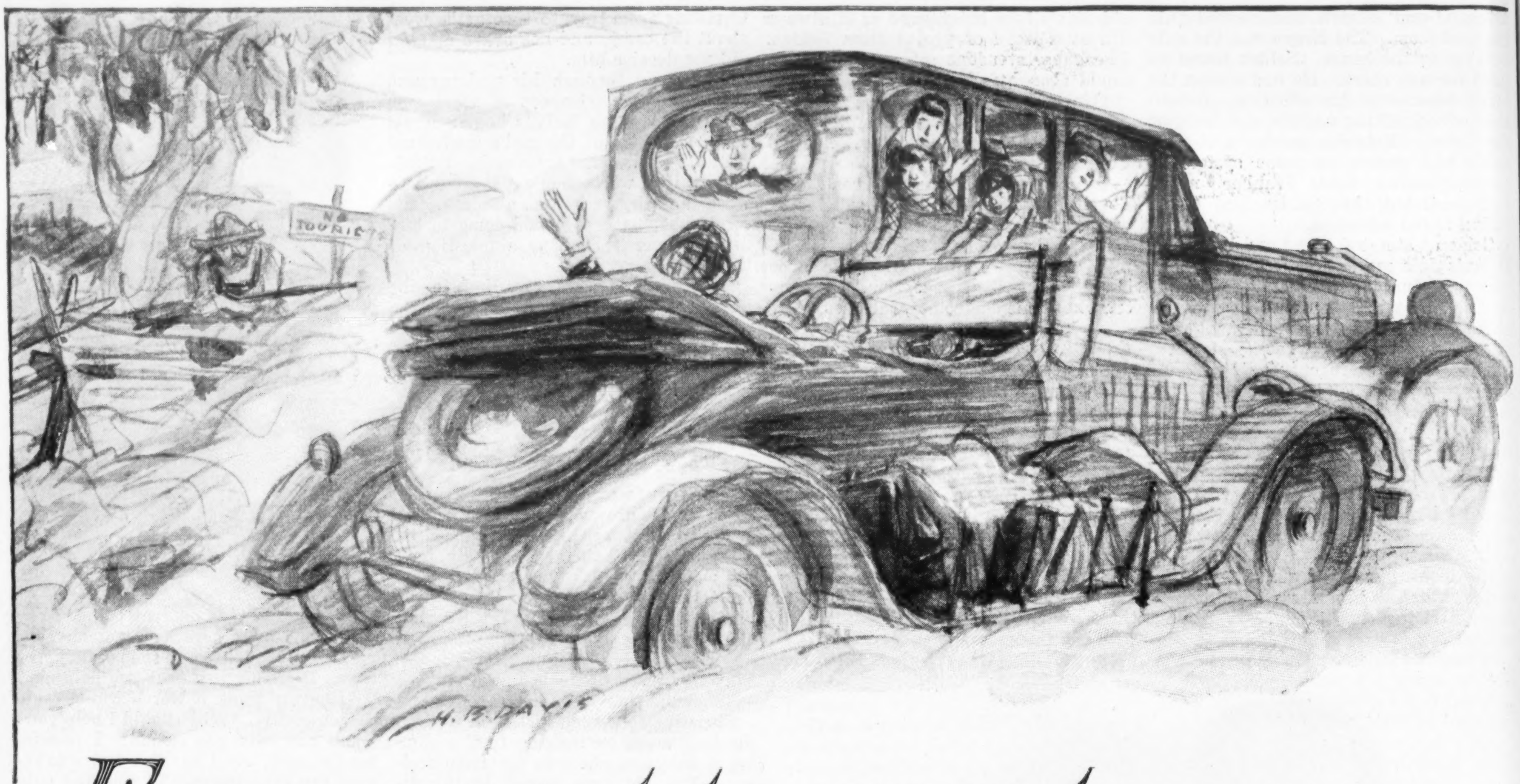
CHRISTINE'S confidence was not shaken in spite of his seeming coldness. She knew of old that it was impossible to guess his emotions from his face.

"It isn't easy to acknowledge that you've made a mistake," she began. "Particularly to you, when I remember our friendship. I'm proud, and the admission would be easier to any other person on earth than to you. But it seems to me that, because you took away my chance for freedom and happiness, I have a right to expect something from you."

"Rather a peculiar frame of mind in which to come to me for help," Selden commented.

She bent her head in acknowledgment. "It is, but, then, the whole thing is peculiar. With any other man my marriage would have been final, accepted as the end of any regard between us. But you pursued me even after—"

Selden turned in his chair to face her, and his face took on faint animation. "That very thing is proof of the sincerity of my regard. If I had cared nothing for you, I would have kept still and allowed you to go on until when the break came it would have ruined your life. You may think it is wrecked now, but it isn't. You can start over, and I see no reason why I should interest myself further in you. What happened proved how little you regarded me. After all that had passed between us, you ignored my warning; you forgot me entirely; (*Continued on page 49*)



From coast to coast — cheaper than staying home

YOU don't need to cripple your bank balance these days to do long-distance traveling. Mr. Stearns bought an old car in New York and started for California in December. When the trip from coast to coast and return had been made he figured up his expenses. He hadn't tried to economize and he had taken along the five members of his family, but he found that, like others, he had spent less than living at home would have cost him. "We're going again this winter," he says.

MY WIFE and I made the discovery by accident. We live within commuting distance of New York, in an old farmhouse, unheated, entirely unequipped (as our generation sees it) for winter use. My wife wanted to go to California. Her father and mother live out there, and they're getting along. Obviously the thing to do was to combine the California trip with the cold weather; go out in the fall, come back in the spring. What could be neater and sweeter?

But we have what seems to-day like a formidable set of children—four, from high school down. And—amazing, careless, reprehensible, and all that, but, after all, not unprecedented—no accumulated capital. No reserve laid by. High living expenses, and no money to spare. Transportation to California, wife, self and four children, say $750; home again, same thing. Total, $1,500. Impossible.

That's why my wife got a paper and pencil and began to do imaginative writing. She wanted to make that trip. Of course I'm head of the family and all that, but what was it Cox called himself at the Democratic convention? The "titular head" of the party, I think it was. . . . We decided to make the trip.

But we decided to go by automobile. That way, the paper and pencil showed, we would save a lot of money.

The idea was that we could travel almost as cheaply as we could stay at home. To me it sounded rather fantastic. But the results are worth telling about.

I bought an old seven-passenger closed car, 1917 model, for $400. The company said it was in shape to go to the Pacific coast and back with only minor repairs. It was a reliable company. New tires and a few extras brought the total to $550. A camping outfit—tent, sleeping bags, portable stove, and so on—totaled nearly $200 more. There was the whole of our one-way transportation to California spent already and not a mile to show for it yet.

These preliminaries took a good while, and before we were ready to go winter set in. We started the second of December, before daylight. There was snow on the ground.

Except on stormy nights, we camped out. It was cold and child No. 4 complained bitterly. His feet ached. His hands were numb. So were his mother's. We wouldn't have thought for a moment of putting up with such conditions at home. Still, none of us died. None of us even caught cold. Inside the car, after we'd broken camp, we were comfortable enough. But by the time we got as far as the middle of Kansas we decided there was no use rubbing it in, and turned south, straight down to Fort Worth.

There's one of the first things you discover about automobile touring: to change your plans, all you have to do is turn the wheel. You don't have a ticket that reads: "Good only via Cheyenne." Mexico is not much farther from Missouri than Canada is. A day in one direction costs no more than a day in any other. It all depends on the weather and the roads.

We averaged 200 miles a day, camping out all but five nights. We weren't really touring; we were traveling. It was pretty hard work. That very thing kept us all in good shape. On the hotel nights we failed to get the necessary outdoor exercise, and as a result were, without exception, more ragged at the end of the succeeding day. Fort Worth, El Paso, Deming, Tucson and Yuma. Eighteen days from the eastern suburbs of New York to the western suburbs of Los Angeles. Cost of trip, aside from the initial outlay: $385. Gasoline and oil, $140—high, because the car was old and weighed 4,800 pounds; repairs and minor garage charges, $45; hotel bills, $90; food and sundries, $110.

Homes Awheel Everywhere

COMING back, the expense was a little less. Nineteen days on the road, but only one night in a hotel. It was the spring of the year, with a lucky run of warm weather and mostly dry roads. Total, $350.

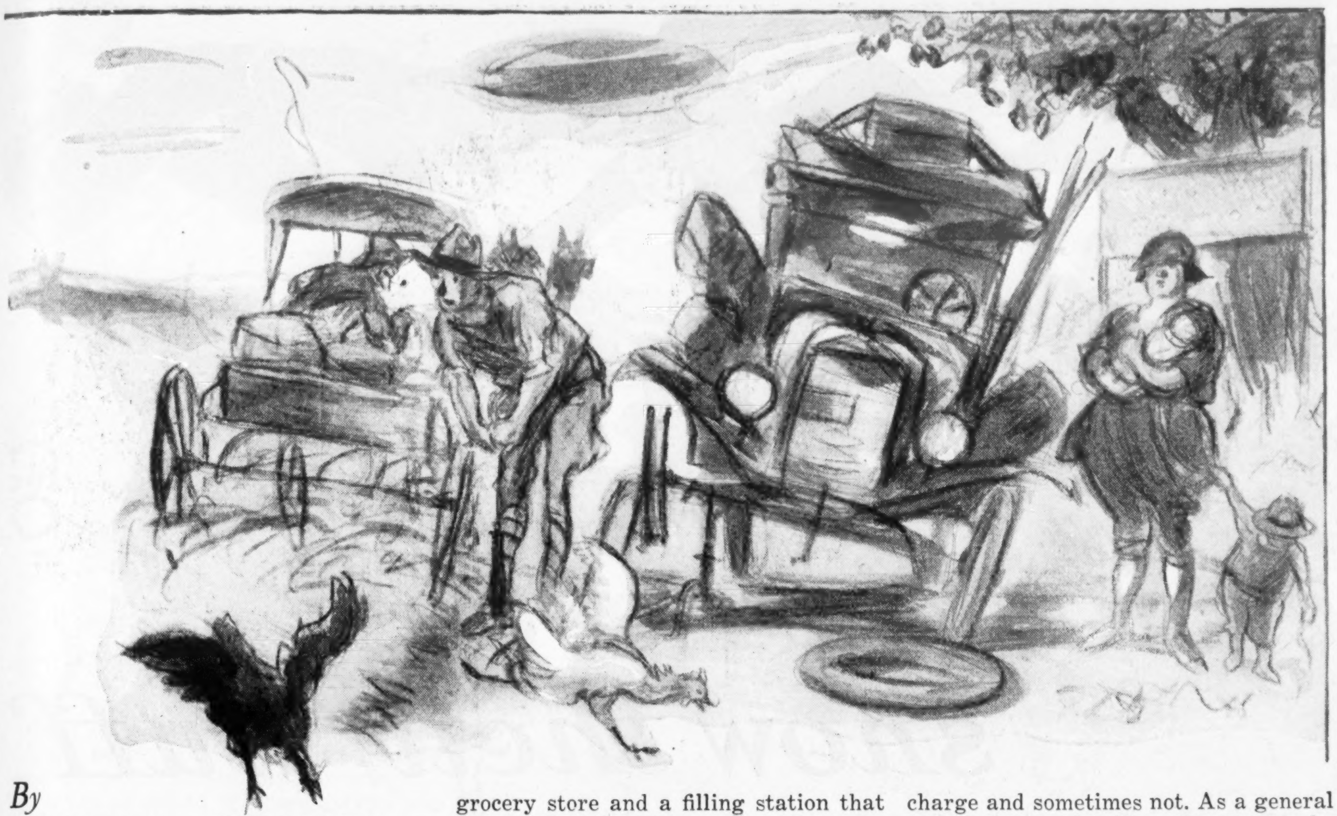
Total living and transportation expenses, New York to California and return, aside from initial outlay, $735. Add the preliminary expenses and a garage bill for going over the machine before the return trip, and you get a total almost exactly the same as the round-trip railroad expense.

But note this: *the total includes family living expenses for more than five weeks.* Also we still have the camp equipment and the old car; the service-station people say it's in shape to start out again to-morrow.

As I said before, our family living expenses at home are high. They run close to $200 a week. Figuring $1,000 for five weeks, our trip to California and back cost less, aside from the outlay for automobile and camping outfit, than it would have cost us to stay home for the same length of time. Living expenses at $200 a week may seem pretty high for a family of six. But so is the $735 trip expense; our gasoline was pulling three tons and a half—car, baggage and crew. A friend of mine made the trip in a Ford with his wife and baby for less than half what it cost us.

We're planning to go again next winter. We figure that, if we make the trip as cheaply as we did this time, we will cut our running expenses $250 over a five-week period by going to California instead of staying at home!

We have allowed ourselves to become overgrown with the minor conventions and necessities of a complex civilization. Olives and celery on the table, white collars and cuffs, tablecloths, shoe polish, gowns, housedresses, taxis, the theatre and all the rest. When you start "touring," in the sense that we did, all that expenditure suddenly stops. Lunch may be eaten on stools at a lunch counter, or, perhaps, will consist merely of sandwiches beside a brook. (Note: This does not apply to Arizona. Our experience with brooks in Arizona and New Mexico was very meager.) In the evening a single main dish—steak, say,



By
MYRON M STEARNS

with an abundance of bread and butter, and perhaps lettuce. Always plenty of milk. In the morning hot cocoa and eggs. Good milk, eggs and butter, we found, we could buy anywhere. Only at home, close to a big city, are fresh eggs hard to get. In one place we paid 18 cents a pound for sirloin steak; at our local market it is 48 cents.

Clothes and minor accessories the same way; there is a saving in cosmetics and toilet preparations alone.

Everywhere we met "tourists" of all descriptions who had discovered, as we had, this way to escape the complexities of modern existence. In some parts of Indiana few houses along the boulevard are without their sign: "Rooms for Tourists." Nearly every town, every city, every hamlet in the country now has its tourist camp. It may be only an empty field beside the railroad track. It may be—as at El Paso, Los Angeles and dozens of other cities—an elaborate affair with gas for cooking and shower baths and a central reception-room. The records of the United States Forest Service show that last year something like ten million people toured the roads or visited the free camp grounds of the National Forests alone.

The casual "tourist," we found, has five sets of stopping places. He can go to a hotel; there is wide range in these. At one little place in Kansas when I laid my 200 pounds of meat and muscle on the bed it came down with a crash that threatened to take the whole shindig with it.

Next to hotels come "bungalow camps." These are a new development. They flourish particularly in the Southwest, but are rapidly spreading to all parts of the country. A bungalow camp will have from three or four little one-room houses up to possibly fifty or more. Beside each tent-house is parking space for an automobile. Inside each has a table, benches, a double bed with wire springs but without mattress or bedding, and a stove or plate for cooking. The charge is the same for a family of eighteen as for a bachelor traveling alone: $1, $1.25 or possibly $1.50 a night—rarely more.

Such camps represent an investment, frequently, of $15,000 or $20,000. They are run, usually, in connection with a grocery store and a filling station that supply tourist needs. At some mattresses and bedding can be rented. Some are scrupulously clean; others are not. But all, the clean and the unclean, are filled, during "the season," to overflowing. Nearly all that we found are either building or contemplating building additional quarters; the tourist public is increasing by leaps and bounds, and any family desiring a "private bungalow" will do well to apply before sundown.

Car Hoboes Steal Anything

MOST of the bungalow camps are run on a very close margin of profit. One proprietor who charged a dollar a night per bungalow told me that he just about broke even on expense, including depreciation and stolen articles.

"The profit is in the store and filling station. On the whole, my outfit here brings me in more money than the same investment would in a hotel."

Another set of "tourist camps" furnishes the third category. These have no elaborate equipment or housing arrangements. They include both the public and private variety, the latter charging usually a fee of 25 cents—occasionally 50 cents—for a night's camping privileges. Running water is usually available and sometimes fuel. There is frequently a watchman, who sees to it that no one steals from you except your fellow travelers, and often there is in addition a fringe of electric lights that discourages robbers as well as sleep.

Still another type of camping ground is available, here and there, near isolated farmhouses or filling stations in open country. Sometimes there is a charge and sometimes not. As a general rule, butter and milk and eggs can be found at the filling station or farm. "Filling station," I take it, will soon apply along the tourist lanes to men as well as machines.

The fifth class is just "no place at all"—a field or a hillside above the road or the open desert. But there to-day are so many "automobile tourists" of so many varieties that in many parts of the country such camping places are regarded as far from desirable. Besides, you may have to travel many miles before you come to a place unguarded by barbed wire, "No Tourists" signs, a belligerent watchdog or a still more belligerent farmer.

We tried 'em all.

The bungalow camps were richest in human interest. Decidedly so.

At Dodge City we found a comparatively new camp that advertised itself as "the cleanest camp on the entire highway." I'm inclined to think it was. It couldn't have been any cleaner without having the floor boards scrubbed entirely away. It had been open only five months. It represented an outlay of about $11,000. It had shower baths with hot and cold water and a separate long dining pavilion, available for all. Already, the proprietor told me, his guests had stolen 125 cane-bottomed chairs.

"You see," he explained, "right now in the early spring it's a sorta bad time. The *regular* tourists don't come till summer; they have more money. But the bunch that comes along now—well, they're apt to be trying to get back from California without money enough to make the trip, or 'most anything." I started guiltily, but said nothing. "Sometimes they underestimate what it'll cost 'em; they have a breakdown or have to get a new tire they didn't count on or mebbe got run into by somebody. Then they blow in here, dead broke."

About one in ten, he estimated, of the tourists who came to his camp are "no good." "They'll steal *anything*," he complained. "Coal hods, stove lifters, wash basins; anything that will hold water is sure to be took. They're always looking for things that'll hold water. One man paid 25 cents rent for a mattress, only last week, and then took it along with him. Bang goes another $10. Getting out so early, mebbe before daylight, gives 'em a good chance. My partner and I, we try to keep watch on 'em, but we have to keep the store and filling station open till midnight, and we can't be awake *all* the time."

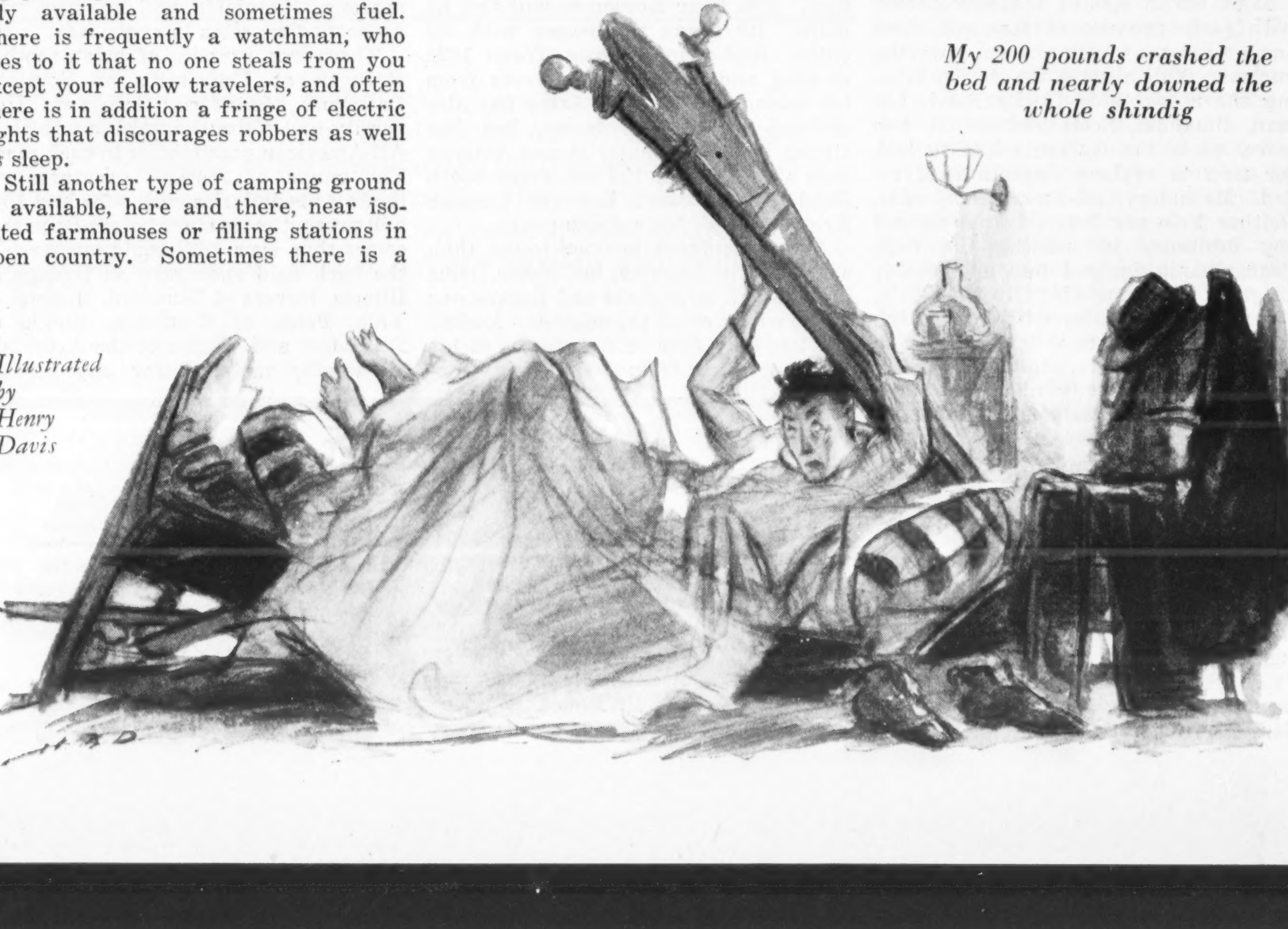
Fifteen travelers' checks, he told me, had been returned to him during the five months that the camp had been open. Yet the overwhelming majority of his guests, he admitted, were all right; a good many were wealthy.

I talked with fellow travelers as occasion offered. For the most part, this meant quite an effort; "transportation" tourists are not inclined to be chummy. The average bungalow camper comes in tired, keeps to himself and his own family and gets away promptly in the morning. Bungalows that are not vacated by ten o'clock are charged for as an additional day.

One man and his wife had been traveling for two years. They had sold out a small hardware business in Ohio, bought a comfortable car, and toured the country. They were on their way back to California to start in business.

I hobnobbed with a banker; again with a New York farmer—and so on.

Occasionally, in strange cities with differing traffic signals, we had short talks with traffic officers, but in the end they always let us go on our way, pitying our ignorance. And we had no serious accidents.



My 200 pounds crashed the bed and nearly downed the whole shindig

Illustrated by Henry Davis

Now the pigskin heroes show their stuff

By GRANTLAND RICE

A new season of brilliant football brings a new batch of youthful kickers to sport's Hall of Fame

THIS will be a football week, in one instance at least, of revived memories.

Just thirty-two years ago, dating back to 1893, Yale and Pennsylvania fought out one of the historic duels of the gridiron. They meet once again on Saturday in one of the great football games of a season that will break all records.

It is no short jump from the days of Hinkey, Thorne, Butterworth, Adee, Hickock, Knipe, Osgood and Brooke to the undergraduates of 1925.

Frank Butterworth played fullback for Yale in that last meeting, and now Ben, his son, is a Yale tackle.

The Red and Blue defense could not stand up before the slashing charges of Thorne, Butterworth and Hinkey, but with such great backs as Knipe and Osgood carrying the ball Pennsylvania finally scored. Yale won, 14 to 6.

The casualty list in that contest forced a suspension of hostilities, and it was not until last winter that the two universities decided to shake hands in a football way. Up to the present season Yale hadn't lost a football game in two years, and Pennsylvania last season remained unbeaten until the winter invasion of California.

Both teams opened the new season with early promise of strength, with enough veterans back to form a worthy nucleus. Yale started the season missing the redoubtable Ducky Pond, Luman, Bingham, Scott and one or two more, while Pennsylvania had to look for men to replace Captain McGraw and McGinley, all-American tackle. Neither Yale nor Pennsylvania showed any hesitancy in meeting the best. Pennsylvania jumped into an October program that included Brown, Yale, Chicago and Cornell and Illinois, with Pittsburgh and Cornell soon to follow. There is no pussyfooting here. It is the hardest October schedule any university ever faced, as far as the records show.

Yale in turn elected to take on Georgia, Pennsylvania, Brown, the Army, Princeton and Harvard, which is about full measure as schedules go. The 77,000 seats in the big Yale Bowl will be just about half enough.

This mid-October Saturday will be one of football's greatest days. In addition to the Yale-Pennsylvania meeting, where the winner will take a full stride in the direction of Eastern supremacy, there will be the annual classic between the Army and Notre Dame. On the same afternoon Princeton faces the Navy, Michigan meets Wisconsin, and Iowa tackles Illinois.

The Army-Notre Dame contest in New York will be one of the first games of a striking intersectional year. A week later on Chicago comes to tackle Pennsylvania and a week after that Illinois and Red Grange arrive at Franklin Field in Grange's first and only appearance in the East. On the same date the Navy eleven, coached by Jack Owsley of Yale, meets Michigan at Ann Arbor. As Chicago faces Dartmouth in November, there will be one of the best intermingling parties of the East and West yet recorded for the book.

Rockne's Rockiest Road

THIS week will bring Knute Rockne of Notre Dame to the roughest test this able coach has ever been called upon to face. The Four Horsemen will ride no more. He began the season with his entire first-string eleven from 1924 missing and only four survivors from his second string. The Army has also suffered severe line losses, but has strong back-field material and veteran ends all set to stop the victorious South Bend attack which has cut through Army defenses for a dozen years.

Rockne suffered heavier losses than any coach in America, but Notre Dame is a football stronghold and Rockne one of the wisest of all the coaches. Rockne has lost only four or five games in his coaching career from nearly eighty contests. This is one of the most remarkable coaching records of all time, but this season will find him harder pressed than he has ever been before.

Rockne will find another strong opponent in Nebraska, a football camp that has won two out of its last three games from Notre Dame, a team of great potential strength with speed and power, led by Captain Weir, one of the greatest tackles of any football age.

Another strong intersectional contest set for Saturday is the Ohio State and Columbia meeting, where the Scarlet and Gray from the Middle West expects to uncover two back-field stars in Robin Bell at quarter and Marek at half. Bell is a big, fast back who will be heard from most of the route. Jack Wilce has a stout combination ready this fall with a fine chance to finish high in the conference finish, the best chance Ohio State has known in several seasons. Columbia will go west with an outfit first class in every way.

There was promise of much football strength at University of Southern California, Stanford, California University and Nebraska, with a wealth of All-American possibilities in each place. The range of football greatness extends its boundaries each year and 1925 will present more stars before December comes than even 1924 could muster. In the back field such men as Grange of Illinois, Nevers of Stanford, Bunnell of Yale, Pease of Columbia, Slagle of Princeton, and Wilson of the Army are all worthy material for any all-star selection. Nebraska has one of the fastest back-field combinations ever known, as most of them are track men with about as much speed as the Four Horsemen used in battle a year ago.

While the struggle for Eastern and Southern supremacy will be as acute as ever, the Western Conference battle will be the closest of them all. Four or five of the leaders now look to be evenly matched, and it will be much easier to get a better line on the situation at large after Saturday's menu is over.

Last season there were only a few teams that went through the season unbeaten. The list included Yale, Notre Dame and California. It will be even harder this season to carry out an unbeaten year since there are so many teams of good, average strength and so few of outstanding qualities.

Pennsylvania, for example, will have a terrific job getting by Brown, Yale, Chicago and Illinois in order. The same is true of Yale, with five hard games on her card. Notre Dame can hardly hope to escape at least one dent from the Army and Nebraska. California, unbeaten now for four years, will have her full share of trouble in beating Pop Warner's Stanford team.

It might be stated in this connection that prospects at Harvard and Princeton are still in doubt. Bill Roper has good back-field material on hand, featured by Slagle, but there are many gaps to be filled from end to end. The Navy game on Saturday will give a better line on Tiger prospects against Harvard and Yale. Harvard will at least have a better organization ready than her 1924 line-up, which fell before the attacks of Dartmouth, Princeton, Brown and Yale.

Harvard last fall came upon one of her most dismal autumns, but Coach Fisher and Captain Cheek are now looking for better days just ahead, with at least part of the slaughter checked. There will be an even brighter outlook if Miller, the 200-pound sprinter who can beat 10 seconds, acquires the knack of holding on to the ball. Bill Roper is frank to announce that he will pay more attention this season to Yale than he will pay to Harvard. The Tiger camp has become a trifle fed up on beating Harvard and losing to Yale.

Meanwhile some 20,000,000 spectators start again in the general direction of their favorite stadiums for more thrills than any other sport can offer, no matter where you turn.

This Saturday's Games

EAST

Yale-Penn., New Haven
Princeton-Navy, Baltimore
Army-Notre Dame, New York
Harvard-Holy Cross, Cambridge
Cornell-Rutgers, Ithaca
W. & J.-Carnegie, Washington, Pa.
Dartmouth-Maine, Hanover

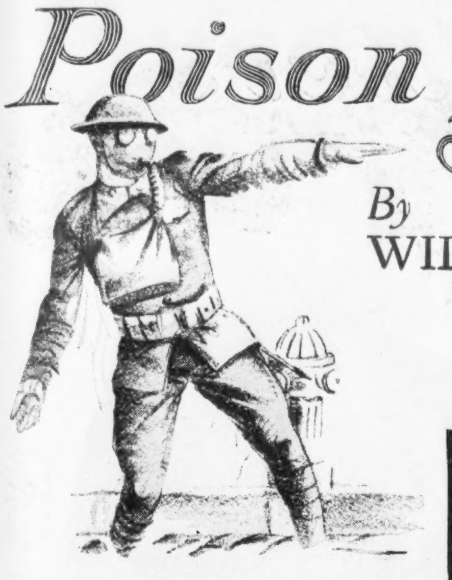
WEST

Iowa-Illinois, Iowa City
Wisconsin-Michigan, Madison
Chicago-Northwestern, Chicago
Ohio State-Columbia, Columbus
Indiana-Syracuse, Indianapolis
Stanford-S. Cal. Uni., Los Angeles
Nebraska-Washington, Lincoln

SOUTH

Georgia Tech.-Florida, Atlanta
Alabama-Sewanee, Birmingham
Vanderbilt-Tenn., Nashville
Virginia-V. M. I., Charlottesville

Poison gas for home use



By
WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

Below is page 22 from the Chemical Warfare Service book

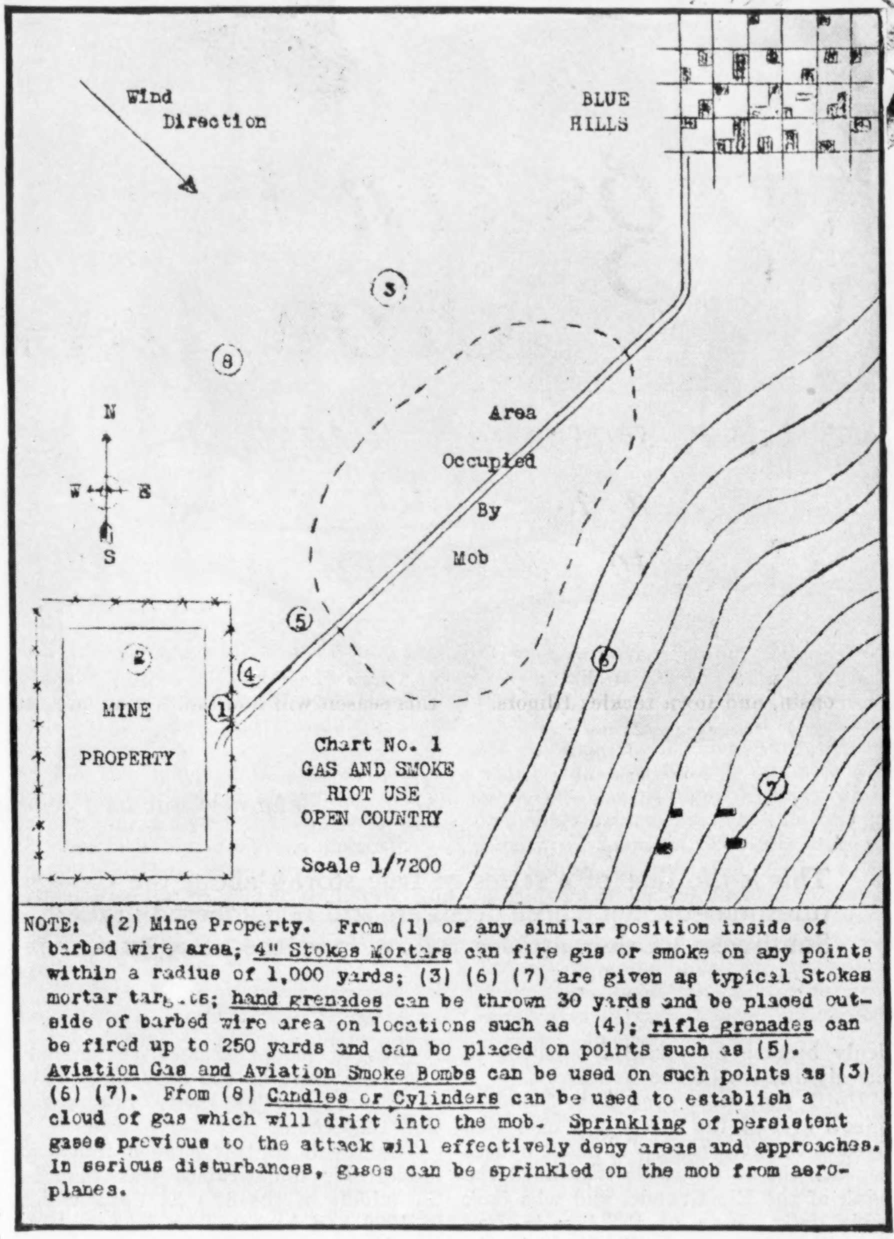

Wind Direction
BLUE HILLS
Area Occupied By Mob
N
E
S
W
MINE PROPERTY
(1)
(2)
(3)
(4)
(5)
(6)
(7)
(8)

Chart No. 1
GAS AND SMOKE
RIOT USE
OPEN COUNTRY

Scale 1/7200

NOTE: (2) Mine Property. From (1) or any similar position inside of barbed wire area; 4" Stokes Mortars can fire gas or smoke on any points within a radius of 1,000 yards; (3) (6) (7) are given as typical Stokes mortar targets; hand grenades can be thrown 30 yards and be placed outside of barbed wire area on locations such as (4); rifle grenades can be fired up to 250 yards and can be placed on points such as (5). Aviation Gas and Aviation Smoke Bombs can be used on such points as (3) (6) (7). From (8) Candles or Cylinders can be used to establish a cloud of gas which will drift into the mob. Sprinkling of persistent gases previous to the attack will effectively deny areas and approaches. In serious disturbances, gases can be sprinkled on the mob from aeroplanes.

OUR experts at Washington have worked out the details for the use of poison gas on unruly American "mobs." With equal facility the crowds can be made to cry, to run, or can be fixed so they *can't* run. With characteristic military thoroughness, special attention is given to "mobs" which contain women and children.

OFFICERS and men in the uniform of the United States Army have been taught how to turn poison gases loose on "mobs" of Americans, while the nations of the earth have been trying to wipe out the use of poison gas in warfare.

In the Chemical Warfare Service you will find officers who will discuss with you in all seriousness various methods of using military gases not on a foreign enemy but on crowds of their fellow citizens. They talk of this plan with as much earnestness as if they were discussing the massed poisoning of an enemy from Mars.

I have ambled through the offices of the Chemical Warfare Service more than once, talking with this officer and that. There is something new and interesting at every turn. Here is a great museum of most of the known implements for throwing poison gas, from a hand grenade to a one-ton airplane bomb. Here are gas masks so hideous, with their long, sharp snouts and tangle of pipes and tubes, that wearers of them could not look like human beings.

Efficient Training by Book

A YOUNG officer shows you proudly a policeman's club which he helped to devise with a dose of tear gas hidden away in the handle. Another officer uncorks a bottle and asks you to sniff its contents. The first whiff reminds you of English violets; the second whiff starts you to sneezing and choking and reminds you of daisies on a mound. It doesn't take much imagination amid such surroundings to draw mental pictures of the use of gas—pictures of gasping, choking throngs in city streets after one of the great bombs has been dropped by an enemy airplane on city sidewalks; pictures of homes filled with gases that burn lungs to a stiff crisp; pictures of soldiers, masked into hideous countenances, struggling through the haze of slowly drifting clouds of poison and death.

All training in the Chemical Warfare Service is of the highest and most efficient type. I have before me, as I write, a copy of what may well be called a "poison gas" book from which Chemical Warfare Service officers receive instruction in the use of gas on "mobs."

This poison-gas book instructs officers not to treat all crowds alike. There is one method for using poison gas on mobs containing women and children and another for gassing mobs of determined men. Chemical Warfare Service officers are taught in the poison gas book, on page 6, that there are three types of "mobs:"

"(*a*) A more or less well-disciplined organization of men in numbers from 500 up to a few thousand, fairly well armed and having some semblance of discipline.

"(*b*) Small organizations of men with a few arms, poorly organized and with very little discipline."

The women and children come in the next "mob:"

"(*c*) Mobs that will be composed not only of men but of women, boys and sometimes small children, unorganized but excited and irresponsible."

There you have the United States Army's scientific analysis of mobs, as it is taught in the poison-gas book.

Five different sorts of gases are mentioned as being of value against mobs, depending upon whether you have an *a*, *b* or *c* mob.

"The gas cloud," runs the book, under the heading "Mob Psychology in Gas," "being heavier than air, will generally cling near the surface of the ground, ordinarily rising not over 30 feet. It will fill cellars, hallways, mine shafts and extend in every direction in which a breeze is blowing.

"A mob understands that the fire of machine guns or rifles cannot reach around the corners of a building or through a street barricade, but with gas the mob understands that when a cloud is turned loose this cloud will cover all areas. . . .

"The first appearance of the faint white smoke of a gas cloud will cause a stampede even in the most determined mob. . . . If *possible*, consideration should be given to women and children, so as to cause them no *undue* injury."

Gas Will Do the Job

SO RUN the instructions on page 7. Officers are told to use gases, when possible, on the edges of the mob, in order to give it a chance to retreat or separate.

"Ordinarily," says the book, "the members of a mob will not run into the cloud, but will run with the cloud in an endeavor to escape being encircled. Members who attempt to enter houses, cellars, side alleyways, will only find that the gas has preceded them."

"Tear gas" is advised as the lightest punishment for a mob. "A proper dose of tear gas," says the book, "will stop a man instantly and if this effect is desired it is obtained by increasing the concentration."

There's no doubt in the mind of the Chemical Warfare Service instructors that gas will effectively do the job of making assemblages of people go to their homes—if they can get there.

Repeated reference is made in the poison-gas book to the extreme efficiency of gas over old-fashioned machine guns or rifle fire in the vicinity of industrial plants, mines, streets, houses, cellars and roads.

You can shoot "around a corner" with gas; that is one of its beauties, according to the poison-gas book. The gas goes everywhere.

"Probably the quickest way to appreciate the power which the presence of gas has upon a body of men"—I am writing from page 6 of the little book—"is to picture the fear which a human being has of having his breathing interfered with by smothering or choking and the instinctive dread this same human being has of losing his vision. A sneezing or vomiting *war* gas will interfere with breathing and a tear gas will practically close the eyes of a man. . . . The cloud is invisible, and though it usually can be detected by its odor this detection often comes too late to prevent the gas taking effect."

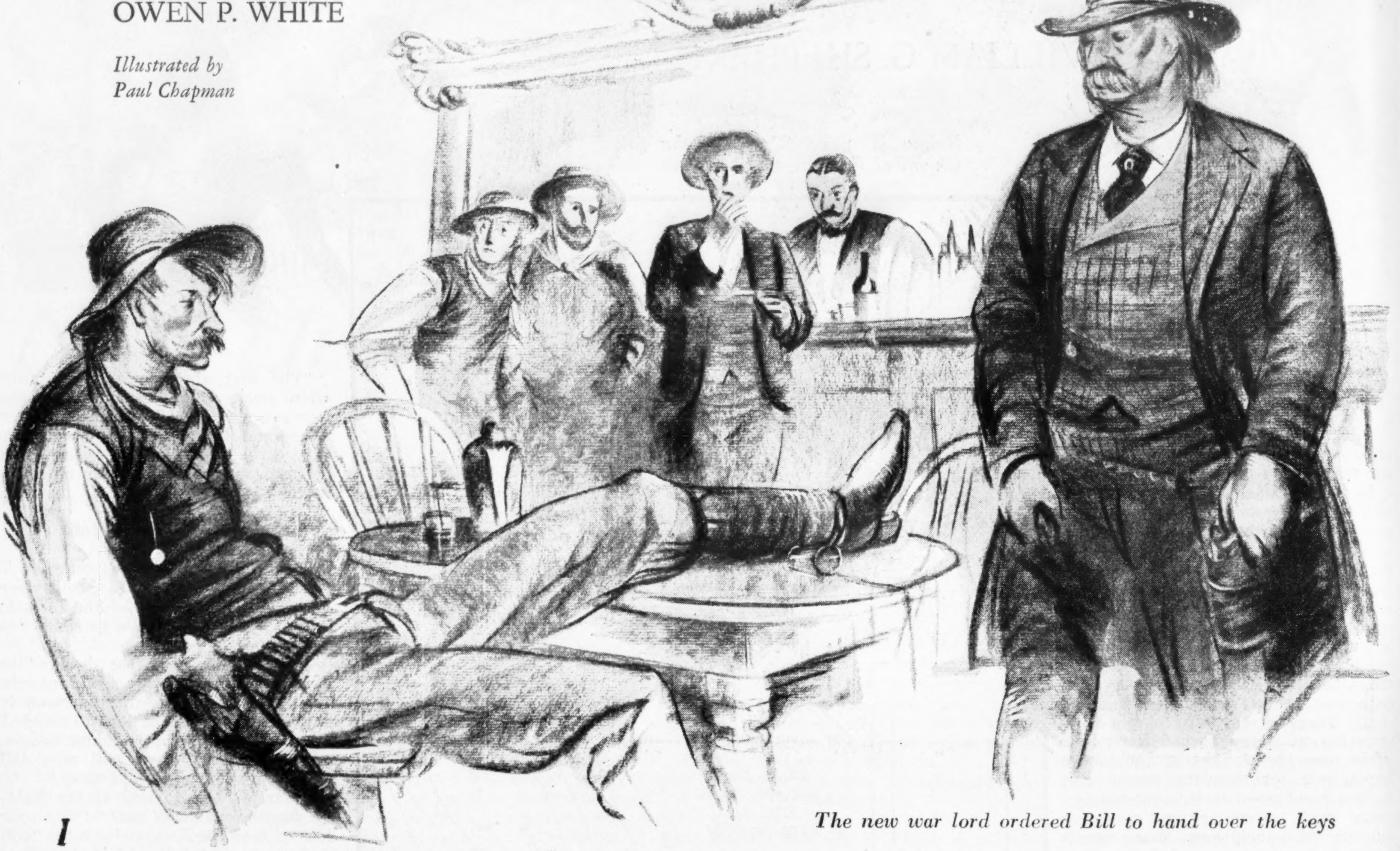
Give the crowd a chance to run, says the book. It paints a "battle ground" picture with the "enemy" in flight.

"Their efforts to escape," so the book tells officers, "will exceed those made by a mob to escape from the flow of machine-gun bullets. Instead of stopping when corners are turned, the members of the mob will continue to run carrying with them on their skin and in their clothing sufficient gas to make them believe they (*Continued on page 45*)

Yesterday's gun fighters

By
OWEN P. WHITE

Illustrated by
Paul Chapman



The new war lord ordered Bill to hand over the keys

I

Dallas Stoudenmire, the hard-boiled marshal who went bad

This is the first of a series of true stories about the picturesque gunmen whose deeds are still remembered in the Southwest. Other articles follow in consecutive issues.

IN THE spring of 1881, just as if he had been rained down by Providence in answer to the prayers of the old-timers—who were urgently in need of the services of a super-gunman—Dallas Stoudenmire, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Doc Cummings, stepped off the stage at El Paso, Tex.

Stoudenmire came from New Mexico. He was a blond giant with a heavy, drooping mustache. Looking about him, he found the place much to his liking. What he saw was a town consisting of two streets lined on both sides with saloons, gambling houses and dance halls.

Everybody in sight carried a gun—the more belligerent-looking wore two—and an investigation revealed the interesting fact that no one was holding down the job of town marshal. So Dallas Stoudenmire hied himself to the city fathers and applied for the position.

The newcomer was welcomed gladly, almost joyously. His credentials were briefly examined, his physique was openly admired and, either because he and his papers were entirely satisfactory or because he was the only applicant for the post, he was hurriedly handed the commission and told to go to it.

And he went to it. There can be no doubt about that. But before we begin to probe into the record which he left behind him we must look at a preceding series of strenuous events and see why it was that Stoudenmire, as an entirely new type of gunman, suddenly became an essential element in the civilization of the Southwest.

Until the year preceding Stoudenmire's arrival the few white men who lived in the little cluster of adobe houses beneath the cottonwoods that lined the bank of the Rio Grande, and who took their daily dozen at the bar in Ben Dowell's saloon, were all of that hardy God-fearing type which could look joyously upon the killing of an Apache Indian as an unmixed blessing, or could gayly participate in the slaughter of a whole band of Mexican border bandits. But when it came to dealing with a new class of criminals which suddenly appeared and completely overwhelmed their little community they were at a loss how to proceed.

What had happened was that, instead of one railroad building quietly into the town and bringing with it a moderate amount of wholesome prosperity—which was a consummation to which the old-timers had been devoutly looking forward for twenty years—*four* trunk lines, which were to connect El Paso with both oceans, simultaneously began to build feverishly in the direction of the Dowell bar. And, in anticipation of the completion of these four roads, there suddenly appeared upon the scene, in addition to a few honest business men, a regular army of gun toters, cutthroats, gamblers, dance-hall proprietors and painted women whose openly avowed intention it was to mount themselves serenely upon the crest of the onrushing wave of affluence and "get theirs" in any way that they could.

The result of this sudden influx of industrious undesirables was that by the middle of the 80's El Paso, which in 1879 had harbored an incorruptible population of only 23 Americans, was transformed into a perfect Gehenna which sheltered 2,300 persons, 90 per cent of whom were vigorously devoting all of their energies to the pursuit of every known form of wickedness, devilment and debauchery.

El Paso in the "Good Old Days"

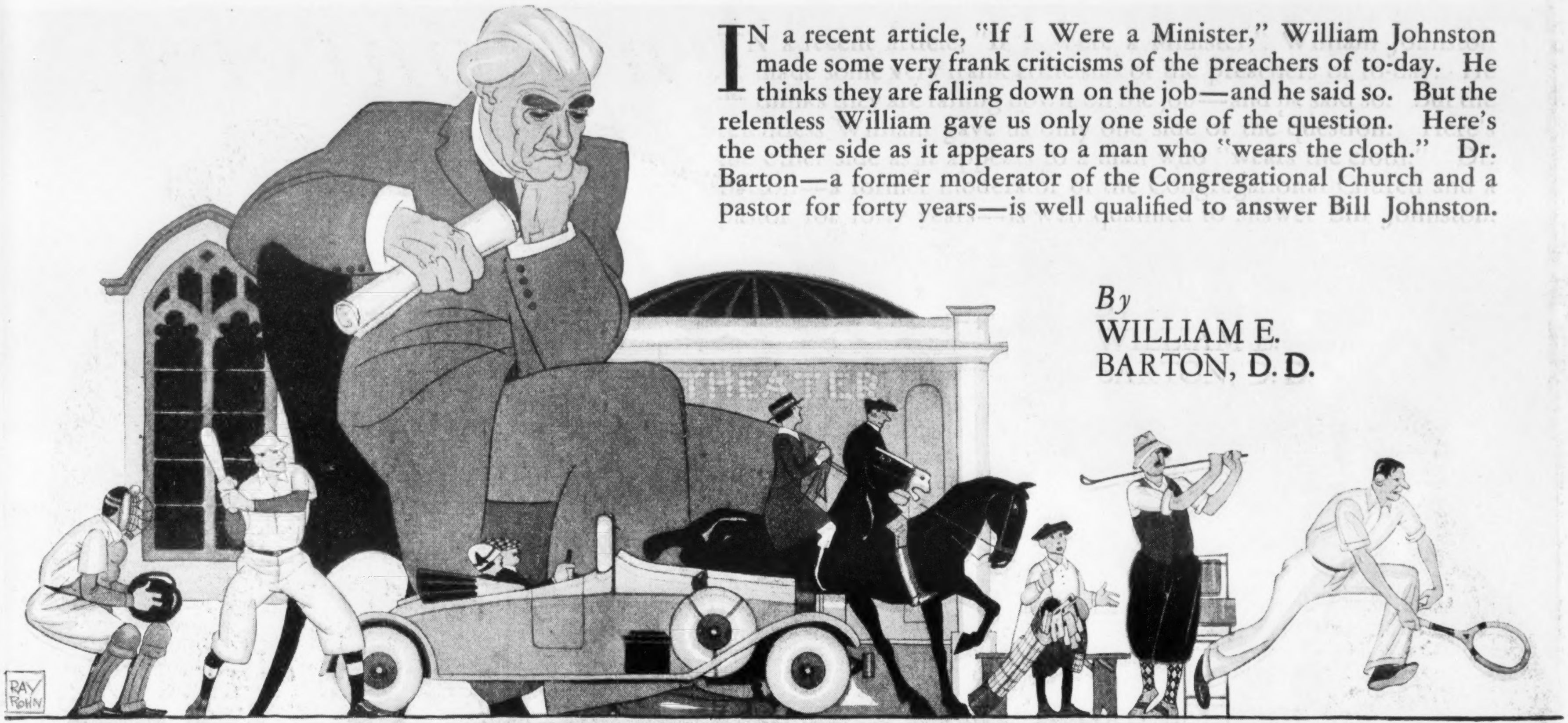
IN ONE year the little border town, with the completion of its first railroad connection still twelve months in the future, had acquired about thirty new saloons, an equal number of up-to-date gambling houses, several modern dance halls and two variety theatres which were adequately equipped with numerous blondined, short-skirted beer slingers.

The original twenty-three looked upon themselves as the fathers of the town. When they gazed upon all this progress and contemplated the modern improvements which were being thrust upon them they began to scratch their heads and say to one another, "Is this civilization?" And, no matter whether it was civilization or not, they set out bravely to solve the problems that the situation presented.

As their first step toward putting an end to nightly murders and wholesale robbery and theft, the old-timers wished the job of town marshal upon a man named Campbell, gave him a deputy in the person of one Bill Johnson, who was already looked up to as the town's most conscientious drunkard, and built a new jail in which this pair of worthies were to lock up all who offended in any way against the peace and dignity of the community.

It was all wasted effort. The first thing that Campbell did, after his induction into office, was to "throw in" with the sporting element and give it all the protection that it needed. At once the two streets of which El Paso was so proud were turned into gaudy midways whereon, day and night, men and women did just exactly as they pleased. The new jail, which should have had its sides bulging with criminals, stood untenanted; killings, which were unwarranted even in that free-and-easy border atmosphere, became more frequent than ever before, and no man's property was safe unless he stayed at home and stood guard over it with a gun.

For about a month this happy state of affairs continued, and then the city fathers, who had been gradually losing their patience, sent for Marshal Campbell and demanded an explanation. One was immediately forthcoming. Campbell said that he was being overworked; that he wasn't getting enough money for the amount of labor he was putting into his job. As no one could see that he had ever put in any labor at all, he (*Continued on page 47*)



IN a recent article, "If I Were a Minister," William Johnston made some very frank criticisms of the preachers of to-day. He thinks they are falling down on the job—and he said so. But the relentless William gave us only one side of the question. Here's the other side as it appears to a man who "wears the cloth." Dr. Barton—a former moderator of the Congregational Church and a pastor for forty years—is well qualified to answer Bill Johnston.

By
WILLIAM E.
BARTON, D.D.

I am a clergyman

JOSH BILLINGS, whose humor was popular a quarter of a century ago, once remarked that the man who knows just what he would do if he were there is the man who never seems to get there.

I was reminded of that sage observation when I read Mr. Johnston's article. He knows so definitely what he would do if he were a preacher that I wish he might be one for six months or, say, ninety days.

He would need, first of all, a good digestion, for he would have to become accustomed to being called away from his breakfast table by somebody with a problem.

He would need patience, for his morning mail would contain a dozen letters from as many organizations, each demanding that he devote next Sunday morning's service to its particular appeal, and intimating that if he refuses he is falling down on his job.

He would go to a wedding at high noon where he must rejoice with them that do rejoice, and to a funeral at two where he must enter genuinely and sympathetically into the grief of those that mourn.

Somehow, during the day, he must think of something helpful and worth while to say at the mid-week service, and after it is over he must meet with a committee for an hour.

It is a great life, and I have lived it for forty years. I have tried to do all of the seven things that Mr. Johnston prescribes. I have striven to be broad-minded. I have stuck to my job. I have done my own thinking. I have constantly striven to be better informed. I have "cut out the circus stuff." I have cultivated self-respect. I have minded my own business.

I am glad that I have tried to do those things; and I do not maintain for a minute that every clergyman does them. There are men in my profession who, as Henry Ward Beecher said, "pray cream and live skim milk," just as there are men in Mr. Johnston's profession who write stirring editorials in behalf of prohibition and serve cocktails in their homes, and just as there are newspapers that stand boldly for all the virtues which involve no personal sacrifice, but are not so bold when it comes to refusing the advertising of patent medicines and fraudulent stock promotions.

We are none of us perfect, and I make no claim that clergymen are an exception. I *do* say that the seven qualities which Mr. Johnston prescribes—good as they are—are not enough. Something much deeper and finer and more enduring is needed—something that partakes deeply of devotion and real self-sacrifice.

It is said that whenever someone said to Lord Northcliffe, "The Times is not what it used to be," he would answer with solemnity, "No, and it never was."

We Taught the People to Think

THE same is true of the clergy. The profession is not what it used to be—and it never was. I own a copy of a book first published in 1772 by the Hon. John Trumbull, then a professor in Yale, and later an eminent Connecticut judge. It contains some couplets that have become famous, and are usually attributed to other writers, among them the following:

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.

Judge Trumbull wrote a satirical poem on the ministry of New England as he found it in those degenerate days. There had been a time, he declared, when the clergy were leaders, brave, true, godly, broad-minded, well-informed men who did their own thinking and compelled other people to think too. In those good old days, he said, the churches were thronged with reverent and attentive congregations, instead of standing half empty or abandoned to secular uses. But the times were in decay, he said; the preachers of 1772 were not what preachers used to be.

One could come down through the ages and find such despairing comment in every decade, until we reach the present day with Mr. Johnston. How much truth is there in it all? What are the facts?

Two things should be admitted frankly:

Obviously the minister of to-day does not occupy the commanding position which was held by the minister of a century or more ago. Among Judge Trumbull's classmates at Yale was Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, who ministered to the church in Franklin, Mass., a few miles from my summer home, where this article is being written. Dr. Emmons dominated the religious and intellectual life of his community for sixty-seven years, and died at the untimely age of ninety-five through the sinful habit of chewing tobacco.

But even Dr. Emmons, whose word was law in all matters of morals and the mind—and even sometimes in matters of town government—was hardly as complete a master as the minister of Colonial times. Already the position of the clergyman was beginning to lose some of its power, not because the caliber of the ministers was inferior, but because the multiplication of other agencies of instruction was going on so fast.

Few newspapers came to Franklin, and Dr. Emmons received one of the few. There were no magazines, no motion pictures, no radio programs. For whatever knowledge and mental guidance the people were to receive they had to look to Dr. Emmons. He did their reading for them, and thought their thoughts in advance.

If the modern preacher is not so dominant as Dr. Emmons, that is a testimony to the intelligence of his parishioners, not a reflection upon his own. The modern statesman is not so dominant as were his predecessors.

How well I remember a conversation with a great political leader in Washington. He bemoaned the low state to which Congress had fallen.

"We get up and make speeches and try to start something," he complained, "but when we look in the papers next day we do not find a line of it. The people don't care what we say or do."

No present-day orator has the public following or power of Webster, Calhoun or Clay. In modern newspapers where are the Danas, the Greeleys, the Medills? People have been taught to do their own thinking and are less concerned about the public thinking of other men. This has affected the position of the minister, but it is the most magnificent tribute to the ideals and influence of the Christian church.

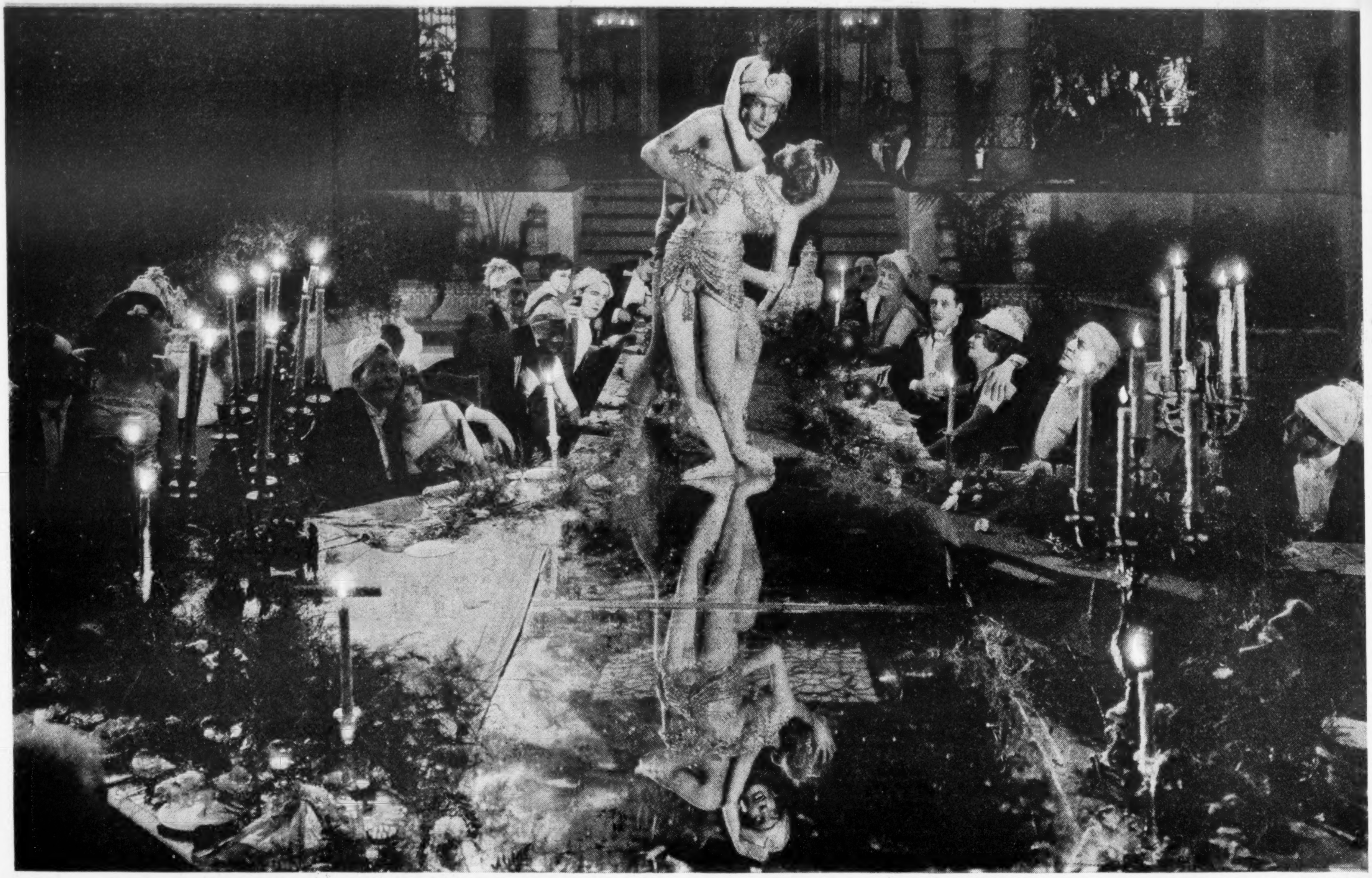
For education in America started with the church. All the important colleges were founded by clergymen who gave their own libraries and sacrificed their own slender incomes; and down through the generations the church and its preachers have stood in the vanguard of the battle against ignorance.

With Truth We Set Them Free

THE second thing to be admitted frankly is that people do not attend church services as they once did. Here again the church is not the only sufferer. Ask any political leader what the chances are of getting together a spontaneous mass meeting in any election. Ask the membership committees of city clubs whether their waiting lists are as long as they used to be or whether it is not sometimes necessary to go out into the highways and byways and compel new members to come in.

I was asked one night to deliver an address to the membership of a great secret order to which I do not belong. I was on hand at ten o'clock but had to sit outside in the smoking-room while the regular meeting of the lodge concluded. Probably two hundred men were there outside, and presently the door opened and a few of them were forced inside in order that there might be a quorum to do business.

The club, the political party, the lodge and the church are all suffering together, and the reason is clear. In the old, simpler days when our population was largely rural, men and women were separated all through the week. Their great need and desire was for a chance to gather together on Sunday or in the evening. Now the complex demands of city life compel us to be together throughout the week, and the hunger of our spirits is for a little chance to be alone with our families. So we stay in the house or pack a lunch and go on a picnic, and too often we do not get to church. (*Continued on page 42*)



Grenbeaux

Each home contains a swimming pool, a butler, a couch draped with a leopard skin and a pail of cocktails

The movies show us to the world

By
GRANT OVERTON

Clift

THE world now knows all about us. Each American home contains a swimming pool, a butler and a pail of cocktails on the hearth.

The American father signs checks, pushes buttons to summon servants and entertains chorus girls.

The American wife is usually arranging for the acquisition of her next husband.

Everyone is intent upon kissing or killing someone else.

The greatest man in America is a little fellow with oddly arranged feet, a tiny black mustache and a serious expression.

America is a Never-Never Land, a phantasmagoria, a nightmare country.

All the world laughs at an American. He is the everlasting lunatic.

The movie masses see us that way—and seeing is believing. In nearly every land under the sun four out of five of the movies shown are made in America. The movie is our new ambassador—with plenary powers.

EVERY American woman can have three husbands.

She's hot stuff, the American wife.

American girls wear clothes only when they are bored.

An affair a day while the husband's away is the regular thing in America.

Oh, say, can you see? You certainly can! Everybody everywhere knows all about America and American life since we began exporting our movies.

America is the land of liberty. A few poor people are kept for the purposes of the picturesque. There is a place called Wall Street, and there are the Western plains.

The Western plains, dotted with Indians and policed by Tom Mix, are bordered with typical American homes.

Each home contains a swimming pool, a butler, a couch draped with a leopard skin and a pail of cocktails on the hearth.

The family often gathers around the hearth.

There are American fathers, of course, but few Americans are able to give their time and personal attention to fatherhood. An American father wears a cutaway in Wall Street or at a wedding, signs checks, pushes buttons for servants to light his cigars and entertains chorus girls in the style to which he hopes they will become accustomed.

His wife, when not getting the money, is arranging for her next husband. She wears ropes of pearls.

His son appears on all occasions in those soufflé trousers known technically as polo pants.

His daughter—ah, the daughter! She is the one who is the most bored and therefore has the most clothes. At the same time she is the one who, personally and in the matter of pulchritude, least needs clothes. So she spends as much time as possible in a one-piece bathing suit.

The kiss is the great art of America.

Kissing, with the Americans, is not a matter of duration but of intensity and pose. Everyone is intent upon either kissing or killing someone else, which makes life in that marvelous America just too wonderful.

But there is also the comic side of American life.

The greatest man in America is a little fellow with oddly arranged feet, a tiny black mustache and a generally serious expression.

The most popular Americans do not occupy themselves with affairs, with making money or frequent kissing and shooting, but go around sitting on nails, doing dental work with hammers, falling into sewers and climbing up the fronts of buildings.

These clowns are tolerated in America because they make the other people laugh.

America is a Never-Never Land, a phantasmagoria, a nightmare country. Thus naturally the rest of the world concludes.

The camera cannot lie. If you see it in the American movie, it's so.

Take the scene from "The Wanderer" in which Greta Nissen is vamping William Collier, Jr. Willie sits on a pile of cushions, a little dazed. Greta, wearing a highly decorative cutaway corset, kneels in front of him. Americans may or may not understand that the story is adapted from the Biblical parable of the Prodigal Son. Non-Americans believe that such little scenes occur in all the best-regulated American families.

Notoriety—that's news, nowadays.

A herdsman in the Australian bush turns the pages of a month-old newspaper and calls across the shanty to his

Cushing

The greatest little man in America

partner: "I see where Gloria Swanson's got married to a marquis."

All the Hollywood marriages and divorces are cabled around the world and prove to the world that those Americans don't make pictures—they just turn the camera on themselves and off again, as you turn on and off the radio.

Even in America there is ground for feeling the same way. I buy, in August, the September number of a movie magazine and read on the "Late News Page:"

"Ouida Bergere, the scenario writer, divorced from Director George Fitzmaurice. Miss Bergere likely to marry Basil Rathburn, the actor, in October."

Of course a British peer, like Lord Newton, may get up and tell the House of Lords that American pictures are "rubbish, featuring expensive females." Lord Newton thinks the films may be a bit exaggerated because someone told him different. But practically everybody else, from England to China, argues that seeing is believing.

It would be just a good joke if American movies did not dominate the world markets, were not everywhere.

But you can find, in China, 500 Chinese waiting to see "The Ten Commandments." They never heard of the Commandments, but they will see what they will see.

"The Sheik" ran well in Jerusalem.

Buenos Aires is quite crazy about Ben Turpin, "el comico de la mirado traidora," or "the funny guy with the sly look."

In Japan a political boycott busted because an American six-reel picture was more exciting than a quarrel over Japanese emigration.

Four out of five of the movies shown in Great Britain, France, Italy, Sweden, Poland, Finland, Denmark, Mexico, Peru, Argentina, Brazil, Japan and India are American-made.

At least two out of every three movies in most other countries, civilized and uncivilized, are American.

We exported in 1923 over 138,000,000 feet of film. In 1924, over 170,000,000 feet. Great Britain, Canada and Australia took 60,000,000 feet. The English, accustomed to dominate foreign markets, are all burnt up about this. With an ever-increasing number of American films—the latest figure is nineteen out of every twenty shown in the British Isles—John Bull has been scratching his head over the trade answer.

The British Government has even gone so far as to appoint a commission to see what can be done. There is strong pressure to subsidize English films and charge the cost up to advertising expense, like the cost of the Prince of Wales' tours.

You see, there are 17,800 motion picture theatres in the United States. American producers, with this home market to hit, can spend from a quarter to half a million dollars on a picture and get their money back before showing the film abroad.

No other country has even one fourth as many picture houses. Only five countries have a tenth as many.

Picture producers in other countries cannot spend a paltry $50,000 making a movie and hope to get their money back in the home market.

The American producer, spending ten times as much money, builds cities and circuses for two or three shots lasting five or six minutes. He buys the finest scenery, including actresses, and makes a picture that kills his economical competitor dead.

As things are, the export business yields the American producer $75,000,000 a year—one quarter of his gross income.

A picture like "The Ten Commandments," enormously expensive, earns its entire cost by sales abroad.

The population of the rest of the world being what it is, it certainly looks as if the day were coming when the foreign markets would be the American producer's big business, and the 17,800 movie theatres in America a side bet.

And the rest of the world likes the American movie as it is—only it wants it more so.

Let the censors rave, and let Will Hays imagine a vain thing. American life, as mirrored to the rest of the globe, is going to become more and more heated, hifalutin and hectic.

Why, so far as vampish movies are concerned, we are only in our pioneer and early Puritan days in this country.

"Carriages without horses shall go," ran the old Mother Shipton prophecy; and women without any clothes at all shall live, move and have their being at the rate of sixteen pictures a second.

Film Prohibition—Perhaps

CENSORS? Oh, sure. Every foreign country now has a censorship of some sort for the American movie. The foreign censors are more concerned with political factors than moral ideas.

When Harold Lloyd, in a film called "Why Worry?" defeats the whole Mexican army single-handed, the Mexican censor sits up and cuts the film. About the morals of those accursed Yankees and gringos the Mexican censor does not much disturb himself.

The Englishman pulls his long, lank mustaches uneasily at some of the American displays of luxury and loose living. Such stuff, he thinks, may put Bolshevistic notions in the ordinary English workingman's head.

And the English are considerably worried because they think American movies lower the white man's prestige in India and elsewhere.

The French have decreed that no pictures on "inflammable film" may be imported after January 1, 1928. The Germans now permit only one foreign film for every German film shown. But this is straight business warfare on the American film, all open and aboveboard.

No, foreign censorship will not restrain our vamps and our he men. Business competition may try to keep them from the foreign screen, but even that assault will probably collapse in the face of the great and universal desire to dream that one dwells in marble halls.

Of course it is entirely possible that at home the movie may go the way of the corner saloon. National prohibition of motion pictures can happen.

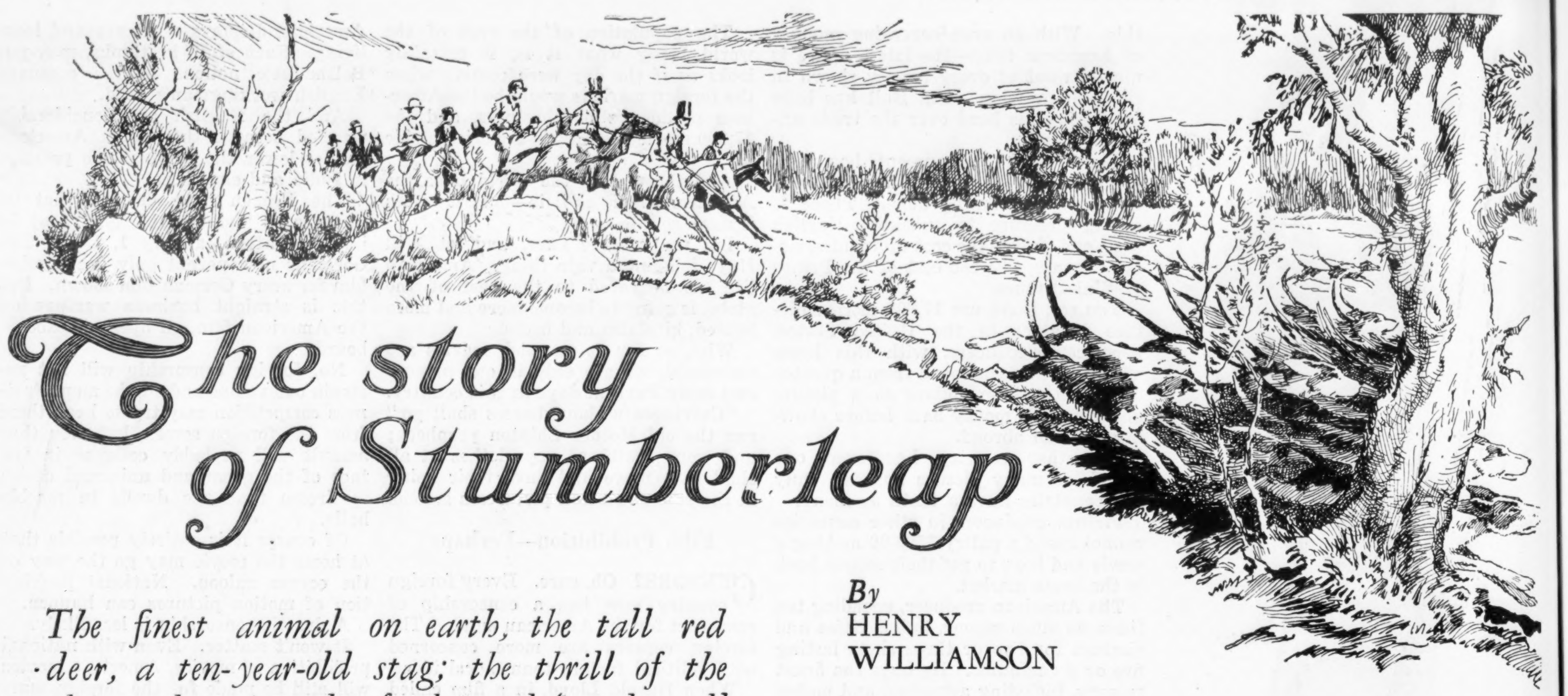
A drastic censorship is less likely.

It won't matter. Even with national prohibition of movies, American movies will still be made for the foreign markets. After all, there's millions in it!

All the world, they say, loves a lover. Well, all the world laughs at an American. He is the everlasting lunatic. He is the crook and the cuckold. As for the American woman, you just know she doesn't wear them.

Sweet land of liberty!—in any desired number of reels.

American life, as mirrored, is going to become more and more heated, hifalutin and hectic



The story of Stumberleap

The finest animal on earth, the tall red deer, a ten-year-old stag; the thrill of the chase; the triumph of the undefeated—all make this an animal story without parallel

By
HENRY WILLIAMSON

BEFORE the memory of the stag of the Stumberleap Wood goes gray like the hairs of my head, it must be told; for there comes a time when one grows tired of writing and thinking about the form of a story. The notorious hound Deadlock nearly lost his life in that last chase, but the eleven stitches I put into his belly made him sound in a fortnight. Apart from this, and my view of Stumberleap sinking himself in the pool by the rowan tree, I know only what was recounted to me in the Hunter's Inn. But first I must tell you a little about the life of Stumberleap, as he was usually called. Several times I saw him, once in the Doone Valley in June, when his coat was a glowing ruddy-gold, for he was fat with corn and roots plundered from the moorland farms.

And during the rutting season I saw him coming down from the hills before an October gale, driving a herd of hinds. He was gaunt with sinew and muscle, in shape of body not unlike a donkey, but taller; the hair of his flanks was shaggy with mud, and he was thin with so much journeying to find hinds. The gale rushed across the combe, the oaks shuddered in the rainy wind, and as I crouched under a rock Stumberleap was seen against the sky. His head was thrown back as he roared a challenge to any stag that might be in the combe. Then, bending his neck, he dug his antlers into the boggy ground and tore up grasses and sods, which the wind flung away. Again he belled. So brazen was the note above the wind that terror entered into me, and, fearing lest when he crossed my scent he might charge back and drive the brow point through my body into the lichened trunk which sheltered me, I climbed the tree.

The bark was rough with lichen, and I scrambled along a branch in order to watch, as another bellow had answered Stumberleap. Immediately he roared back and trotted forward, and while I sat on the creaking bough the stranger trotted forward to meet him. The points of his antlers made the outline of a crown, whereas Stumberleap's was a forked head. Both stags jumped round, feinting for an opening to stab and point. While the gale passed over the somber moor they thrust and drew back to watch, but suddenly Stumberleap leaped in and horn clashed on horn.

With fury they wrestled and swayed, breaking the soft leaf mold at the hill's edge with their slot, until the crown-headed stag (that for three days and nights had hardly eaten or slept, for every breeze that drew across his nostrils had made him more feverish to travel and seek the hinds of his rivals) was so buffeted that he was thrown down the slope. Again the antlers clashed, and a young hind stole back from the herd and butted him in the flank. She had been conquered by Stumberleap, and loved him. The stranger seemed to lose strength, and after a minute he backed away and ran into the undergrowth. Stumberleap threw up his head, stretched his thick neck, and bellowed; then rose on his hind legs and sniffed. I saw the instant alertness in the fine eyes of the head upheld. He scented man. The deer were gone, and the gray rain and grayer wind blurred all things in my sight.

STUMBERLEAP must have been hunted many times before that October, as he had possessed all his rights two years previously, at the age of five. Until his sixth year he was not called a stag, but a male red deer, and as such was not warrantable or worthy of being chased. At seven years of age the points of his antlers were thirteen, and in his tenth year he carried fifteen points and three offers (which were little knobs on the beam, as though points had offered to grow there). In the language of the chase, he was a fifteen-pointer, and although many of his sons had been killed he was still alive because he was cunning and knew the waters. And one morning in September, when the brown heather bells of the commons were dry and honeyless, and a golden haze brimmed the combes and lay lightly on the hills, our stag was harbored under his favorite oak tree, unaware that for several days a little gray-whiskered man had been watching his slot, or hoofprints, on the deer path into Stumberleap Wood.

The little gray-whiskered man was known as the harborer. He was the huntsman's secret agent. He was an informer, and his information had to be accurate.

He walked round the wood, which lay under the wind just below the brow of a hill, shaped like an oyster, and examined all the deer paths. When he had satisfied himself that the stag had not left, he went back to the farmhouse and ate a hearty breakfast of eggs, bacon, hog's pudding and fried bread, washed down with a quart of mulled ale. Afterward the ease of stretched legs, a pipe, a little scalp scratching, while he waited for huntsman and pack.

STUMBERLEAP FARM was a long building roofed with slate. Bright yellow lichens spread in patches over the slate and stones, and starlings sang upon the great square chimney tuns, in the cracks of which ferns and grasses grew. On the top of each tun two pieces of slate were cemented in the form of a triangle, to cut the winds which in winter would pour down the chimneys. Stumberleap Farm was last rebuilt in the reign of Charles II, who sheltered there one stormy evening after the chase. The farm had come down from father to son in unbroken succession since that time.

In one of the stable buildings six hunters had been stabled since the previous night. Now, at ten o'clock in the morning, grooms in shirt sleeves and unhitched braces were polishing bits and stirrup irons, and unrolling bandages from tails and cannons. There was the clack and stamp of shoes on the stone floor. These were the spare mounts of the master and the three hunt servants.

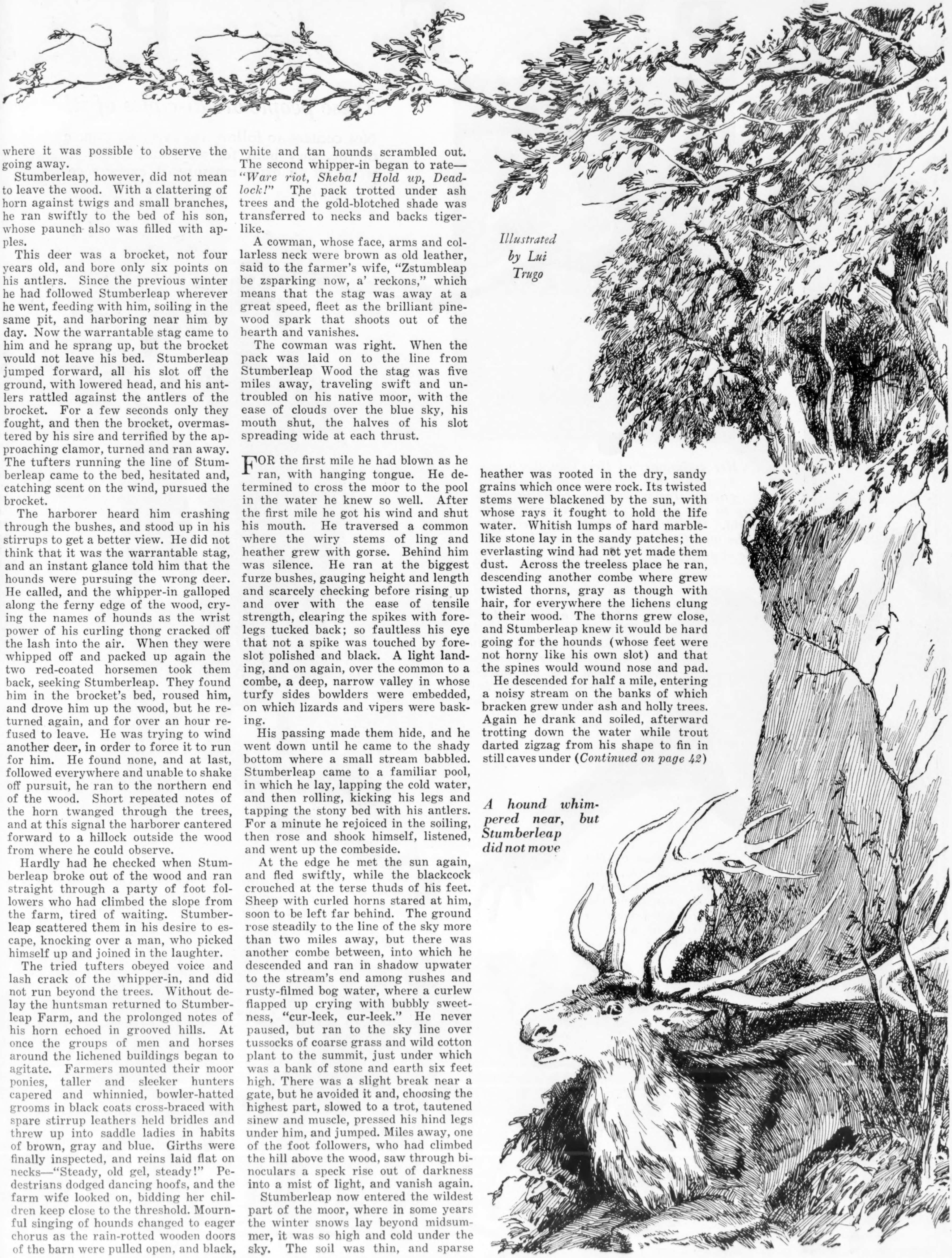
At half past ten, the time of the meet, over a hundred people had come to the farm. Hunters neighed, men and women chatted, pink and gray and tweed coats made gay color in the field behind the farm. The sun of a fair September morning dropped its gold into the dewy freshness of the landscape. A group of foot followers stood by one of the barns, in which, pacing restlessly the clean straw or sitting moodily on haunches or throwing up heads and singing, the hounds were shut.

Six couples of tufters had already gone with harborer, huntsman and whipper-in, and the rest of the pack was in charge of the second whipper-in. Already they were approaching Stumberleap, and while the mournful singing of hounds made the male starlings on the roof far below listen in order to learn to imitate, the harborer took the huntsman to the trail where that morning the stag had entered the wood. The tufters were old hounds, wise and trusty, and their job was to make Stumberleap break covert. The path was at the northern corner of the wood, and the wind blew down to Stumberleap, where he lay with the flies that were beginning to pester him about the long shaggy hair of his upper neck. When the taint came to his nostrils he threw up his head, so that one of the top points struck a branch and furrowed the bark. His great eyes were drowsy no more. He stood up and waited, all the while sniffing the taint. He had been roused like this many times before, and knew what it meant. His paunch was full of cider apples, for the night before a herd of stags, including Stumberleap and one of his sons (but Stumberleap had no knowledge of his own paternity), had feasted in a small garden near the sea, kept by a widow who in the holiday season sold fruit and biscuits and bottles of colored aërated drinks to sunburnt townsfolk. She lived meagerly, being poor, and was at that moment regarding wrathfully the empty lower branches of her few apple trees.

A HOUND whimpered near, but Stumberleap did not move. His antlers were held back, his nostrils stretched; he held his breath, listening. A warble fly with silent flight settled on his coat and started to bore with its proboscis to the blood under the skin. The sharp bite of penetration made his shoulders quiver, but otherwise he did not move. He heard the chant of the huntsman and the more abrupt cries of the whipper-in.

Then a hound threw his tongue and jumped forward, followed by other tufters. They came to where he stood, and one made as if to run in upon him, but the brow points were in his path, and he stopped. Immediately Stumberleap threw up his head, his eyes straining down at them.

When the huntsman came up he encouraged them with horn and voice, and the tongues clamored about him. Stumberleap kicked at one, and drew from it a yelp of pain. The others pressed upon him; he sank slightly upon his haunches, quivered as he pressed his strength into his muscles, and sprang over hounds and away among the trees. "Forward!" cried the huntsman, and at the sound the harborer waiting at the edge of the wood cantered to a place



Illustrated by Lui Trugo

A hound whimpered near, but Stumberleap did not move

where it was possible to observe the going away.

Stumberleap, however, did not mean to leave the wood. With a clattering of horn against twigs and small branches, he ran swiftly to the bed of his son, whose paunch also was filled with apples.

This deer was a brocket, not four years old, and bore only six points on his antlers. Since the previous winter he had followed Stumberleap wherever he went, feeding with him, soiling in the same pit, and harboring near him by day. Now the warrantable stag came to him and he sprang up, but the brocket would not leave his bed. Stumberleap jumped forward, all his slot off the ground, with lowered head, and his antlers rattled against the antlers of the brocket. For a few seconds only they fought, and then the brocket, overmastered by his sire and terrified by the approaching clamor, turned and ran away. The tufters running the line of Stumberleap came to the bed, hesitated and, catching scent on the wind, pursued the brocket.

The harborer heard him crashing through the bushes, and stood up in his stirrups to get a better view. He did not think that it was the warrantable stag, and an instant glance told him that the hounds were pursuing the wrong deer. He called, and the whipper-in galloped along the ferny edge of the wood, crying the names of hounds as the wrist power of his curling thong cracked off the lash into the air. When they were whipped off and packed up again the two red-coated horsemen took them back, seeking Stumberleap. They found him in the brocket's bed, roused him, and drove him up the wood, but he returned again, and for over an hour refused to leave. He was trying to wind another deer, in order to force it to run for him. He found none, and at last, followed everywhere and unable to shake off pursuit, he ran to the northern end of the wood. Short repeated notes of the horn twanged through the trees, and at this signal the harborer cantered forward to a hillock outside the wood from where he could observe.

Hardly had he checked when Stumberleap broke out of the wood and ran straight through a party of foot followers who had climbed the slope from the farm, tired of waiting. Stumberleap scattered them in his desire to escape, knocking over a man, who picked himself up and joined in the laughter.

The tried tufters obeyed voice and lash crack of the whipper-in, and did not run beyond the trees. Without delay the huntsman returned to Stumberleap Farm, and the prolonged notes of his horn echoed in grooved hills. At once the groups of men and horses around the lichened buildings began to agitate. Farmers mounted their moor ponies, taller and sleeker hunters capered and whinnied, bowler-hatted grooms in black coats cross-braced with spare stirrup leathers held bridles and threw up into saddle ladies in habits of brown, gray and blue. Girths were finally inspected, and reins laid flat on necks—"Steady, old gel, steady!" Pedestrians dodged dancing hoofs, and the farm wife looked on, bidding her children keep close to the threshold. Mournful singing of hounds changed to eager chorus as the rain-rotted wooden doors of the barn were pulled open, and black, white and tan hounds scrambled out. The second whipper-in began to rate—*"Ware riot, Sheba! Hold up, Deadlock!"* The pack trotted under ash trees and the gold-blotched shade was transferred to necks and backs tigerlike.

A cowman, whose face, arms and collarless neck were brown as old leather, said to the farmer's wife, "Zstumbleap be zsparking now, a' reckons," which means that the stag was away at a great speed, fleet as the brilliant pinewood spark that shoots out of the hearth and vanishes.

The cowman was right. When the pack was laid on to the line from Stumberleap Wood the stag was five miles away, traveling swift and untroubled on his native moor, with the ease of clouds over the blue sky, his mouth shut, the halves of his slot spreading wide at each thrust.

FOR the first mile he had blown as he ran, with hanging tongue. He determined to cross the moor to the pool in the water he knew so well. After the first mile he got his wind and shut his mouth. He traversed a common where the wiry stems of ling and heather grew with gorse. Behind him was silence. He ran at the biggest furze bushes, gauging height and length and scarcely checking before rising up and over with the ease of tensile strength, clearing the spikes with forelegs tucked back; so faultless his eye that not a spike was touched by foreslot polished and black. A light landing, and on again, over the common to a combe, a deep, narrow valley in whose turfy sides bowlders were embedded, on which lizards and vipers were basking.

His passing made them hide, and he went down until he came to the shady bottom where a small stream babbled. Stumberleap came to a familiar pool, in which he lay, lapping the cold water, and then rolling, kicking his legs and tapping the stony bed with his antlers. For a minute he rejoiced in the soiling, then rose and shook himself, listened, and went up the combeside.

At the edge he met the sun again, and fled swiftly, while the blackcock crouched at the terse thuds of his feet. Sheep with curled horns stared at him, soon to be left far behind. The ground rose steadily to the line of the sky more than two miles away, but there was another combe between, into which he descended and ran in shadow upwater to the stream's end among rushes and rusty-filmed bog water, where a curlew flapped up crying with bubbly sweetness, "cur-leek, cur-leek." He never paused, but ran to the sky line over tussocks of coarse grass and wild cotton plant to the summit, just under which was a bank of stone and earth six feet high. There was a slight break near a gate, but he avoided it and, choosing the highest part, slowed to a trot, tautened sinew and muscle, pressed his hind legs under him, and jumped. Miles away, one of the foot followers, who had climbed the hill above the wood, saw through binoculars a speck rise out of darkness into a mist of light, and vanish again.

Stumberleap now entered the wildest part of the moor, where in some years the winter snows lay beyond midsummer, it was so high and cold under the sky. The soil was thin, and sparse heather was rooted in the dry, sandy grains which once were rock. Its twisted stems were blackened by the sun, with whose rays it fought to hold the life water. Whitish lumps of hard marble-like stone lay in the sandy patches; the everlasting wind had not yet made them dust. Across the treeless place he ran, descending another combe where grew twisted thorns, gray as though with hair, for everywhere the lichens clung to their wood. The thorns grew close, and Stumberleap knew it would be hard going for the hounds (whose feet were not horny like his own slot) and that the spines would wound nose and pad.

He descended for half a mile, entering a noisy stream on the banks of which bracken grew under ash and holly trees. Again he drank and soiled, afterward trotting down the water while trout darted zigzag from his shape to fin in still caves under

(*Continued on page 42*)

PEP!

These people are disciples of it!

Not content to follow the everyday course of life, they hunt for ways and means to work off an extra measure of exuberance.

© U. & U.

Her ambitions have taken this young lady high up in the painting world. Don't you think she qualifies for the title of steeple-jill?

Kadel & Herbert

Here's another lunch-hour stunt. Tennis on a concrete court about twenty stories above the street. It's very good for typewriter cramp!

It takes a rapid and red-blooded circulation to be warm in a bathing suit while others are shivering in furs, but the Annette-Kellermanned lady seems happier than her companion

© U. & U.

© Ewing Galloway

A little action on the ice at St. Moritz. This American skater exhibits pep from the tips of her fingers to the ends of her . . . skates

Sixteen! Count 'em! And this exponent of pep not only somersaults over them but lands on his feet and strolls away. The picture was taken in Germany, if that has anything to do with it

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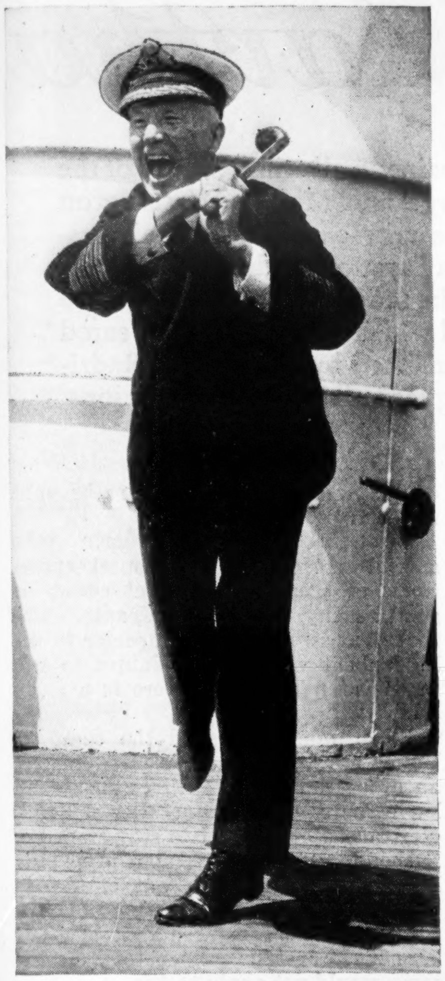
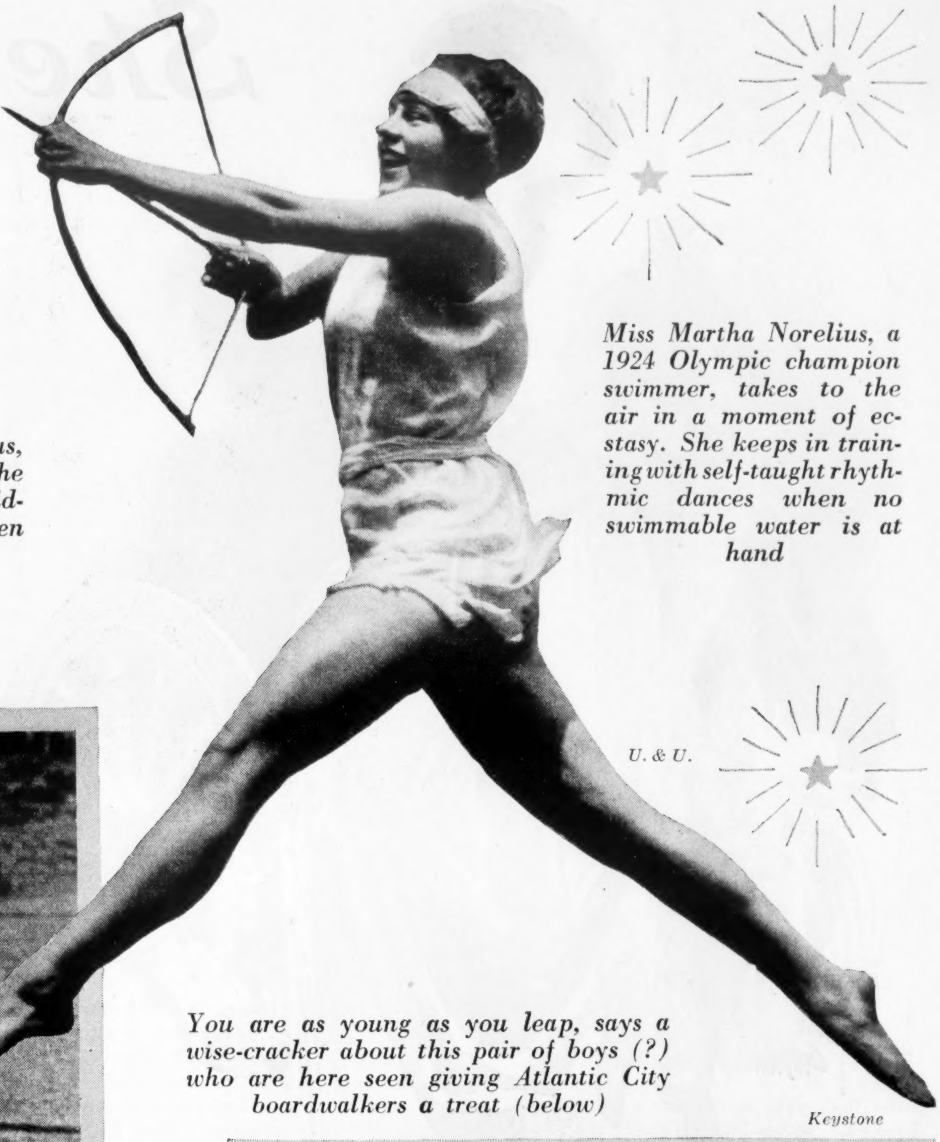


© Keystone

Deck golf is a new one on us, but here's Capt. Rostron of the Mauretania getting a little mid-Atlantic practice in between smokestacks



Miss Martha Norelius, a 1924 Olympic champion swimmer, takes to the air in a moment of ecstasy. She keeps in training with self-taught rhythmic dances when no swimmable water is at hand

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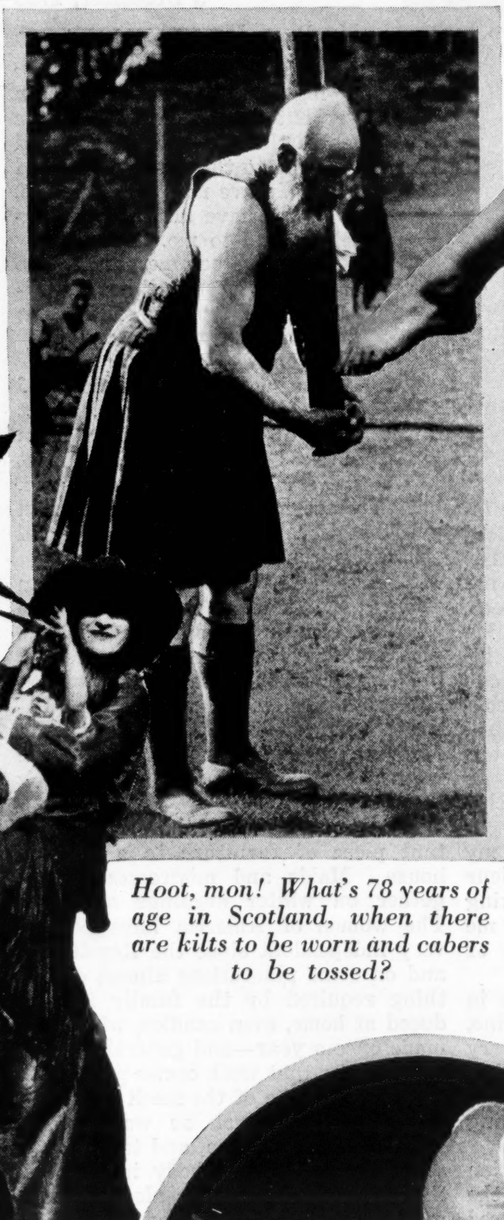
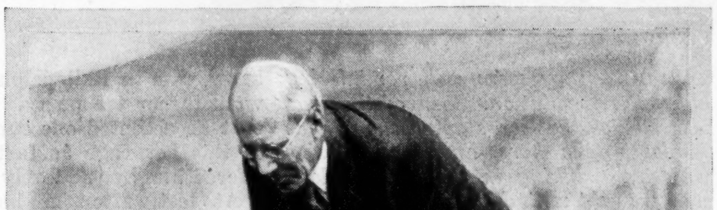


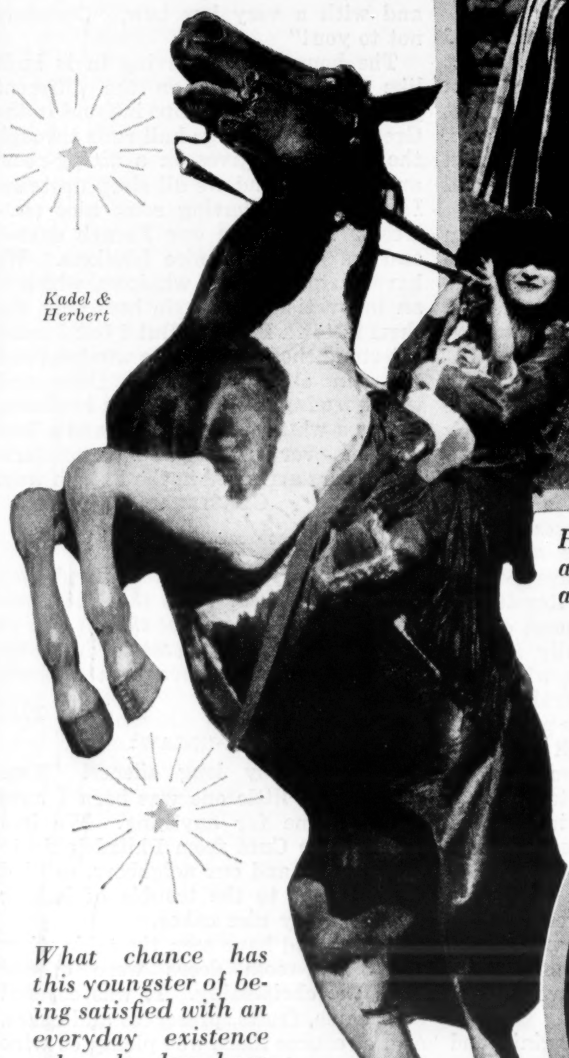
Keystone

Hoot, mon! What's 78 years of age in Scotland, when there are kilts to be worn and cabers to be tossed?

You are as young as you leap, says a wise-cracker about this pair of boys (?) who are here seen giving Atlantic City boardwalkers a treat (below)

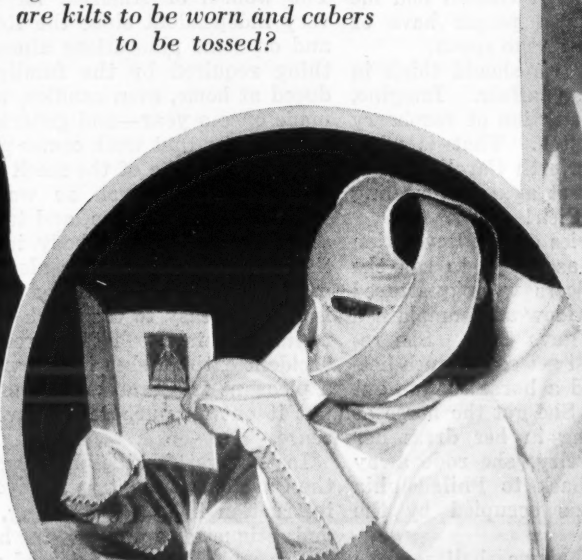
Keystone





Kadel & Herbert

What chance has this youngster of being satisfied with an everyday existence when he has been brought up on a bucking broncho?

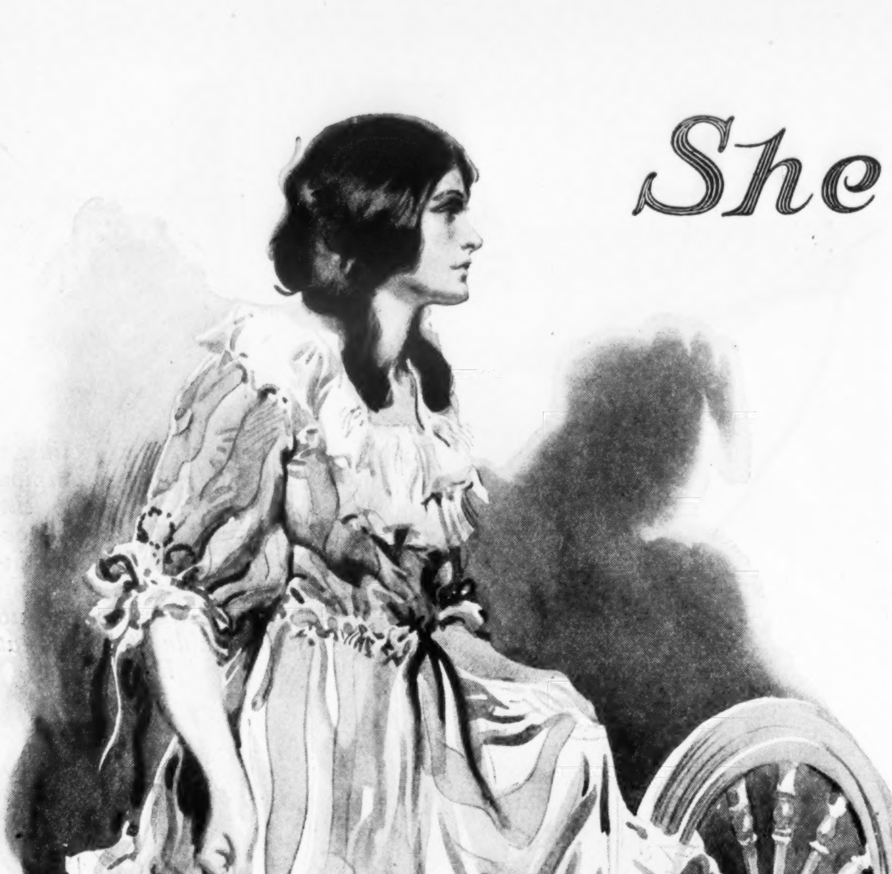


Kadel & Herbert

We contend that it takes a record amount of pep to put up with all this paraphernalia in the service of vanity. But it's actually being done. No, it wasn't borrowed from a Ku Klux Klansman. It is the bleaching mask and gloves which whiten and soften the skin

She knew Martha

THESE timely letters paint an alluring picture of the kind of people George and Martha Washington really were. They were written by Madame de Maussion, the wife of one of La Fayette's soldiers, who was a guest at Mount Vernon. Like the letters from Madame de Maussion and her husband which have already appeared in Collier's, these were translated by the Princess Radziwill, whose family has safeguarded them for generations.



In 1785 they were still reminiscing about the Revolution. Some of the good war stories that were going the rounds Madame tells here, and she explains why tea drinking in those early days was fraught with danger—if you didn't know how to use your spoon!

15 September, 1785 (*continued*)

I BEGIN a bit to understand the people here in America. What strikes me the most is their patience under difficulties that would drive us crazy in France within five minutes.

Everything seems to be submerged in the remembrance of the war, and I realize how it comes that Gaston never would speak of anything else. Everywhere I go I hear anecdotes.

For instance, it seems that a Mrs. Abel James, who had a house near Philadelphia, arranged a dinner for the ill-fed soldiers of the Revolution. They were just going to eat it when a sentry raised the cry: "The redcoats are upon us!"

The invited guests had to take to their heels in a hurry while unbidden ones entered the house by another door, devouring all the good cheer that hadn't been intended for them.

This Mrs. James seems to be a character, and I am hoping to be introduced to her soon. She is what is called here a Quaker, a member of a religious sect famous for dignity of deportment. During the British occupation it was forbidden to smuggle food into the city but Mrs. James frequently carried a little pig under the seat of her chaise to friends sorely in need of food. The British sentinels never molested her; no one suspected so fine and dignified a lady of sitting above a little pig. And here is another story I have heard of her:

The Prince de Broglie, whom you know, was in Philadelphia and was invited to her tea party. It was noticed that he accepted one cup after another of this beverage as fast as cups were offered him by the lovely ladies present.

At last, after he had drained his twelfth cup, someone charitably informed him that he must put his spoon across the cup when he wished to conclude this strange meal. It was much to his relief because, as he said later, he would have felt constrained to go on forever deluging himself with this tinted warm water.

I very nearly did the same thing, my dear mother-in-law, and like Monsieur le Prince might have gone on drinking tea until dead had not Gaston told me of this curious habit people have of crossing the cup with the spoon.

Just think what we should think in France of such an affair. Imagine, also, drinking a decoction of raspberry leaves instead of tea. That is what they are doing in North Carolina since the war as a protest against anything favored by the British!

Most of the stories of the Revolution show the British as naïve, to say the least. British officers were quartered in the house of a widow and complained of the butter she gave them. She replied that she could get some much better if only she had a horse to ride out into the country. She got the horse at once. After hiding in her dress her valuables and jewelry, she rode away and never came back to Philadelphia until the city was occupied by the American army.

I am in hopes that we shall soon be able to move to the plantation which Gaston is going to work on. The owner will leave him absolutely free to do what he likes in the way of improvements, and everybody says that we'll get fond of the life there.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

"Girls," says the little Frenchwoman, "are taught about the same things as in France." But she is surprised at the skill shown by little children, and she found sewing more in demand than science or art.

5 December, 1785

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

YOU ask after General Washington. I have not seen him yet, but Gaston says that after our little one is born he will take me to this great and good man. I have met a few people, and they have all shown themselves kind to me. I ought by now to have become used to life here, but, although it has beautiful sides, I feel homesick often and wish myself in our dear France.

You inquire about schools and how children are educated. It is a different education from ours. Girls are taught almost the same things as in France, but they are also trained in beautiful needlework, especially in Virginia and the two Carolinas.

Sewing is far more in demand than science or literature and is taught to girls from infancy. I have seen a little girl aged five who could knit mittens and stockings; and I have seen wonderful white silk stockings with an openwork design done by a girl of fourteen. Marvelous birds and animals are worked in silk or wool embroidery by small children.

A spinning wheel is the most important piece of furniture in a country house. Maids and mistresses sit together on winter evenings spinning. The women of America have become very independent since the Revolution, and on some plantations almost everything required by the family is produced at home, even candles, which are made once a year—and generally when the time for that work comes people get unhappy because of the smell it makes.

Wax candles, such as we have in France, I haven't seen, and tallow ones seem to content everybody in spite of their odor. But there is also a candle made of green myrtleberry wax which is never greasy to the touch and never melts even in the hottest weather. If accident extinguishes it, the wax yields a pleasant fragrance; and some people put it out on purpose to have the incense.

In the first families in Virginia and the Carolinas daughters receive regular instruction in music, drawing, dancing and etiquette and also in household duties and the supervision of servants. Most of them are trained to be excellent housekeepers, and they need to be, for intendants, such as we have in France, do not exist. The mistress must supervise everything from the cutting up of a slaughtered animal to the moment when sausages and a piece of pastry called mince pie are brought to the table.

In Southern homes women take special pride in their housekeeping. Some of them are excellent cooks, as good as any we have in France. The food they serve is much superior to the kind about which I complained to you in one of my letters. Here is a story which will amuse you:

When women invaded the camp at Valley Forge, General Washington gave an order that officers' wives should all leave the camp. A Mrs. Clement Biddle made up her mind to stay with her husband. She insisted on preparing herself a dinner which was offered to General Washington. After he had praised it she remarked that she felt sure his order for women to leave the camp would not apply to *her*.

General Washington is said to have replied, to the surprise of everybody, and with a very low bow, "Certainly not to you!"

The house we are living in is built like all the others on the different plantations, with columns in front in the Greek style. A large hall runs through the house and gives on a dining-room and a parlor and we all sleep upstairs. I succeeded in having some nice mattresses made—like our French ones—and we also have nice blankets. We have curtains in our windows, which is an innovation, as people here only use them in town houses. But I felt I could not stand those large bare windows and the sun shining through them and transforming the place into a hothouse. I have a white curtain under and a brocade one over it. And we have comfortable chairs arranged in the French way.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

If you happen to be a "dry" you should thank your stars that the country is somewhat less wet than it was in the 1780's. Being a teetotaler in Washington's day must have been difficult.

20 June, 1786

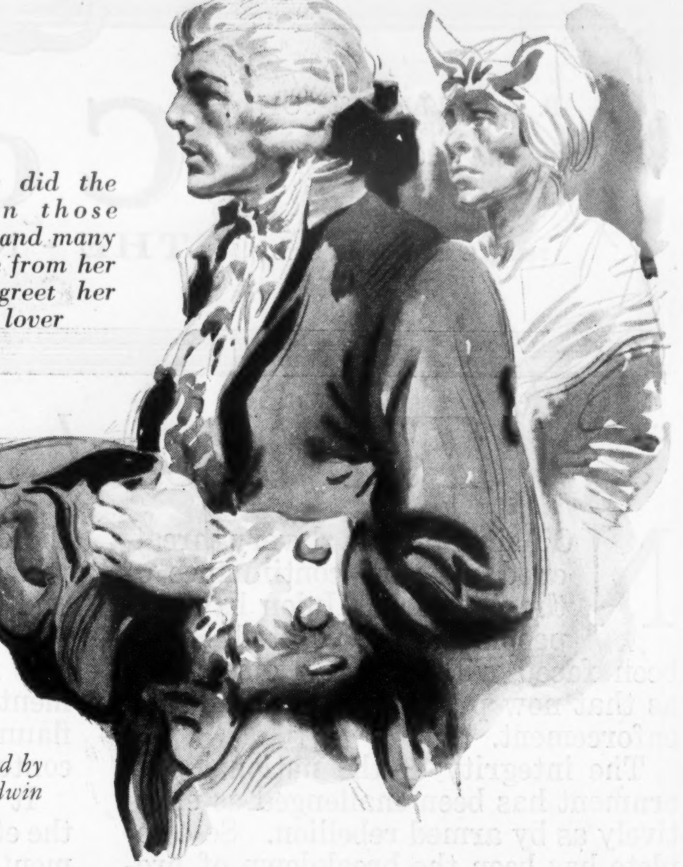
MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

FORGIVE my long silence. Ever since the little one was born I have had no time for anything. We had Monsieur le Curé from Philadelphia to baptize her, and our neighbors, so kind to me, went to the trouble of baking ever so many nice cakes.

You should have seen the table when the dining-room doors were opened after the christening. It was covered with game, fruits, preserves and cakes. And of course there was plenty of wine and beer and punch, which is so popular here that no festivity can go on without its being brought to the guests on their arrival and continually handed to them afterward.

Two days later Gaston and I were asked to spend an afternoon on a neighboring plantation. We took little Adélaïde-Rosalie with us, and a nice Negro woman took care of her. From the drawing-room, where the guests were

a Washington



The ladies did the spinning in those early days, and many a maid rose from her wheel to greet her stately lover

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

assembled, we went to the dining-room.

Well, you cannot imagine all there was on the table. Turtle, ducks, hams, roasted chickens, roasted beef and pork, custards, jellies, sweetmeats of various kinds, twenty different sorts of tarts and cakes, Parmesan cheese, wine, porter, beer, punch and two bottles of old French brandy for which the men could not find enough praise!

We got home all right and found the elder children well, although Marie had a big lump on her forehead, having fallen from the top of a tree. Our old *bonne* (or Mammy, as they call them here) gave Marie immediately a strong purge, so we hope she will not feel any bad result from her fall.

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

Madame found our fox-hunting "something wonderful." But the linen closet of one of her friends failed to impress her. It contained only twenty-five sheets and seventeen tablecloths—not nearly enough for a French family!

10 August, 1786

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

IT IS true that the horses here are far finer than ours. Everybody seems to think of nothing but caring for them and hunting foxes with their help.

This hunting is something wonderful. You, who are so fond of dogs, would enjoy looking at the big, handsome ones we have here. They are called *hounds.*

When the hunt begins the huntsmen urge them to find a fox by cries of "Yoicks, Youckes, Yockie," or something like that—I never could catch the sound properly. When they really find a fox they are urged to chase him by another cry which is something like "Tallylop" or "Tallyhop" (these English words are too terrible).

If the fox knows the country well and is an old fox a whole day may be spent trying to catch him. When the huntsmen come home the first thing they do is to examine the dogs' feet. If they find thorns, these are carefully taken out and the feet washed. Peasants' children in France are not so well cared for as these dogs.

The other day we went to spend the day with neighbors named Weldon who seem quite rich. Imagine my surprise when Mistress Weldon offered to show me her linen closet, of which she was evidently very proud. It was all coarse linen, mostly homespun, and no damask linen to speak of—only twelve damask napkins, which she seemed to consider a great quantity.

Only twenty-five homespun sheets, nine fine ones, and just seventeen tablecloths. Compare this with your big linen chests and the dozens and dozens of articles you possess. When I told her that we only had two washings in a year in France, she evidently did not believe me. She asked how often we changed our bed linen, and when I replied usually once a week she nearly screamed out, and remarked that we must have many closets and cupboards to hoard so much linen.

It was my turn to stare when she assured me that she was not satisfied unless at the beginning of winter she had at least two thousand jars of preserved or dried fruit!

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

When you read this letter—written after Madame de Maussion had been entertained at Mount Vernon—you'll realize that, after all, George and Martha Washington were flesh-and-blood human beings, not just cold historic figures. The little visitor didn't miss anything—not even the famous false teeth!

14 October, 1786

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

I KNOW how eager you have been to learn that I have at last been introduced to General Washington. Well, Mistress Nance has taken me to Mount Vernon for a visit.

This is the country château of the General and quite a famous place. I would have liked Gaston to come with us, but it was thought advisable for him to wait until this business connected with his disagreement with Monsieur de La Fayette had been cleared. So I went alone, and Mistress Nance, in asking permission to bring me, was careful to say that I had been Mademoiselle de Chastenay and the niece of Monsieur le Duc de Lorge.

Such an interesting day as it was!

The house is beautiful and has lately been much enlarged, a banquet hall having been built at one end of it and a library, adjoining the dining-room used on ordinary occasions, at the other.

The grounds are laid out with great taste and skill. They reminded me so much of some of our old French gardens and parterres.

General Washington himself met us in the hall and greeted me most cordially.

I don't know why, but I had expected to find him a severe-looking man. Far from that, nothing could have been kinder than his welcome, and his eyes have such a pleasant expression in them that they attract you at once.

The disagreeable side is the mouth, which, so far as I could see, is devoid of teeth, these having been replaced by clumsy-looking things which give the mouth a pinched, ugly look, and also prevent him from speaking distinctly—at least, distinctly to a person still so deficient in English as I am.

Mrs. Washington, whom we found in the salon, seems the kindest of human beings, and the most affectionate too. It is easy to see that she simply worships her husband, which, considering his eminence and qualities, is not surprising.

Mrs. Washington was dressed in a puce-colored silk, with some white lace on the trimming of the bodice, black mittens and an immense cap such as no one wears in France. The cap completely covered her hair and looked more like a nightcap than one people wear by day.

Dinner was served almost immediately after we arrived, and I sat on the left of General Washington, another lady, whose name I did not catch, being on his right. She must have been someone important by the manner in which he treated her and the way he helped her to the things she wanted to eat.

The General wore a dark-brown coat and breeches made out of another material than the coat, something silky and shiny. He had a nice cravat and lace jabot and his hair was powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, the whole very neat.

The dinner was good but plain. We had some lamb and fowls, rather tough. The lamb was good. Then beef and artichokes, served together, which rather surprised me, and any number of different desserts, such as the terrible things they call puddings here, tarts, pastries, fruit, ices, nuts and preserves.

The wine was port and Madeira; the General, it seemed to me, partook very sparingly. Healths were drunk very solemnly and in a curious manner. When one wanted to honor a person one raised one's glass and said, "Health, sir (or madam)," and the person thus addressed made a solemn bow and replied, "Thank you, sir," or "Thank you, madam."

Mrs. Washington retired with the ladies a little ahead of the General and the gentlemen and talked to us in the salon. Before long her husband returned and asked his guests whether they would like to see his stables. He led us himself, Mrs. Washington remaining behind.

They are beautiful stables, exceedingly well kept, and they hold a large number of horses, among them one which carried the General all through the war and of which he is particularly fond.

The visit lasted about half an hour, after which we were taken for a stroll in the grounds and then back to the house where, with Mistress Nance, we took leave of the General and Mrs. Washington.

It was a wonderful visit which I shall never forget.

I almost omitted to tell you that the General inquired after Monsieur de La Fayette and a few of our friends, among them Monsieur de Voigny and Monsieur de Mauroy, both of whom he seems to like very much.

He seemed also interested to learn that we were living on a plantation and expressed the hope that I did not think the life too hard, adding that he would be glad if more Frenchmen had the idea to settle here.

"We want them," he remarked. "They would bring some French civilization to our native population."

He then wished us good fortune, and Mrs. Washington, before letting us go, made us a present of a few pots of preserves, and hers are quite famous.

Mrs. Washington is stiffer than her husband, but she is also kind and affable. She appears to love Mount Vernon very much.

My dear mother-in-law, I commend myself to your kindness and remain now and always

Your dutiful daughter-in-law,

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

If you marry these days, you go honeymooning at once. But in the early days, Madame tells us, the festivities lasted for three days or more. And, oh, how the punch did flow!

6 February, 1787

MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW:

I AM afraid you want to punish me for having left you without news for months. But time flies when one is busy the whole day. And our place is far from town. We only get supplies when we send for our mail, three times a month, when a list must be given to the messenger, embracing everything from a dress for me and a coat for Gaston to medicines and garden utensils.

We are almost self-supporting, but there are things we cannot produce and must import.

I am invited with Gaston to a wedding next month, the first I have been asked to. I am very curious about it. I'll send you a detailed account. Only think: wedding festivities last three days and sometimes more. A crowd invades the house of the bride's parents, and afterward her own and stays that time eating and drinking with the newly wedded pair. Punch is handed round the whole time! Of course Quakers do things in a more quiet manner; but with Virginia and Carolina planters everything must be on a grand scale.

I am having some clothes made and have ordered one frock and hat in Philadelphia. Gaston said this was a fearfully extravagant thing to do, but, then, my dear mother-in-law, I still had the five louis you gave me and I used them with the feeling that you would approve my wish to show people here how Frenchwomen can array themselves on solemn occasions.

Gaston saw me try the dress on and said that I reminded him of the lovely ladies at Versailles on their way to make their *cour* to the queen. (The dressmaker to whom I went is a little French girl who is patronized by all the *élégantes* of Philadelphia, and she was recommended to me by Mrs. Abel James.)

CHASTENAY MAUSSION.

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The Road from Rum and Ruin

NOT since human slavery threatened the very continuance of the American Union have the people of the United States been faced with such an emergency as that now presented by prohibition enforcement.

The integrity of the national government has been challenged as effectively as by armed rebellion. So complete has been the breakdown of prohibition enforcement that the capacity of the government to compel obedience to any law is being seriously questioned.

We are in the midst of a new nullification movement, a movement more sinister even than that attempted by the advocates of slavery. Sixty-five years ago the Southern States fought by honest force to establish their sovereign rights to manage their own affairs, whether for good or evil. They lost because slavery was an evil which transcended in importance all other issues. To-day, individuals and not states are seeking to ignore state and federal laws. They have chosen the method of bribery and corruption rather than that of frank discussion and open rebellion. The methods of nullification have not improved with time.

A Losing War

The outstanding conclusion of more than a quarter of a million representative American citizens who were interviewed by Collier's representatives is THAT THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IS WAGING A LOSING WAR AGAINST ALCOHOL. THE UNITED STATES IS WETTER NOW THAN IT WAS THE DAY THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT WAS RATIFIED! States and communities which were dry five years ago are now dripping with the booze vended by bootleggers.

North, South, East and West the report is the same. With federal enforcement came the bootlegger and the breakdown of state and federal laws.

Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of prohibition but THERE CAN BE NO DIFFERENCE AS TO THE IMPERATIVE NECESSITY OF LAW ENFORCEMENT. The prohibition acts are not in the category of the ancient blue laws which died because customs changed and the obsolete statutes were forgotten. Nobody has forgotten, nobody can forget, the Eighteenth Amendment. When the dry laws are flaunted all the laws are brought into contempt.

It would be unjust to underestimate the effort made by the national government to enforce prohibition.

It is true that a fundamental mistake was made when the Treasury agents charged with the administration of the law were made the sport of politics. Looking back five years, it is plain now that putting prohibition into politics was a blunder of the first magnitude.

It is impossible to say what would have happened if the enforcement officials had been selected on merit by the Civil Service method rather than because of their usefulness to senators and other political bosses. The fact is that many of the men chosen to enforce prohibition were opposed to the act. Many were unfitted by training to administer any law. Spoils politics appeared in its worst form and not in a generation has the country seen such a spectacle of corruption and of incompetence in office. The acts of some of the prohibition agents did much to sully the reputation for honesty and efficiency built up during many years by tens of thousands of honorable men.

Yet conceding the original blunder, which was inherent in the law and for which responsibility must be squarely laid at the door of Congress, both Presidents Harding and Coolidge made sincere attempts to dam the tide of liquor.

Battles at Sea

Treaties designed to stop smuggling were negotiated with many foreign nations. International law was rewritten to extend the ancient three-mile limit out far beyond the American shores. A new police navy, equipped with various scientific weapons, was brought into existence. The silence of the peaceful waters of the Atlantic seaboard is broken nightly by the rattle of machine gun bullets and the angry explosions of small cannon in action.

Still bootleggers have successfully plied their trade. The subtlety of government chemists has been matched by the ingenuity of illicit dealers who have "recovered" from industrial alcohol the basis of many strange concoctions.

THE PROHIBITION RECORD OF THESE PAST FIVE YEARS IS A TERRIBLE EXHIBIT. HUMAN NATURE HAS BEEN REVEALED AT ITS WORST. THERE ARE FEW DARKER CHAPTERS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Local Enforcement

But out of all the corruption, inefficiency and lawlessness one great fact stands out. It is this:

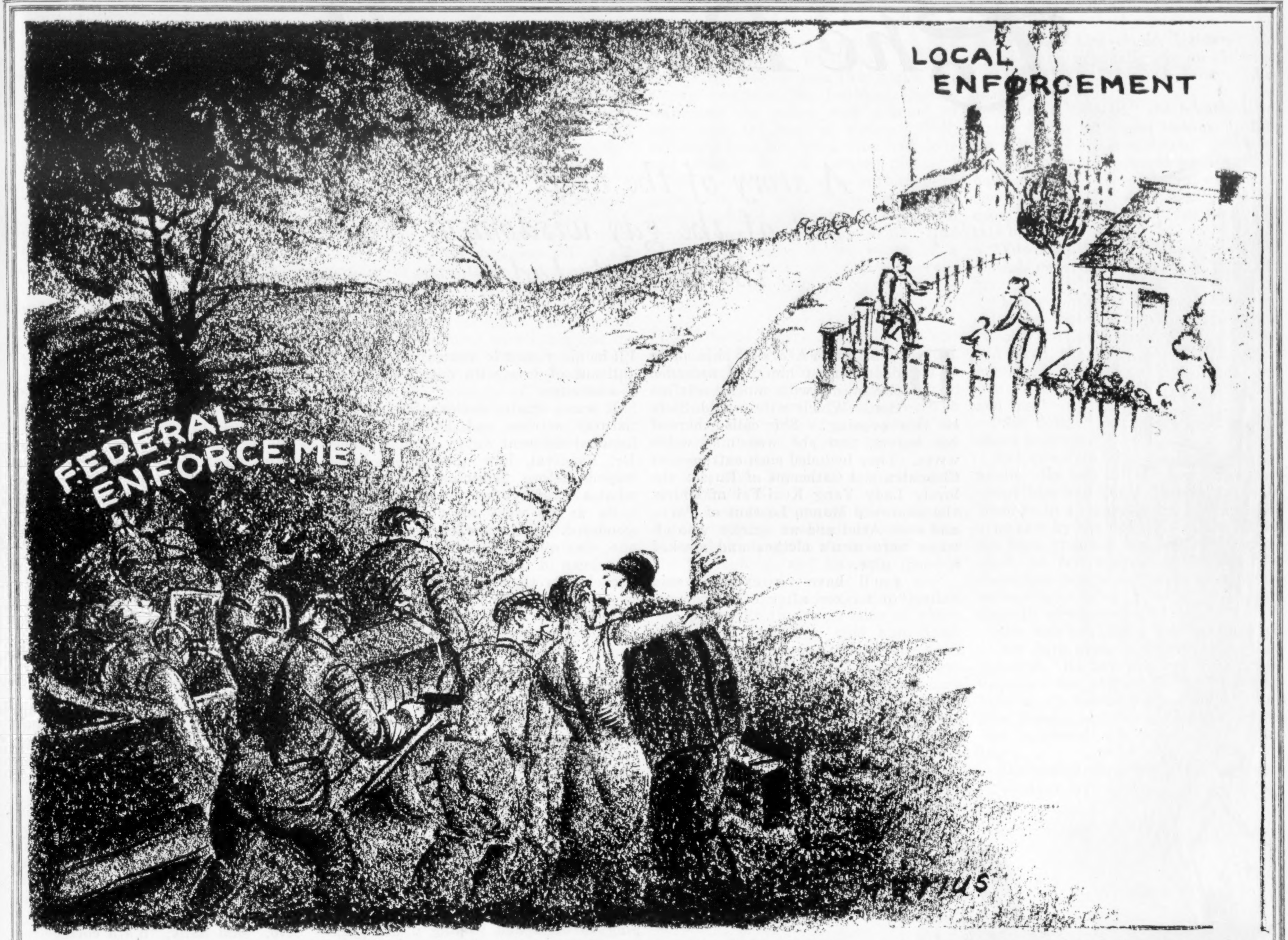
PROHIBITION WAS EFFECTIVELY ENFORCED BY STATES AND BY OTHER LOCAL AGENCIES; THE LAW BROKE DOWN ONLY WHEN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT UNDERTOOK TO DO FOR PEOPLE WHAT THEY CAN BEST DO FOR THEMSELVES THROUGH THEIR LOCAL, ELECTED OFFICIALS.

The American Republic is a union of states and the Union stands. This is one country and if there is permanence to any human institution it is fair to assume that the Union will endure. It is a century too late to talk about states' rights.

Nevertheless laws affecting men's behavior are only faithfully enforced by the police power of local groups. It has been the unbroken experience of the English-speaking race that every kind of offense, from minor infractions of highway laws to murder, can best be dealt with by local courts and police.

There is another system but it is not American. The old Russia of the Czars stretched the long arms of the imperial police across the vast territory to which the Romanoffs held title. Local self-government did not exist in the Russia of the Czars.

In our experiment with national prohibition we have drawn upon Russian precedents. We abandoned the familiar Anglo-Saxon customs and



The Road from Rum and Ruin

sought to enforce criminal laws through the machinery of a national police system. The prohibition agents of to-day are exactly comparable to the imperial police of Russia. They have no natural place in a country whose institutions are founded on the experience of generations with local enforcement of the entire criminal code.

What is the solution? Nullification of the Volstead Act? Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment?

The Practicable Remedy

Neither of these suggestions offers any hope. We cannot permit any important act of Congress to be ignored and brought into contempt without stimulating disrespect for all other laws. Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is impracticable even if it were desirable. No one who considers seriously the drift of the past few years can reasonably expect any formal repeal.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, A WAY OUT. WE CAN RETURN TO AMERICAN METHODS OF ENFORCEMENT. WE CAN PUT THE BURDEN OF ADMINISTERING THE LAW UPON THE STATE, COUNTY AND MUNICIPAL POLICE AUTHORITIES.

This does not imply the complete retirement of the federal government from the prohibition field. The Washington administration has permanent responsibilities in this field which cannot be delegated so long as the Eighteenth Amendment remains in the Constitution.

What can be done immediately is to place upon the states and the counties the full obligation of enforcing the dry law whenever and wherever local authorities show the capacity and the willingness to discharge the duty.

There are many precedents for such a step. The reconstruction period following the Civil War is rich in its suggestions. When the Union issue was determined at Appomattox, United States troops were sent to govern the Southern States.

The armies of occupation remained until Washington was persuaded that the seceders were willing to govern their states in accordance with principles approved by the majority of Americans. In a word, military authority gave way to civil rule and local self-government was reëstablished.

The administration of the prohibition law by federal agents is fairly analogous to the government of the Southern States by United States soldiers. Continued military rule is hostile to everything which Americans hold dear. That it should be a permanent system is inconceivable.

Let's Go Back

Let us, then, start back to the sound American tradition of local self-government. At the outset the federal government might well withdraw its agents from those states which are now willing to enforce the law.

HERE IS THE ROAD FROM RUM AND RUIN. THE PRESENT CONDITIONS CANNOT ENDURE: THEY ARE INTOLERABLE SINCE CORRUPTION IS ALIEN TO THE AMERICAN CHARACTER. THE LAW MUST BE ENFORCED, AND THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THIS NATION SHOWS THAT IN THE LONG RUN LAWS CAN ONLY BE EFFECTUALLY ADMINISTERED BY LOCAL AUTHORITY.

WHICH STATE WILL BE THE FIRST TO OFFER TO LEAD THE WAY?

The Doctor's Harem

A story of the night errant and of the gay wisdom of the knight's lady

By
JAMES
OPPENHEIM

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

DR. SANDIVAL shut his office door behind him and ascended the stairs with much satisfaction. Which wife would Sally be this evening? She called herself his harem, and she was his twelve wives. They included such extremes as Cleopatra and Catherine of Russia, the lovely Lady Yang Keui-Fei of China, the renowned Manon Lescaut of Paris, and even Ariel and an actress who always wore men's clothes and smoked a small pipe.

"So you'll have no excuse," said Sally, "to hanker after other women. I'll be all women to you; and when you fall out of love with one, I'll bob up—a stranger."

It was a quaint device. Sally was a natural actress and beautiful in a hundred different ways. And she knew Dr. Sandival, how quickly his heart leaped before feminine beauty and what a wanderer he was.

So as he went up the stairs, he wondered. The house, on Seventh Avenue, was quite still. The housekeeper was down in the basement, the doctor's bachelor brother was out, and Sally was doubtless awaiting him in the library. She had had over an hour after dinner to put Lawrence to bed and to sleep and to get herself up as one of the wives. On the second floor he walked to the front and opened the library door.

Sally was there. He stood and looked at her.

She had on a tight-fitting black dress; her hair, gold-glinting, was parted in the middle and hung in a low loop in the back, and she was seated in a deep chair, sewing. Her face, with its blue eyes and tilted nose and narrow, soft lips, had a look of simplicity and openness, demure and sweet.

"You're lovely," he commented, stepping forward and looking down upon her. "What are you?"

"Can't you guess?" she asked.

"No, I'm stupid."

"Why, I'm your old-fashioned wife."

He smiled a little foolishly. "What must I do?"

"Be sentimental, sweetest."

"You mean"—he bowed and kissed her hand and then her forehead and then the part in her hair—"and sing something? 'Oh, my darling?'"

"And 'S'wanee River'," she added, "and 'Old Black Joe'."

"Do we live in a cottage together, with sweet peas and mignonette in the garden?"

"Roses"—she sighed happily—"don't forget the roses."

"And you have a beautiful son?" he put in.

"OH, LET him be your son too," said Sally, taking his hand with both hers. (Sally, you may remember, was a widow before she married the doctor.)

"Our boy," said the doctor. "Is he asleep?"

"Fast asleep, with Tum-tum, his black doll, in his arms."

"Perhaps we live in the South," said the doctor, lighting a cigar, "and it's before the war. We have Greek columns on the veranda and old darkies serving us. We're proud and aristocratic."

"No," said Sally, "it's a cottage, set out in a hidden place in the hills, with an old orchard in back and swallows flying about the eaves, far away from everything but the bees and the garden and the summer stars. . . . And we are very secret about each other and our boy; we all live in a mystery. . . ."

"What is the mystery?"

"Oh, Sid," she cried, "how slow you are! The mystery is the way we feel. . . . It's deep, you know; our home, our love. . . ."

He spoke reverently. "It is, Sally . . . or shall I call you Mary?"

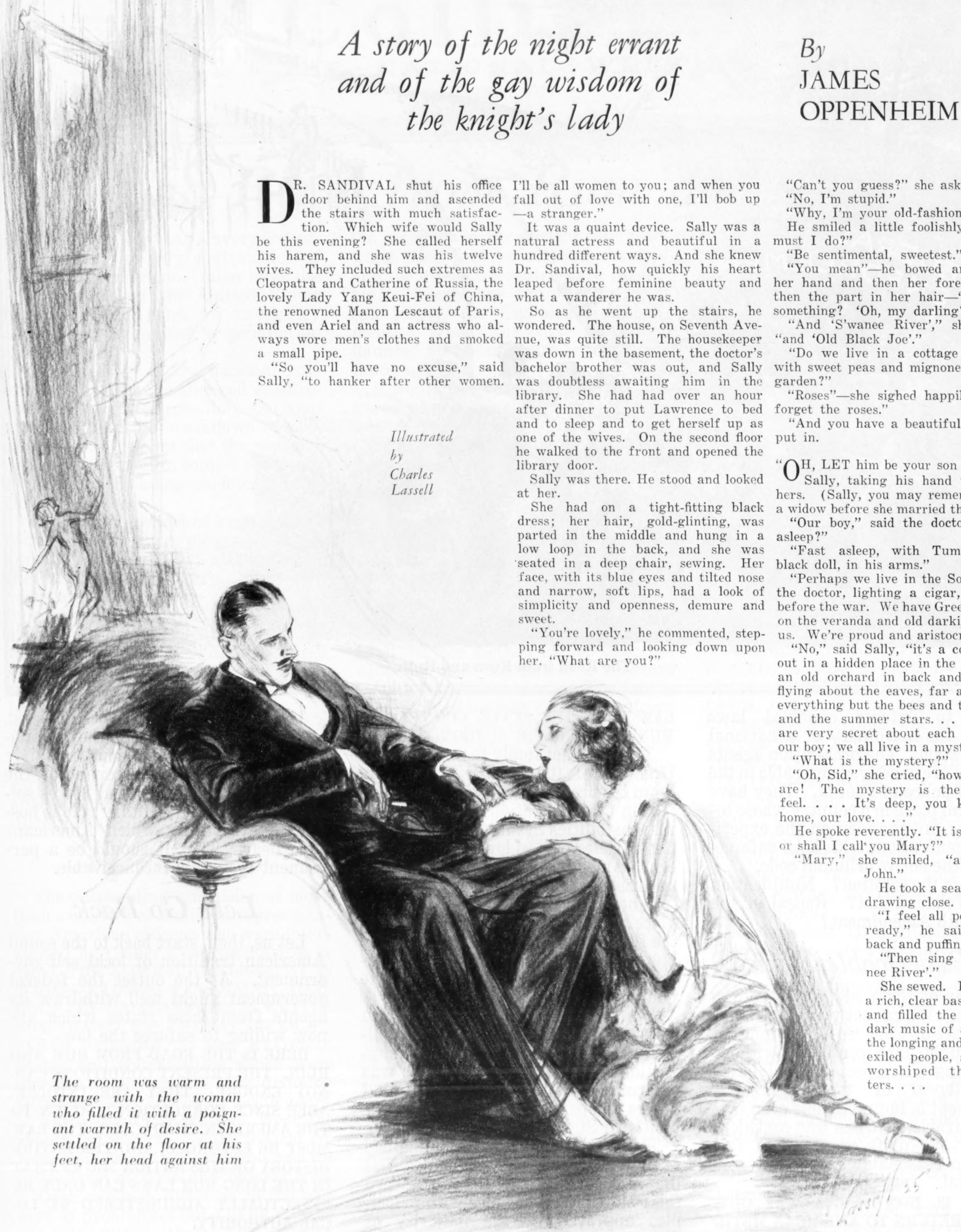
"Mary," she smiled, "and you're John."

He took a seat near her, drawing close.

"I feel all peaceful already," he said, leaning back and puffing.

"Then sing me 'S'wanee River'."

She sewed. He sang, in a rich, clear bass that rose and filled the room, the dark music of an old soil, the longing and love of an exiled people, slaves who worshiped their masters. . . .



The room was warm and strange with the woman who filled it with a poignant warmth of desire. She settled on the floor at his feet, her head against him

When he finished they sat silent, and Sally sewed. She lifted her face, shining with tears.

"Oh, I love you so, Sid."

"You're wonderful, Sally," he said quickly. "I never really knew I could be peaceful like this, and find one woman all women."

She leaned forward. Her mood tonight seemed more than the part she played; a tenderness almost passionate. "Oh, you really do, you surely do?"

"It's so," he said.

"I am everything to you?"

"And more than that," he smiled, leaning to meet and kiss her. Their arms went about each other. "The wanderer has come home," he murmured, "and the beautiful woman gives him peace."

Sally stroked his cheek. "How I love you!"

She sat back and sewed. . . . The room was warm and still, and the books lining the walls breathed on them the serenity of their golden leaves. The floor lamps shed their quiet circles of glow about them; the shadows were full of comfort. . . .

"You know," said Sally, "if only you weren't a doctor—"

It was then, above all things, that the telephone, an extension of which was in the library, rang shrilly.

"Yes," she cried, her eyes widening, "that's what I meant! Oh, dear!"

He leaped to the phone, stern and sharp in a moment.

"Hello, yes; Dr. Sandival. . . ."

Then he glanced involuntarily at Sally and went on in a low, hurried voice: "No, I can't—no, really—it's impossible . . . how so life and death? . . . I can't . . . no. . . ." He did not speak for a little, and Sally, gazing at the phone, heard the squeaking, quite unintelligible, of a woman's voice. Finally the doctor said: "Well, only for a minute. Yes. Yes, right away. Good-by."

He put down the receiver and turned frowning, a little put out. "I'm awfully sorry, dear. . . ."

"Yes?"

"I have to go out a bit. . . ."

"Oh, honey, we were so happy. It had the happy-ever-after feeling."

She rose, and he took her in his arms.

"I know. . . . I know. . . ." His voice was troubled. "But, you see, I have to. That's what happens when you marry a doctor. . . ."

"And it's really serious?"

"It's an old friend of mine, Andith Wrone. . . ."

SHE grew very still in his arms, and when she looked up at him he saw how quiet her face was and how intense the eyes.

"The woman you told me about?"

"Yes, Sally. . . ."

"I thought you wouldn't see her again, Sid."

"She's in some trouble, and I'm afraid she'll do something to herself."

Sally was silent for one critical moment. Then she came up smiling.

"Go along, dear"—she patted his cheek—"and come back as soon as you can."

"You're a brick!" he cried, and kissed her good-by.

He looked back at her from the door, just a touch of guilt in his glance.

She waved to him from the library window as he set out. . . . Just for a moment he saw her clear-modeled form in the tight black dress, and the low-hung hair. He had a sharp pang of something like remorse, a gust that almost made him turn back home; but then he had passed on, and the night took him. It was a night full of wind and stars, brilliant in its flashing intimacies Everything sparkled: street lamp and car track and plate-glass store front. Everything seemed on the way, in lively animation, in delighted motion. The night was lusty, in fact. It was not long before the doctor, turning into the maze of western streets, the narrow ways of old New York, with brick houses and strange old churches and here and there a modern front, felt his blood rouse, his steps quicken and the song of adventure begin to time his heart.

Ah, it was as if he were himself again, the old self, the old free man, with nothing to bind him when night came, and all the darkness full of the promise of secret turns and precipitous harbors: when suddenly some strange house would swallow him, and there would be blaze of light and camaraderie or the flaming hearth-fire and the mysterious woman. That was living! That was New York, the city where the tides of the races meet and make a maelstrom, and wonder and terror and beauty and passion and despair lift their amazing faces from the swirled waters. . . .

Something powerful awoke in him, an ardent power, which seemed to give him new muscular strength, a clear head, a laughing heart. Sally became his duty, the other woman the enchanted adventure. And when we mount the starways of the night, panting with the thirst our first ancestors knew, what is duty but the prison house we left, the bondage of the dust?

IT NEEDED only such a thought to set the snake lights licking in his eyes and to make him put away Sally and begin to think of Andith.

It was over a year since Andith had left him to go to Hollywood for work in the movies. Before that time she had been an obscure actress, always poor, always a little shabby, living in small furnished rooms up in the 40's or down in Greenwich Village. But a motion-picture director had discovered her and taken her west, and doubtless now much of the allure and mystery of her Cinderella beauty—beauty in rags and ashes—had passed. For her few letters told of splendid dresses, shoes, hats, all-night parties, a life of color and speed, flying over the surface, drugged and whirling. She always added that he was the only man she would ever love with her heart and soul. She remained his.

"How strange," she wrote once, "you are the only man to whom I ever said—imagine me saying such a thing!—'I am your slave.'"

He laughed at the thought, his heart leaping. She was his, if ever a woman was a man's. And what wickedness in her! Not the wickedness of those who make a business of shocking, but something ingrained, inborn and really naïve. A natural wickedness, that did not know it was wicked and was stunned if anyone made an adverse criticism! Would that be gone too? Alas, the years and the experiences which bring age to all things fresh and young! So must it be, he thought.

In a burst of love he had told Sally about Andith, and also that he was done with her, as with all other women he had known and loved in the past. Of all the women he mentioned, Sally picked on Andith by a sure instinct of selection. It was only Andith she seemed to fear; it was seemingly only Andith who was a rival really dangerous. But over Andith she looked puzzled and insecure; and only his fervent promise to end all between them by a final letter served to appease her. The final letter went; yet to-night, in the midst of his home delights, in the very arms of the woman who adored him and whom he adored, a word from Andith had roused him, sent him out.

It was true that Andith threatened to kill herself; but what were a hundred Andiths compared with Sally and the happiness of his marriage.

What, indeed! What ho! Adventure! He was a man this night, the roving creature, the faithless, joyous wanderer, the sailor with a maid in every port, the lover of women. Well, he would soon see what time had done and whether she still allured him.

Not that he meant to be unfaithful to Sally. Oh, no. But even to taste temptation was salt and wine. He laughed. Was he not already unfaithful? Had he not left Sally on the wings of a dream, and were not the glamorous women like a flock of doves on his flight?

THE house where Andith lived was painted white and was very old. Some early New Yorker had lived in it. It had dormer windows, a solid door up three steps, a brass knocker on the door and windows many-paned. He rang the bell. A young woman answered the door.

"Yes, Miss Wrone is a flight up, in the front."

He ascended steps no wider than a ladder. They creaked beneath him. He pushed along the narrow hall under the low ceiling, and knocked. Andith opened the door.

She stood in shadow. No, she had not changed: the same odor of cheap cigarettes; the same wild hair flying upward like thinning flame; the same nonchalance of dress and careless pose.

They stood a moment looking at each other. Her dark eyes had large pupils that seemed catlike, and in them smoldered her special fire, the passion that appeared insatiable. She was a very quiet woman, soft of tread, soft of touch, soft of speech. She moved backward without speaking and he came in, shutting the door behind him. As soon as they were shut in, by a soft movement she had enwound him with her arms and was clinging passionately to his lips, breathing audibly through her nostrils.

She drew him closer, tighter. She warmed him gradually like an old wine.

"Andith," he laughed softly, "Andith!"

"I almost fainted," she breathed, relaxing in his arms and looking up into his face, "when I heard your voice over the telephone. It seemed so strange to have a part of you come out of the receiver. When I knew it was you I became dizzy. Were you ever loved like this before?"

"You keep it up," he muttered, but smiled nevertheless, looking down at her.

"I love you. And I came back to my old place—because it's you," she added. "Look! the fire burning, the old chair you loved, the same pictures, the same curtains. When I came in here I felt you all about me. It's you. It's you and me."

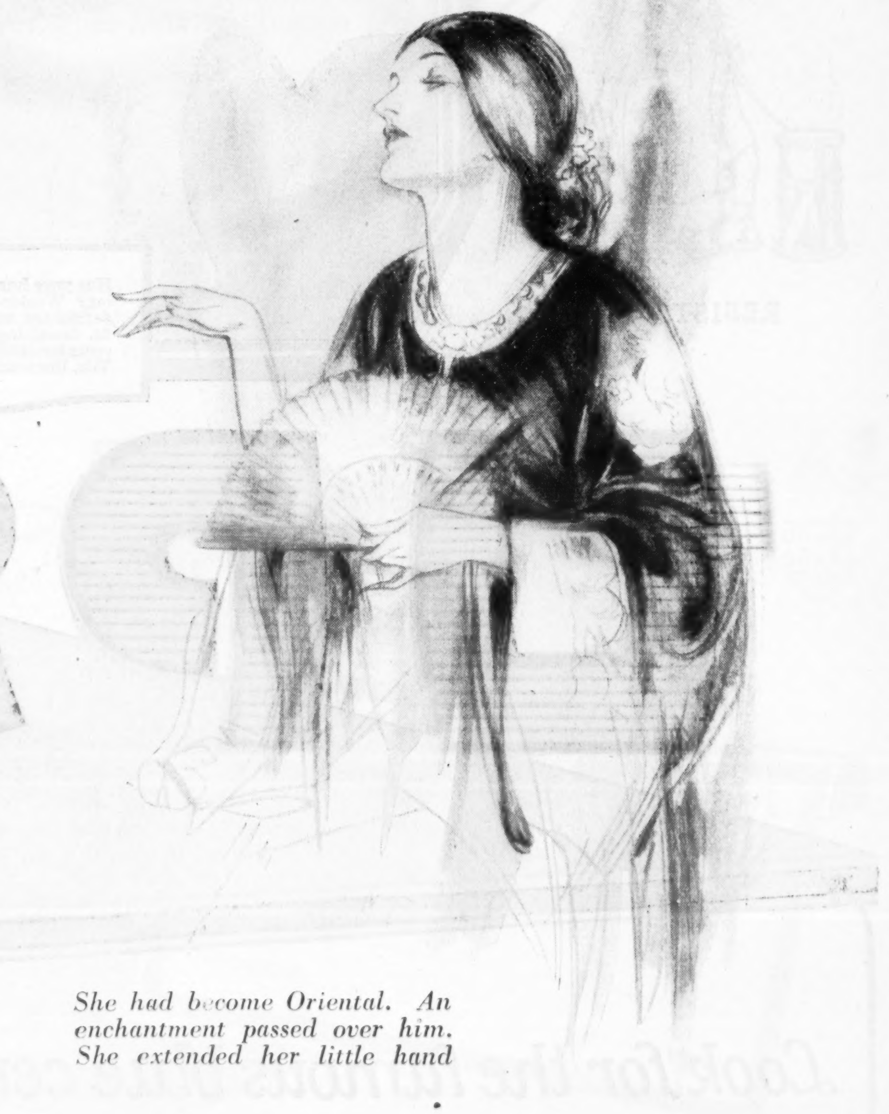
"Sit down," he said, "and tell me about yourself."

She enwound him again, kissed him again. He had to take her arms from about him and force her into a chair. Then he lit a cigarette and sat in his old armchair by the fire. He stretched out his legs, crossing his feet. It seemed good; he felt wicked and alive. The room was warm and strange with the woman who filled it with a poignant warmth of desire.

She was regarding him steadily out of her dark eyes, in which the firelight flickered. He saw her feet, half drawn up under her and the full curve of her body as she leaned back. She was in a blue kimono, and in the soft glow of the fire appeared glamorous and alluring. . . .

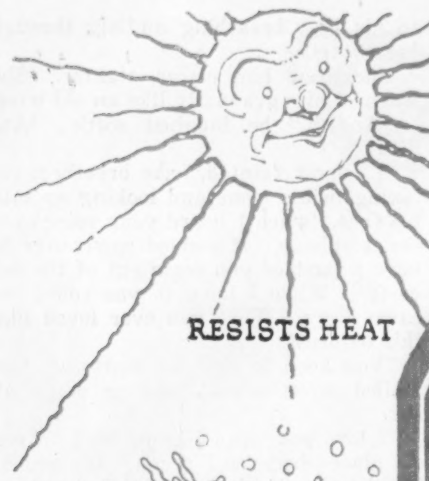
She puffed nervously on a cigarette. "You don't love

(*Continued on page 40*)



She had become Oriental. An enchantment passed over him. She extended her little hand

At last



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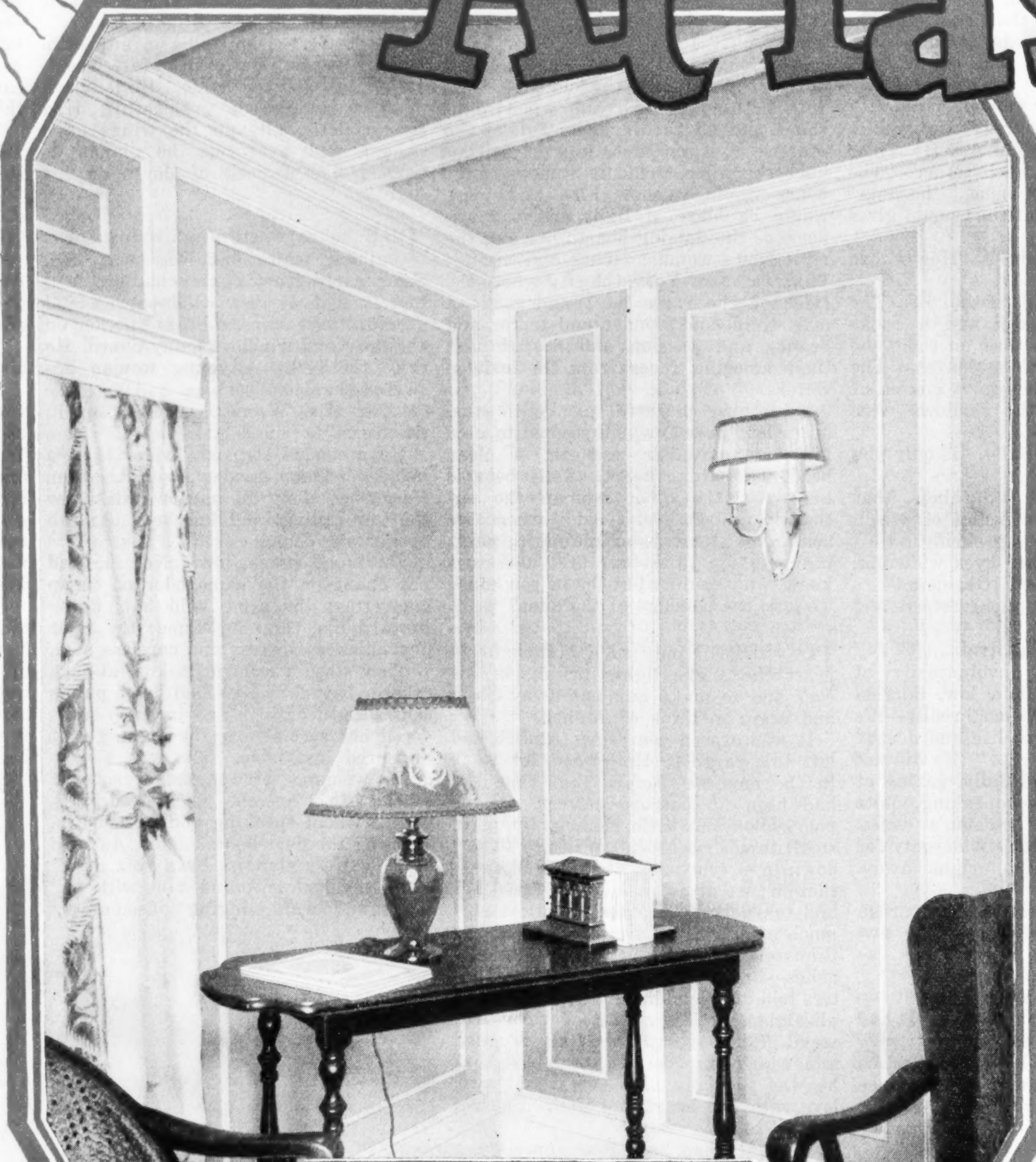

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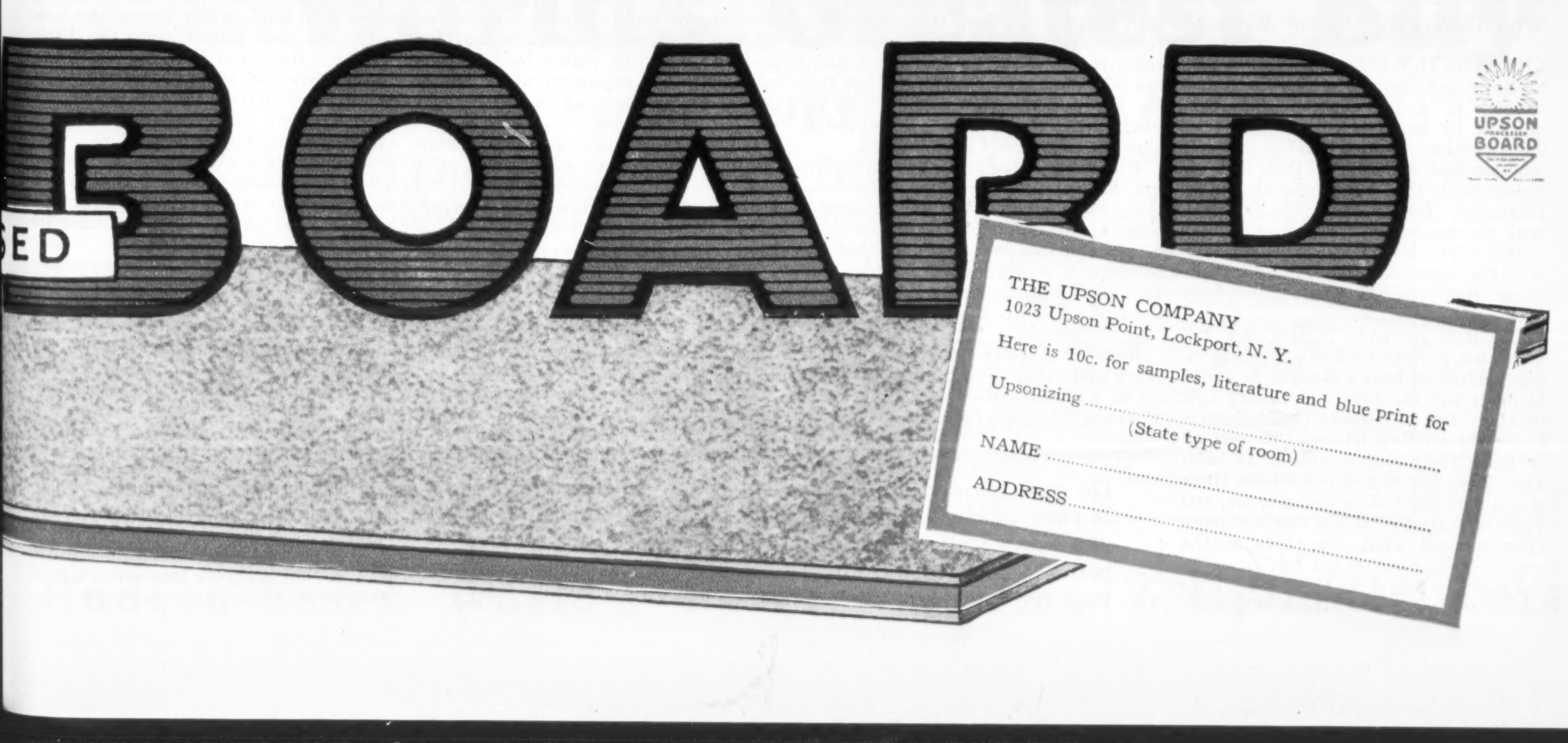

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Find the woman

By ROSE C. FELD

"The little woman made me," says many a successful man when interviewed by the press

Sentimentality, perhaps, but truer than many a man who never says it can understand

It's a wise boss who knows his man, and the only way he can really do that is "meet the wife"

ONCE upon a time there was a wife called Mary who was very much in love with her husband, John. They lived in a nice apartment in a modest section of the city, and every evening John would come home and tell Mary of the wonderful things his firm was doing. Often John and Mary would go out to dinner with the other executives and their wives, and occasionally there would be a so-called informal spread with dinner coats and evening frocks at the home of The Boss.

Everything was tidy and sweet. The men were good friends; the wives were good friends. It was like a little family gathering, The Boss used to say. Mary agreed with The Boss that it was like a little family group. "Father" kept all the money and gave the boys as little as he could. He didn't believe in large salaries, he said, as he handed out fifty-cent cigars to them. His idea of proper coöperation was to give them pensions when they were old and insurance when they died.

Meanwhile Mary talked, or rather listened, to The Boss' wife and heard wonderful tales about cars and summer homes and clothes and trips to Europe. Now, Mary wasn't a little fool, nor did she make the wrong kind of comparisons, but it came to her after a while that there were other ways of coöperation besides calling in the bogey of old age and death. She knew that some of her friends whose husbands held less important jobs in other firms were living better than she and her beloved John. When she spoke to John about it John went to see The Boss. Nothing came of it, however. John got a good cigar, was patted on the shoulder and told that business was rotten. The next week The Boss and his wife went off to Europe in the Royal Suite.

Who Throws the Monkey Wrench?

SO, QUIETLY and without much ado, Mary got herself a job as saleswoman in a department-store frequented by her friends, the wives of John's many brothers-on-the-job. It was too bad, she agreed, that she was forced to do this, but it was absolutely necessary. John's salary had not risen with the cost of living.

When The Boss came back from his trip the news of Mary's job was the thing that reached him. Everybody was talking about it.

The Boss sat down in his office and went into private conference with a cigar. After an hour's thought he called in John and the boys. He didn't talk to them like a father: he talked to them like a fellow human. He wanted to know their real sentiment on salaries. They told him. A week later there was a general shake-up of salaries, and John told Mary that his increase more than covered what she made at the store. Mary gave up her job.

There's a moral to this tale. It is best expressed by the French "Cherchez la femme," which in good American English means find the woman. The French are wise. When a monkey wrench is thrown into the works they do not turn the telescope on the distant landscape to discover the cause of the upheaval. No. They smile wryly and understandingly and ask questions of the lady across the table. If they can get her to talk, the problem is solved. If not, chaos continues.

"Meet the wife," is a good slogan for the boss who treats his boys like a father. Meet the wife and find out what's on her mind.

It may well be that in doing so the boss will protect himself—that if he meets the wife he will fire the man.

But most bosses are not so wise as to find this out—in time. They are like the foolish one who went to "meet the wife" of his treasurer when it was too late to do anything but play the firm's funeral dirge. For several years the man who had held the keys to the coffers of the organization had been helping himself to several times the amount of his salary. A visit to his home on the discovery of the losses explained everything.

The treasurer had disappeared, but his wife and her glory told the tale. They had been living on a scale that could not by the farthest stretch of imagination and money be compassed by her husband's salary.

For a long time the trend in American industry has been toward coöperation between the men in the offices and those in the shops. All sorts of plans are offered to make Bill Jones feel that he is an important member of the works, that his ability is appreciated, that his efforts will be rewarded.

One thing only they all seem to forget, Bill's wife. Bill's job means something very important to her, no matter what her station is. It means her sense of pride in him, her assurance that her affection is well placed, her desire that men give him the honor due him, her hope of social growth and success—all this and more.

Here is another story of another Mary and John. This time the stage is set in a publishing house. For a score of years this John had given his service to the organization and had received his rewards in promotions and increases in salary. During these years he had been intensely interested in his work. His wife had been a newspaper woman, and she was no mean comrade to him.

Pulling Social Strings

IT WAS her mind which first awoke to the fact that her John was marking time. He was bored with his job and his surroundings, but he didn't know it. The gayer aspects of life began to charm him—dancing, drinking, automobile parties that lasted late into the night.

This sounds like the beginning of a sob-sister tragedy. It might have been if it hadn't been for Mary. She began taking stock of things. That her husband was needed on the job, and that he knew it as did none other, she knew. But that he had outgrown it, with nothing ahead of him but a pension after he was superannuated and insurance after he died, was also brought home to her. She remembered that years ago John had been offered an executive job in a small advertising house which had since become a big one.

She set about pulling social strings, powerful weapons always, and before very long she was at the dinner table with the man who had made the offer to her husband years back. She said not a word about that offer. Not she. Her interest and talk were centered on old racing prints. These, she had discovered, were the man's hobby. The talk on prints continued after dinner and through weeks of social engagements that followed.

It took about three months to turn the trick, but it was turned. An offer was made to John which no man in his senses would turn down. It was accepted. A resignation was sent in which meant some heavy jolting of the works and much discomfort for everybody.

"I didn't know your restlessness was so serious as to mean a break. We might have made some compromise," were the words that greeted the resignation.

The boss rarely knows how serious is the restlessness of his men. Therein lies his weakness. It's the wives who record that activity of their mates—who often inspire it.

It begins with insidious questions over the dinner table. If the answers are not satisfactory, the woman begins her campaign of attack. She carries on her battle according to the needs of her situation and her own capabilities. Comparison of living conditions, of makes of automobiles, of education for her children—anything, in fact, that will turn the trick and make for action—is considered justifiable ammunition.

She isn't always right. Not knowing all conditions, she can't judge results. But that does not deter her from using what information she has which, rightly or wrongly, gives her a complex of inferiority. And because John is with her for the better part of the day, she succeeds in passing that little complex over to him. Time and again a man has thrown up his job because he can afford only a flivver, whereas his neighbor's wife rides around in a more expensive car. The cause of many a resignation can be found in the answer to the question, "Have you a little wife in your home?"

Certainly the boss who is at the head of an organization that employs ten thousand men can't go around having tea with the wives of all of them. Hardly. But there are ways of showing that he wants their interest in their men's jobs and that he appreciates it when he gets it.

George Thinks He Did It

ONE boss whom I know went directly to the sources of trouble when he found that one of his best road salesmen, newly married, was not writing as many orders as in the past. He sent the young man a letter asking him to come to New York and bring his young bride with him. After dinner the boss sat down and talked with the little woman. He found that she loved her George but hated living "in the little hick town" where George made his headquarters. She thought marrying him meant coming to New York. The boss explained how necessary it was for her to keep George happy. If George's work went on at the rate it had before he had married he would in time be called to the New York office.

This bit of information he gave her in strict and flattering confidence. Two years, three years might do it. But if George was unhappy on the job and couldn't meet his customers with the smile that wins he'd not be promoted. That would mean the "hick town" forever.

It worked. Of course it did. The girl went back home feeling very important and a strong rooter for George and his boss. Eventually she got to New York.

"The little woman made me," says many a successful man when he's interviewed by the press. Sentimentality, perhaps, but it's truer than many a man who never says it can understand.

Do you believe that a man's as good as his home life? Is your motto "Meet the wife"? For the best letter of 200 words Collier's will pay $50, for the second and third best $25 and $15. Address Collier's, Contest Editor, 250 Park Avenue, New York. Contest closes November 14th.

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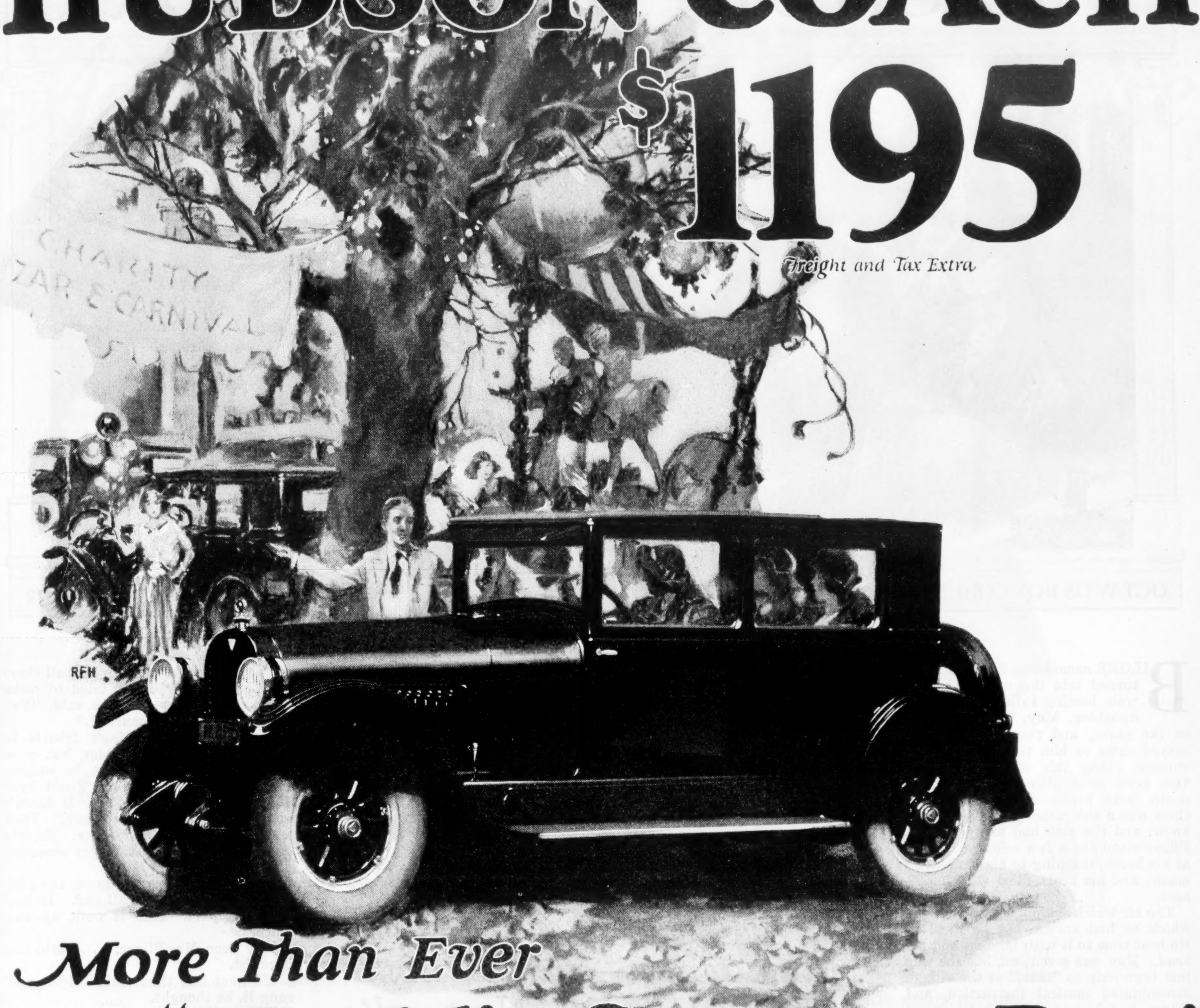

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THE SHORT SHORT STORY

T.B. SKIDMORE

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

The piece of music

By
ZONA GALE

BILGER came home from town and turned into the narrow cement walk leading to his house. His daughter, May, was practicing at the piano, and the air which she played came to him through the open window. Over this window a grapevine grew on a little lattice, and beneath were lilacs. On a porch post there was a vine whose name he did not know, and the vine had many flowers. Bilger stood for a few minutes looking at his house, listening to his daughter's music, and his heart filled with happiness.

The air which she played was not one which he had known, but he liked it. He beat time to it with his foot and his head. May was seventeen, but she was just beginning to "take," as the village denominated musical instruction, and Bilger had bought her a baby grand piano. He entered the house and listened by the hall door. She did not like to be disturbed.

"What was that piece you were playing?" he asked her at dinner.

"What piece?" she inquired and added proudly, "I play several."

"It went—*you* know—ta-ta, ta-ta-ta, up and down, kind of sad," Bilger explained.

She said, "Papa, don't be ridiculous."

But after dinner, when he asked her to play to him, and she played all the six pieces that she knew, she came inevitably to the one he liked. At his insistence she played it over and over.

But he could not remember its name. And next time he asked her for it, calling it "that slow one that I liked—*you* know," May said, "Oh, Papa, I have so many pieces. And here is a new one."

Bilger and his wife and May were so comfortable in their little home, and Bilger was so proud of them and of his fine piano, that death seemed irrelevant. And when May fell ill, and in ten days died, Bilger could not believe in his loss. His comfortable, elderly wife was immediately convinced—for twenty years she had looked for disaster, and when it overtook them she went about with an air of resigned familiarity. But Bilger was thunderstruck. He! And May! But, above all, he!

In the first day or two of her illness, when she was still about the house, he had asked May to play the piece. And she had done so, with a queer complaisance not in the least like May.

Before May's funeral he said to her mother, "Couldn't we have them at—*you* know—the funeral—play that piece May used to play—I guess you know the one."

She turned on him her solid-colored face, with its flat mats of shadow beneath the eyes, and said, "I don't know what one you mean, but I'm almost sure it wouldn't be suitable for the funeral."

He said no more.

He missed May extravagantly. He had been to her a sealed father and she to him had been a sealed daughter, but he missed her.

It was not her virtues that he missed, nor her meanings, for the first he had but assumed and of the second he had no idea. However, he missed her bobbed hair when she shook her head and her whistle to the parrot and her way of laughing with her eyes closed. And he missed the piece that he liked.

It seemed to him that if he could hear that piece played on the piano he would have comfort; he would almost have May again. He turned over all her music, but he himself knew not one note from another and to him all those sheets were dumb. He tried to make her mother know, but she said, "You remember, I am not musical."

He asked one of May's friends to play May's pieces for him, but none sounded like the one that he sought. This young woman said, "You'd have to sing it better than that. It doesn't sound like anything, Mr. Bilger." Then he went to her music teacher. To this distinguished organist Bilger observed earnestly:

"It went—*you* know—ta-ta, ta-ta-ta, kind of sad, but not all sad. It had one glad part. And it went up and down."

"My dear Mr. Bilger. . . ." said the organist.

"It went like this," said Bilger, and sang it, he thought.

"It must have been something that she taught herself," her teacher suggested.

Then one day Bilger heard it on a street piano. He could not be mistaken—there it was, up and down, sad part, glad part. He demanded of the street-piano man the name of that piece. The man hunched eloquent shoulders, but for a quarter he played it over and over again. Bilger stood on the curb and whistled it, rushed home through the streets whistling it and appeared whistling before his wife, and then shouted passionately: "That's it—*you* know—that's the one!"

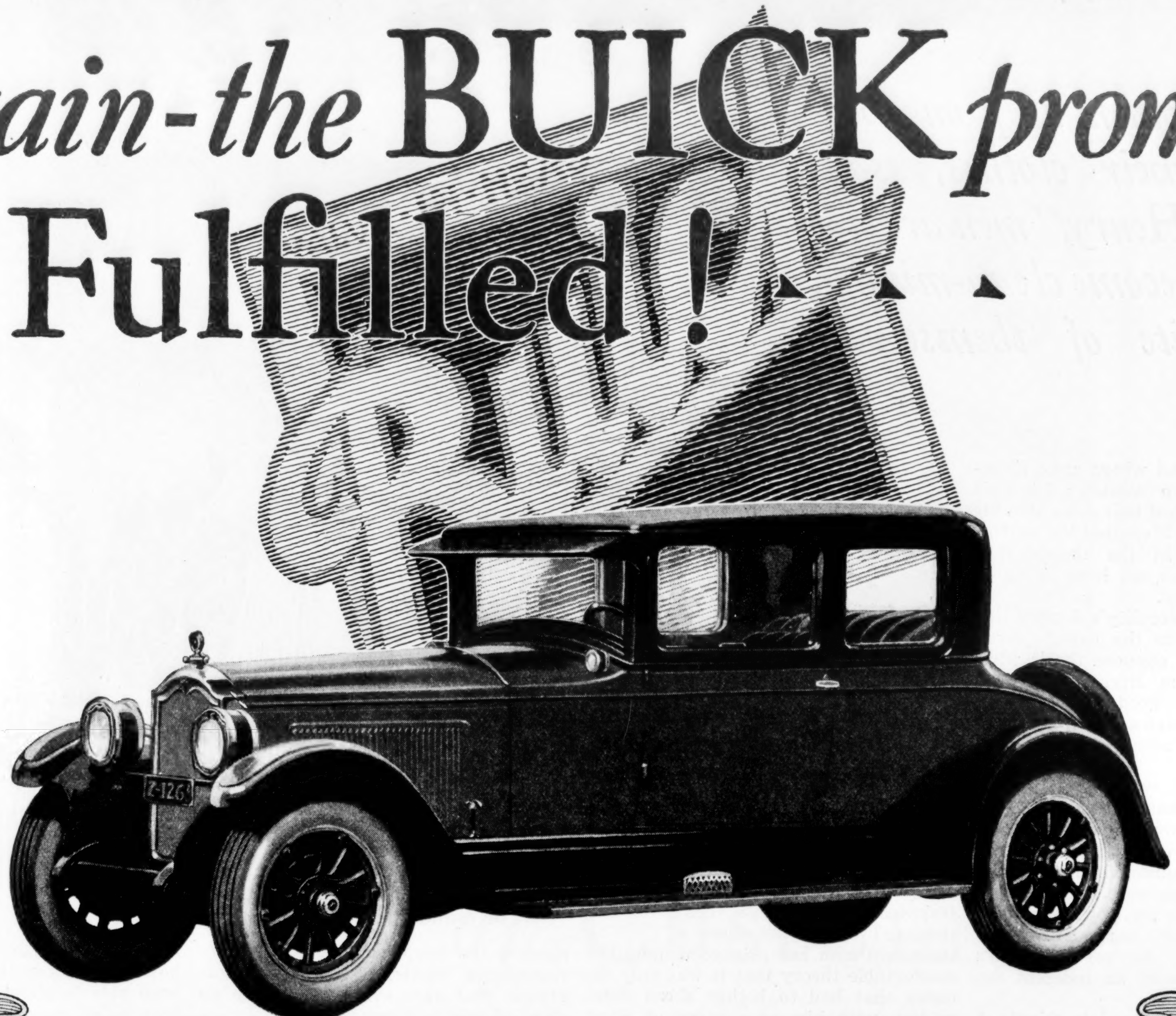
But she said, "That doesn't sound like a tune."

"I'll have that piano fellow up here," cried Bilger, and rushed back to the spot where he had listened.

The street-piano man, however, had gone. Bilger stood on the curb and tried to hear him on some other street, but he heard nothing. And when Bilger turned home again, comforted that now at least he could whistle that air, the air had left him. But he thought, "Some time I'll get it back and whistle it to some of these symphony fellows. *They'll* know what it is."

If you ever cared for some particular tune that meant something special to you—then it wasn't just a tune, after all. Next week's Short Short Story is written by Rupert Hughes

Again-the BUICK *promise is* Fulfilled!



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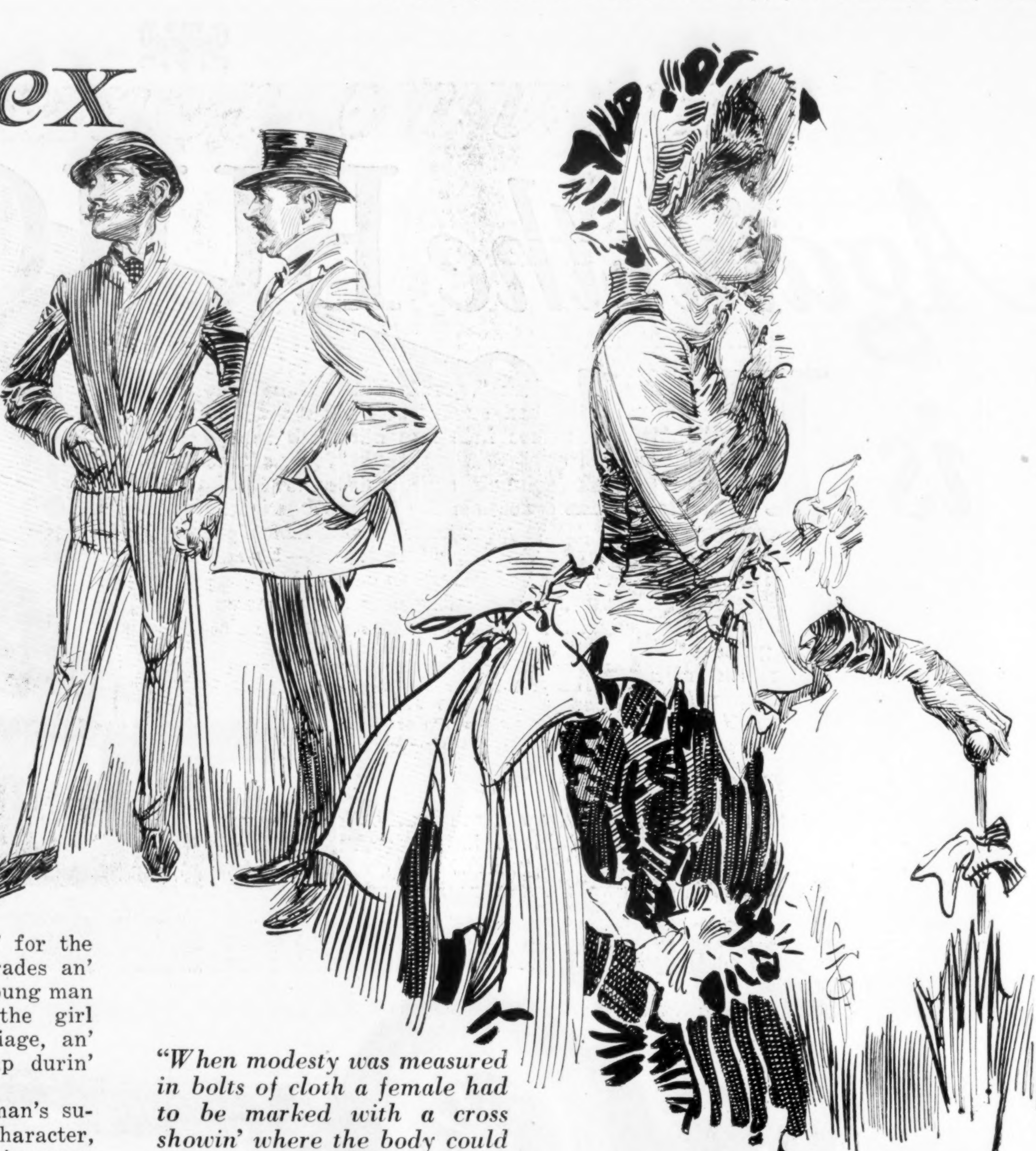
The Better Buick

The bare sex

"If women keep on sheddin' their clothes," says Uncle Henry, "men are liable to become clean-minded in spite of themselves"



"When modesty was measured in bolts of cloth a female had to be marked with a cross showin' where the body could be found"

"DID you read where some Spanish bishop wouldn't let girls with bobbed hair come into his cathedral?" exulted Mr. Stubbs, a firm believer in the theory that woman's place was the home, even if she didn't have any.

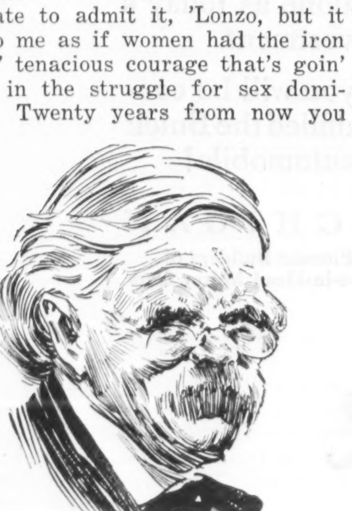
"Yes. Liftin' morality's danger line from the ankles to the ears," jeered Uncle Henry. "I suppose that's what they mean by the Higher Criticism. Wonder why the good bishop didn't command the females to dress in a diver's suit fitted with barbed-wire entanglements.

"Honest, 'Lonzo, wouldn't you think that civilization had reached a point where we'd be willin' to quit pickin' on women? When men stopped wearin' long, luxuriant beards, finally decidin' that hair mattresses were made to sleep on, an' not for daily use, you never heard any bishop bawlin' 'em out for immodesty, did you? An' yet an Adam's apple is far more of an indecent exposure than any ear.

"Ears are mighty hard to wiggle, I *know*, for I spent most of my school years tryin' to develop the gift, but an Adam's apple is in a state of continual agitation, runnin' up an' down an' doin' everything but beckon.

"An' surely you recall the days when we wore sideburns, those delicate effects in whiskers that cascaded down the face, ripplin' over the upper an' lower maxillaries with all the happy murmur of a woodland brook. They made it difficult to eat corn on the cob properly, preventin' the full horizontal sweep, but at least they hid the cheek an' jaw. Yet we got rid of 'em without excitin' any protest from the clergy an' women's clubs. An' there was no outcry when we put Prince Albert coats aside, lettin' the world see that we had a figure, such as it was.

"I hate to admit it, 'Lonzo, but it looks to me as if women had the iron will an' tenacious courage that's goin' to win in the struggle for sex dominance. Twenty years from now you may see men fightin' for the right to enter the trades an' professions, an' the young man wonderin' whether the girl means love or marriage, an' afraid to call her up durin' business hours.



"If you doubt woman's superior strength of character, jes' look what she's come through? From the dawn of the world man has proceeded upon the comfortable theory that it was only females that had to bother about bein' modest, with him as a judge of what constituted modesty. Any admission of a body between the toes an' the nose was regarded as a sign of depravity.

"Back in the days of the jungle an' the cave, I'll bet you that males beat their wives, callin' 'em loose, abandoned creatures, when they didn't grow hair enough to cover themselves an' have enough left over to wrap around the girl children. An' it's a cinch that Adam gave no thought to his own fig leaves until he'd spent several years bawlin' Eve out for *her* selection.

As for L—s!

"ANY woman whose ankles met the rovin' eyes of masculinity was looked on as soiled, an' if the kneecap suffered exposure, no matter how accidentally, her very chastity was brought into question, an' all her menfolks took on an air of permanent nobility when they didn't send her to a home for incorrigibles. An' as for *legs*—why, it's only in the last few years that we've been able to use the word without goin' into corners an' lowerin' our voices.

"The Victorian Age was certainly a terrible time for women. Modesty was measured in bolts of cloth, an' a female was swathed in so many layers she had to be marked with a cross showin' where the body could be found. Women are still pretty bitter against Queen Victoria for the aid an' comfort she gave to men, but when you remember the proportions of her figure, 'Lonzo, it's difficult to blame her.

"You may not be able to recall crinolines, but at least you know what they were. They gave the army men the idea for tanks durin' the war, no doubt of it. An' when women finally rebelled against the hoop skirt some man invented the bustle, a sort of fungus growth that gave every female hip an effect of bein' tumorous.

"Every decent woman was made to order her life on the theory that a day might come when she would faint in the public street. As a consequence none ever left the house without as many layers as a Bermuda onion.

"To show the hem of a petticoat was as much as a woman's reputation was worth, an' if her dress came open in the back she entered some religious institution the next day. It took the wool of eighteen able-bodied sheep to make a female bathin' suit, an' the poor souls had to enter the water early in the mornin' if they hoped to get wet the same day. Even *mention* of certain articles of feminine dress savored of gross indecency.

"Once two little girls were playin' together, an' one whispered to the other, 'Let's be naughty.' Her friend agreed, an' said, 'You start first.' There was considerable argument for some time, but at last the bold spirit responsible for the suggestion got hold of her courage an', leanin' over with fear-filled eyes, dropped her voice to a croak an' said, '*Corsets!*'

"That's what women have had to come through, 'Lonzo, fightin' every inch of the way, their progress marked by hoop skirts, bustles, petticoats, corsets, basques an' other agencies of concealment an' repression. An' to-day they've got their place in the sun, its warm rays able to touch almost every part of their body except the tonsils. Some record of courage an' accomplishment, I'll say!

"Don't dare look me in the face an' tell me you think men could have done it. If you had never been able to go downtown without the sure knowledge that a lot of idle women would be hangin' around the cigar stores, leerin' hopefully in the direction of your ankles, how long do you think you would have been able to stand it? What if you'd been called upon to utter a low scream every time a woman saw you enter a bathroom or come out of one? Or been made to feel that there was somethin' base an depraved in your make-up if a strange woman tried to flirt with you as you went about your business?

"I glory in this display of feminine strength, 'Lonzo. It's all to the good, for if modesty was a mere matter of clothes an' hairdressin' Eskimo women would rank as the purest in the world, an' we'd be gettin' all our ministers from tonsorial colleges.

"Speakin' personally, an' not for publication, I've always been of the opinion that excessive garb aroused more curiosity than it ever quieted.

With Ravished Ears

"I REMEMBER readin' about an ancient island where the wives got mightily disturbed about the ladies of a near-by island. The husbands were runnin' over there all the time, an' so, in an endeavor to meet the competition, the jealous helpmeets cast aside all coverin' entirely. Inside of a week the men left an' never did come back.

"If women keep on sheddin' their clothes men are liable to become clean-minded in spite of themselves. No longer do husky males wait hopefully to catch sight of an ankle or an exposed kneecap. An' in spite of the Spanish bishop, I don't think the sight of women's ears will lower the world's moral tone."

"Your granddaughter was in the store yesterday," said Mr. Stubbs, "gettin' prices on hikin' breeches."

"What!" yelled Uncle Henry, leaping from his chair and dashing for the door. "I'll show 'er."

The Feet of Customers Wore Down This Doorstep

WHAT is the thing that brings customers to a store in such numbers that their feet wear away the doorstep and the floor?

Goods, prices, and policies are sooner or later duplicated across the street or around the corner.

Stores become great because the personality of the store impresses itself upon the public.

It is this feeling of a personality that gets a store's advertising read and believed.

The announcements of such a store, its folders and booklets, carry authority and impart confidence.

When this begins to happen, no amount of printing is too much. More printing simply means more business—more customers coming to buy. This is called "Good Will." It is built in many ways, but it is kept alive and growing by good printers. There are stores today that literally publish magazines which they mail regularly to their customers. There are manufacturers who do the same.

The power of printing—of words and pictures on paper—to draw customers through a doorway is so great that no man can say what business structures it may yet rear or what economic miracles it may yet accomplish.

Printing itself is getting better. The things that the printing says are getting more and more worth while, and the art of making printing stamp and impress the personality of a business on the public is getting a little better understood.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

The printing papers made by S. D. Warren Company have for many years been practically all used in the field of Direct Advertising. In those years we made much careful study into the uses and purposes of commercial printing. Some of the facts we have learned are presented in a book called "Cold Type," one of a series of books being issued by S. D. Warren Company. Copies of these books, as issued, may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to us. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston.

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The old Summerton temper

By GEORGE WESTON

The Story Thus Far

CLIFF PARKHURST, a gentle little boy, carefully brought up by his maiden aunts, is warned early against his inheritance from his mother of an uncontrollable temper. He and Laura Kreisler and her sister, Kit, with whom Cliff grows up, find a picture of her in the attic one day and Cliff is strangely attracted by her stern gaze.

He lives an ordinarily peaceful life. He goes through school and college and gets a job in the well-known engineering firm of R. G. Buller. From the time when they are very little Kit Kreisler considers herself Cliff's girl and in time he grows to consider her so too, although he is also fond of Laura. His only rival is Jeff Parsons, who at one time sold Cliff some worthless stock.

Cliff reaches his early twenties before he realizes that he has a fair share of the famous temper. The Hard-Boiled Egg at the office uses Cliff as the butt of all his jokes and goads him finally until Cliff boils over, knocks the man down, flattens him out and all but kills him. This brings Cliff to the attention of the Big Boss, who is seldom seen by the employees.

Cliff expects to be fired but instead he is sent to Maine on a construction job where he faces a difficult situation. The brother-in-law of the Big Boss, Henry Schureman, commonly known as Prince Henry, is foreman of the job. He is inefficient and objectionable. Cliff fires him, but the Big Boss reinstates him by wire. Prince Henry continues his disagreeable behavior and Cliff's temper is again aroused. He handles Prince Henry as he handled the Hard-Boiled Egg.

CLIFF worked in the office late that night, partly to keep his mind off what he had done and partly to get things straightened out for his successor.

That morning, as soon as he had caught his breath from the fight, he had helped to take Schureman to the doctor in Bidford; but fearful perhaps of the future shape of his nose, the old man's brother-in-law had left Bidford on the one-fifteen express for New York, his head a cocoon of bandages.

Up to the last minute he had refused to speak to Cliff, even when the latter had helped him into the Pullman and had sent the porter for a hassock for his feet. It may have been this which had helped to roil Cliff again.

"You seem to be working pretty good this afternoon," he said, stopping his prehistoric hen by the side of the first mixer and speaking to the artist on the footboard—a beetle-browed virtuoso in overalls.

"Ye-eh," beamed Beetle-Brows, dropping the mixing tray and keeping his eye on the wheelbarrow gang, who were dumping their loads into the scoop. "I hear you were working pretty good yourself this morning, Mr. Parkhurst."

"Somebody has to work," said Cliff, grumpy because he knew how soon he was going to be out of a job. "You ought to read some of the letters which the old man has been writing about the breed of cats up here—and especially the road men. He's been wondering lately if you're a lot of flappers, and all start crying when anything goes wrong, till Momma comes and blows your nose and dries your eyes and tells you what to do."

Beetle-Brows frowned at that. The tray being full, he tripped it up into the mixer, and started the barrel rolling.

"Myself, I don't expect to be here long," continued Cliff, "and it's nothing much to me whether you're a bunch of sissies or a gang of master workmen. Me—I've been rooting for you, and telling the old man that he has a crowd up here who could lay more cement, and show more muscle, and raise more hell than any other crew in America—if you only had a proper foreman. And now it's up to you to show the office what you've got in you, because for the next few days I'm going to be my own foreman, and we're all going to find out now whether you really are a bunch of four-flushers, or whether you can deliver the goods."

The voice was the voice of Clifford, but the words were the words of that Hard-Boiled Egg in New York who had taken pride in his wisdom and language. Having thus delivered himself, Cliff shucked the old hen along to the next road gang, and there he delivered himself again.

"Confound it all," thought Cliff, thinking these things over before he left the office late that night. "They'll probably all start working now!" If he could only have had them for a month, say, he'd show New York a few things.

The next day came and went, but no telegram of dismissal came with it. And the second and third days followed the first, but still the New York office stayed strangely silent on the subject of damaged foremen. Meanwhile up at Bidford the road crews were racing to see which could lay the most footage; and down at the mill and the power house the mixers were keeping the masons busy, and the masons were keeping the carpenters busy; and over where the grading was being done the steam shovels were snouting into the hillsides like hungry hogs rooting for their dinner.

"Too bad you didn't come and beat that guy up last spring," said Swops as he handed Cliff the weekly report on Saturday afternoon. "This job would be done by now."

Cliff didn't smile. To add to his other troubles, Kit hadn't answered his last two letters.

"Anyhow," he thought, "I've got five days to report in, and that tells the story." And, so that the tale should not be overlooked, he wrote at the top of the sheet: "Old foreman *left* on Monday afternoon. Balance of week's work carried on under present organization. Attention called to road construction, probably world's record for five days." To which he signed himself with a good hard fist "Clifford Parkhurst, C. E.," and somehow felt better for that.

"Wouldn't it be funny," said Swops on Tuesday night, "if he had gotten out of the train and died somewhere on the way?"

But something even funnier than that happened. In Wednesday morning's mail was a letter from old R. G. himself—short, stubby, almost telegraphic in form, as the old boy's letters generally were, especially when, like this one, they were in his own writing:

DEAR PARKHURST: It took you longer than I thought, but you did well when you got to it. Fine work last five days. Company record. Give thanks to all, and tie new broom on each mixer. Schureman resigned. Appoint your own foreman. R. G. BULLER.

"Well, I'll be darned!" muttered Swops when Cliff called him in and showed him the letter. "Anybody might think you had been sent up here to lick him!"

Cliff might have given him his own views on that if just then he hadn't opened another letter which had come in the same mail—a letter from Laura Kreisler. It read:

DEAR CLIFFORD: I think if I were you I would come home for a few days if you can. I think Kit needs you. But whatever you do, please don't tell her I wrote you. Ever sincerely, LAURA.

IF IT had been the old Clifford, the gentle Clifford, who had received this letter, he might have worried about it all day, and then have taken it to bed with him to keep him awake all night. But the new Clifford read the message with the frown of a victorious general who was studying a dispatch of some new deviltry which the enemy was trying to put over on him.

"I wish you'd send a telegram to the New York office, Swops," he said. "Tell 'em I'm arriving in the city on Friday afternoon for general consultation, returning here Monday morning. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And while I'm gone I want you to act as foreman. Keep things swinging the way they're going, and maybe you'll have the job for good if you show you can hold it down."

WHEN Cliff reached home Friday evening Aunt Margaret and Aunt Elizabeth were both attending the weekly meeting of the Ladies' Aid. But Uncle Ben was there, making one of his rare visits on his sisters and settled down comfortably with his pipe in the sitting-room.

"Thought you were up in Maine," he said. "My, you're looking good. Climate must agree with you up there."

"Where are they?" asked Cliff, looking around when the greetings were over.

"Gone out to some mothers' meeting or other. Won't be back till nine. Pull up a chair and let's hear how the world's using you."

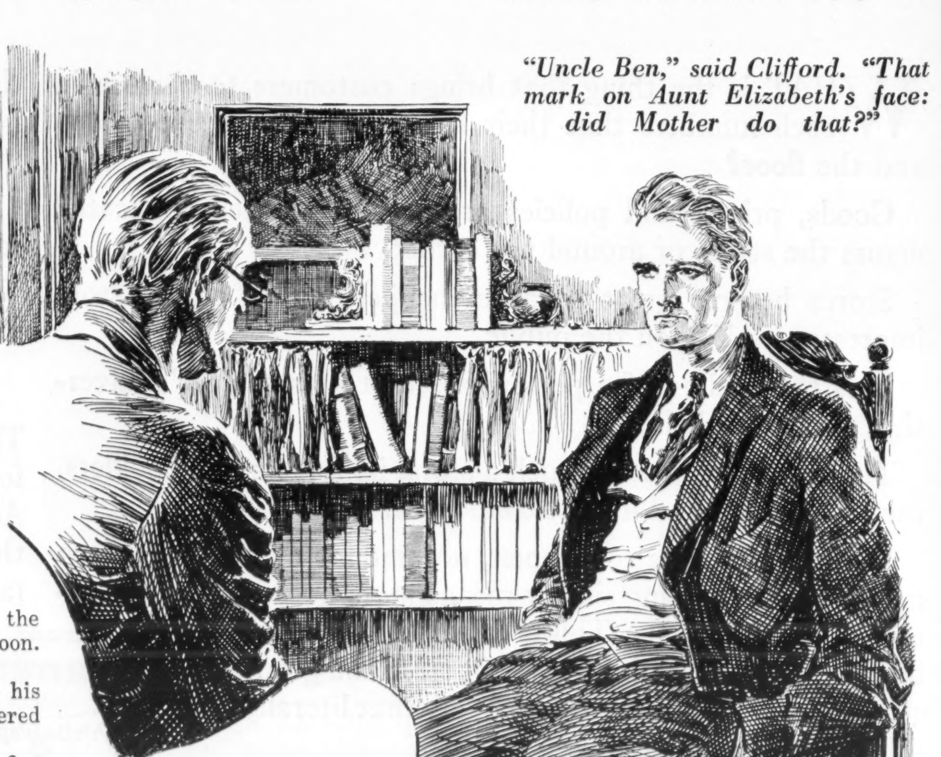
It might have been the expression "mothers' meeting" that started it, or it might have been because the thought had been working in Cliff's mind for the last few days. "Say, Uncle Ben—" he began.

"Ye-eh?" said his rosy uncle. "What's bothering you?"

"Oh, nothing. But—you remember Mother; don't you?"

"Remember Mabel? I should say so! Finer woman never stepped. Brought me up, and your two aunts too; and God help us

(*Continued on page 36*)



"Uncle Ben," said Clifford. "That mark on Aunt Elizabeth's face: did Mother do that?"

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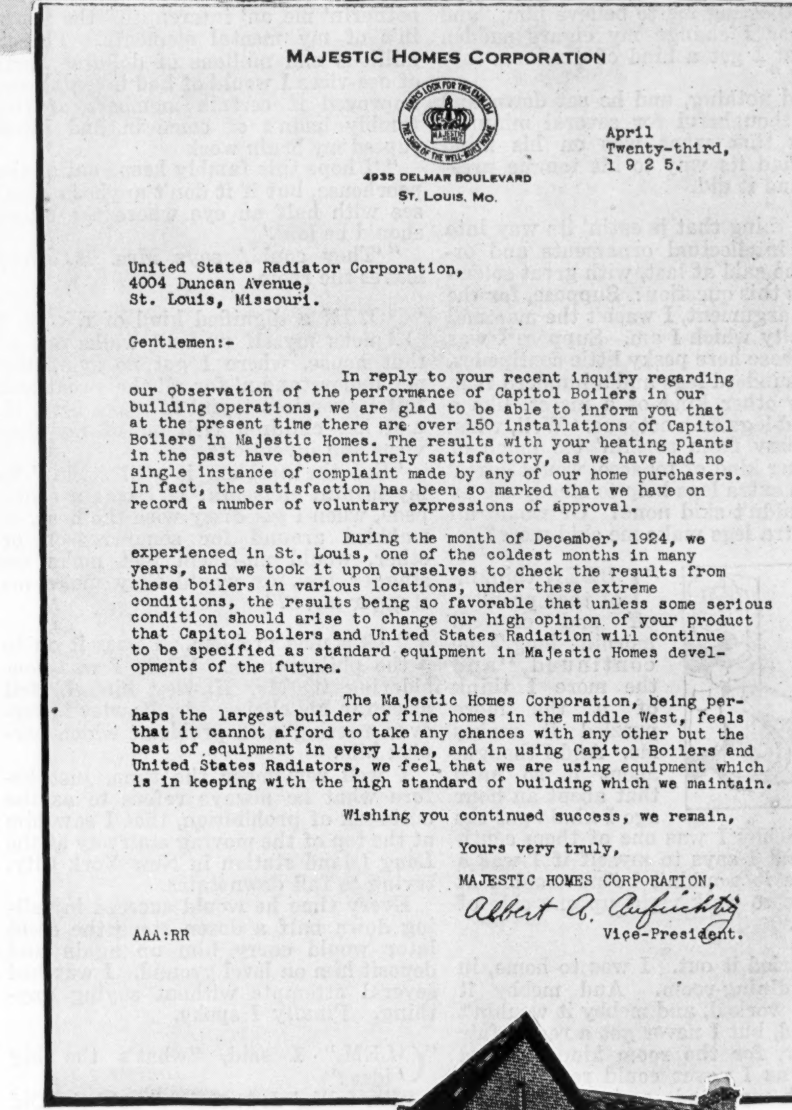
This letter from the Majestic Homes Corporation is well worth reading. It explains just why an entire colony of 150 homes adopted Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators as standard equipment.

We feel that no finer tribute has ever been paid to a manufacturer of heating plants. And, best of all we know that every individual Capitol installation will continue to deserve the confidence that has been reposed in it.

We shall be glad to send you an illustrated booklet which fully explains the modern idea in house heating.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION
General Offices, Detroit, Michigan



MAJESTIC HOMES CORPORATION
4935 DELMAR BOULEVARD
ST. LOUIS, MO.

April
Twenty-third,
1 9 2 5.

United States Radiator Corporation,
4004 Duncan Avenue,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Gentlemen:-

In reply to your recent inquiry regarding our observation of the performance of Capitol Boilers in our building operations, we are glad to be able to inform you that at the present time there are over 150 installations of Capitol Boilers in Majestic Homes. The results with your heating plants in the past have been entirely satisfactory, as we have had no single instance of complaint made by any of our home purchasers. In fact, the satisfaction has been so marked that we have on record a number of voluntary expressions of approval.

During the month of December, 1924, we experienced in St. Louis, one of the coldest months in many years, and we took it upon ourselves to check the results from these boilers in various locations, under these extreme conditions, the results being so favorable that unless some serious condition should arise to change our high opinion of your product that Capitol Boilers and United States Radiation will continue to be specified as standard equipment in Majestic Homes developments of the future.

The Majestic Homes Corporation, being perhaps the largest builder of fine homes in the middle West, feels that it cannot afford to take any chances with any other but the best of equipment in every line, and in using Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators, we feel that we are using equipment which is in keeping with the high standard of building which we maintain.

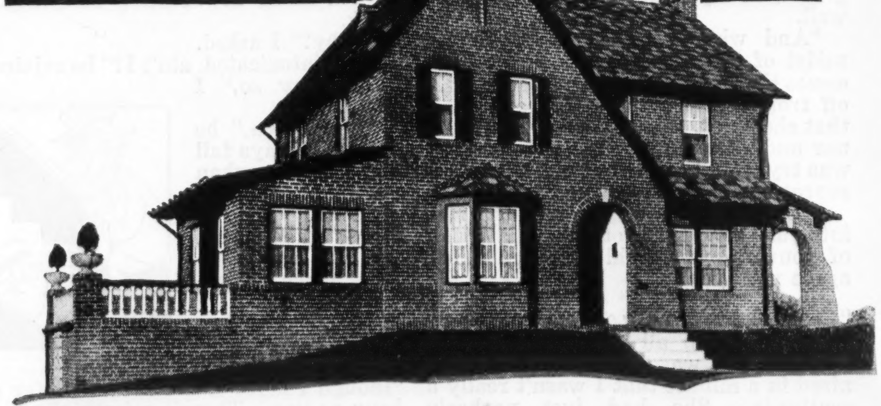
Wishing you continued success, we remain,

Yours very truly,

MAJESTIC HOMES CORPORATION,

Albert A. Aufinkty

AAA:RR Vice-President.



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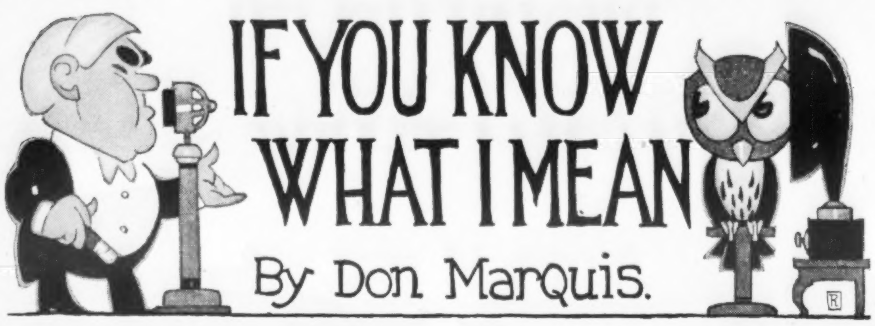


IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

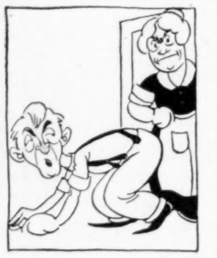
By Don Marquis.

MY FRIEND the Old Soak came in to see me yesterday, just a little the worse for wear, and with a problem on his mind.

"I been smokin' a kind of tobacco I ain't used to," he explained, not in the least expecting me to believe him, "and whenever I change my cigars sudden like that I get a kind of dizziness into my feet."

I said nothing, and he sat down and looked thoughtful for several minutes. I knew that what was on his mind would find its way to his tongue presently, and it did.

"THE thing that is eatin' its way into my intellectual ornaments and organs," he said at last, with great solemnity, "is this question: Suppose, for the sake of argument, I wasn't the mammal of iniquity which I am. Suppose I was one of these here pesky little centipedes, with a hunderd legs and a hunderd feet, or some other kind of a insect, like a thousand-legs or a octopus. Well, when I got dizzy from smokin' too much of the wrong kind of tobacco, would havin' all them extra legs help to steady me up so I wouldn't skid none? Or would all them extra legs make me skid more?



"I BEEN thinkin' of that problem off and on all mornin' long," he continued, "and the more I think of it the more puzzled it makes me. And I thought about it so hard that about an hour ago I kinda got the notion mebby I was one of them centipedes, and I says to myself if I was a centipede it wouldn't be no trouble at all to me to walk right up one side of the wall.

"SO I tried it out. I was to home, in the dining-room. And mebby it would of worked, and mebby it wouldn't of worked, but I never got a really fair try at it, for the room kinda turned over, so as I never could really get a grip with my hands and feet onto the wall.

"And whilst I was settin' in the midst of the floor thinkin' about it, in comes the Old Woman. And I seen right off from the way she looked and acted that she didn't have a mite of sympathy nor understandin' for the experiment I was tryin'. She gazed at me steady and reproachful, and finally she says:

"'Clem, if you was to get the idea into your head that you're makin' a fool of yourself, you could count on me to agree with you.'

"SHE hadn't no sooner said those words than all the romance went out of what I was tryin' to do. I recognized in a minute that I wasn't really a centipede. She had just nacherly throwed cold water onto the whole idea. Some people is like that. They can just look at you unsympathetic, and say a few damp words, and your little dream is smothered. One thing drives so many men to drink is the fact they ain't got any real sympathy nor understandin' nor romance into their home life.

"She never even asked me was I a centipede. She just took it for granted that I wasn't whatever I thought I was; and I knowed she was right without argyment. And I couldn't of explained to her I had been thinkin' I was a centipede, not if you had handed me a million dollars for it. So I just got up off the floor, and I says to her, in a dignified kind of way:

"'Mrs. Hawley, when I am busy makin' experiments for one of my inventions or dee-vices, I wisht you wouldn't come buttin' in all the time botherin' me an' interruptin' the workin's of my mental elements. There's millions and millions of dollars' worth of dee-vices I would of had invented and improved if certain members of this fambly hadn't of come in and interrupted my brain work

"'I hope this fambly keeps out of the poorhouse, but if it don't anybody could see with half an eye where the blame should be laid.'

"'They could,' says Mrs. H. And leaves the room.

"SO, IN a dignified kind of a way, I picks myself up and walks out of that house, where I get no sympathy nor understandin' for all the sweat and toil I exercises tryin' to make Mrs. H. and her children rich off of my deevices and inventions.

"But the problem is still stickin' to my mental elements: If I was a centipede, when I got dizzy with the heat, or wabbled around for some reason or other, would all them feet make me stagger less, or would they make me stagger more?"

IT IS a nice problem. I pass it on to the philosophers. While I was considering it, Mr. Hawley himself fell asleep in his chair. Mr. Hawley is forever meeting with problems which perplex him.

I well remember the time, just before what he always refers to as the outbreak of prohibition, that I saw him at the top of the moving stairway at the Long Island station in New York City, trying to fall downstairs.

Every time he would succeed in falling down half a dozen steps the escalator would carry him up again and deposit him on level ground. I watched several attempts without saying anything. Finally I spoke.

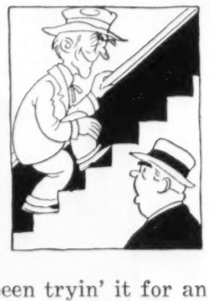
"CLEM," I said, "what's the big idea?"

"I'm fallin' downstairs," said the Old Soak.

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm intoxicated, ain't I?" he rejoined.

"I'll say so," I replied.



"Well, then," he said, "I always fall downstairs when I'm intoxicated."

"But how many times," I asked him, "do you intend to fall down these stairs?"

"I ain't fell down 'em oncet yet," said Mr. Hawley, "though I must of been tryin' it for an hour or two. There's somethin' wrong about these steps. If I didn't know I was drunk, I'd say they was movin'."

"They are moving," I said.

"You go on about your business," he said, "and don't try to poke fun at an old feller that's doin' the best he can. Of course they ain't movin'; they only look like they're movin' because you and me are intoxicated. Stairs always tries to let on that they are movin'."

SO I went away and left him to his experiments. The next day he came in to see me, and explained that the evening before he had been perfecting an invention. It is always his excuse.

The Old Summerton Temper

Continued from page 34

all if she hadn't been there to do it!"

After this Cliff's next question was harder to put, but he finally got it out.

"Did she—did she have an awful temper?" he asked, and rather hurriedly added, "Seems to me that now and then I've heard about her temper—and of course it's made me wonder once in a while."

"Temper?" beamed Uncle Ben. "I'll say Mabe had a temper—the old Summerton temper—and a mighty good thing for us she had it too! Yes, sir; she was the only Summerton among us; the rest of us were all Winfields. And I want to tell you that there wasn't any fooling about your mother, Clifford! When she told little Benny to wash his neck little Benny had to do it or take the consequences; and after he'd taken the consequences once or twice he was always careful to wash his neck!"

"Say, Uncle Ben—" said Clifford again after a thoughtful pause.

"Ye-eh?"

"That mark on Aunt Elizabeth's face: did—did Mother do that?"

Again Uncle Ben stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Ye-es," he said. "She did. But let me tell you. Your mother had a beau—Jack Parkhurst—and Elizabeth tried to steal him. So one night when they were out riding, your mother jumped out in front of the horse, and the horse ran away and your aunt was thrown out and—well, that's the mark that's on her face to-day."

"But Mother married him, didn't she?

"Married Jack Parkhurst? Sure, she married him. Elizabeth never had a chance. Married him, and started him in business, and kept him straight, and a mighty good thing for you and the two girls that she did because when your father and mother died there was plenty of money to give you an education and a start in the world, to say nothing of a home here for the two girls so they could take it easy as they got older."

They sat quiet then for a few moments, the old man and the young one, and each after his fashion paid tribute to the Stern Lady whose picture still lay in the attic upstairs. The recollection of this picture presently arose to Cliff's mind, and he told Uncle Ben about it, and how he had seen it.

"Yes," said Uncle Ben dryly. "Of course your mother probably put it there herself—those crayon enlargements got dreadful old-fashioned—but Elizabeth never quite forgave her for marrying your father. Yet let me tell you, Cliff, if it hadn't been for your mother, Jack Parkhurst would never have been worth a red cent—and he'd be the first one to tell you so if he was alive to-day."

"SEEMS to me," Cliff said at last, "that somewhere—somehow—I've heard that she died in a temper—"

"She did not!" said Uncle Ben promptly. "Mabe always had heart trouble. Times it nearly shook her to pieces. And one election night some friends of Jack's got hold of him and filled him full to the skin; and when he went home and Mabe saw him, weak as she was from nursing you—well, it was too much for her; that's all— And you can tell the way your father felt when he followed her a few months later. . . ."

Uncle Ben blew his nose then—a loud, resounding blast.

"No, sir!" he cried. "People can say what they like about the old Summerton temper—but me, I only wish I had a bit of it. It wasn't altogether smiles and kindness that made this country, Clifford. And it wasn't altogether faith and reason that fought the Indians, and fought the wilderness, and wrestled through the Revolution—barefoot in the snow at times and lasting eight long years. No, sir! It needed all those other things, too—I ain't denying that—but every so often I want to tell you that it needed a good hot spark of temper as well to set all the other things working and pull us out of the hole."

Whereupon Uncle Ben said "Phew!" and mopped his forehead, and the next time he thundered he rumbled more gently, as though the storm was moving down the valley.

"No, sir!" he said again. "I only wish I had a bit of it myself. And I only wish you had a bit of it too."

Cliff hesitated, and then he told him about the Hard-Boiled Egg at the office, and Prince Henry up on the job; and when he was through, Uncle Ben was sweating with pure pleasure, and beaming so hard that one might wonder if he would ever be able to straighten his face again.

At the end of his story, Cliff arose, and if you had been there you might have thought that he arose proudly, like one who knows that he is not like other men.

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Ben. "Going out?"

"Yes," said Cliff. "But only next door."

"Oh-ho!" said Uncle Ben. "Didn't someone tell me you had a girl in there?"

"Yes," said Cliff. "I'm going to see her now."

The older man arose too, and from his expression it flashed through Cliff's mind that Uncle Ben had heard something about it that didn't please him any too well.

"Be careful now," said Uncle Ben in a low voice. "Of all the trouble in the world—"

"I know," said Cliff. "Don't worry. I know how far I can go."

IT WAS Laura who opened the door in answer to Cliff's ring—Laura who still looked gravely out at the world from under miraculous lashes. She had been playing Parker's "Reverie" as Cliff climbed the veranda steps, and looking through the curtains he had seen her at the piano under the softly glowing lights of a rose silk shade.

"Why, Cliff!" she exclaimed, both hands extended in welcome. "Come right on in!"

"Is Kit in?" he asked, following her into the hall and not unmindful of the color which had suddenly swept over Laura's face.

"N-no, she isn't," she hesitated. "She just went out."

"*She* hasn't gone to the mothers' meeting too, has she?" asked Cliff, apparently oblivious of the fact that Laura was trying to take his hat.

"N-no," hesitated Laura again. "I don't think she has." And then, in a lower voice, "I'm awfully glad you've come, Cliff. I was beginning to get quite worried."

The old Cliff would have hung up his hat then, and have followed her into the living-room, where in due course of time she would have told him what was troubling her. But this was a new Cliff who was facing her, the proud custodian of a sacred fire, and with a mind just then that was far removed from a sofa and Parker's "Reverie" and softly glowing shades of old rose silk.

"Worried?" he asked. "What about? About Kit?"

At that, apparently, she gave up designs upon his hat, and matching his mood, she too dismissed the nonessentials and answered his question as straightforwardly as he had asked it.

"Yes," she said.

"I had noticed, of course, that she hasn't been writing. . . . Who's she running around with? Jeff Parsons?"

"Yes," she answered again; and although it didn't seem to be easy for her to say it she gave him the same even glance as before. "I told her I would write you if she didn't stop," she added.

"And she's out with him to-night?"

"I think they're going somewhere—in his car. She went over to the garage with him just a minute before

(*Continued on page 38*)

Ford

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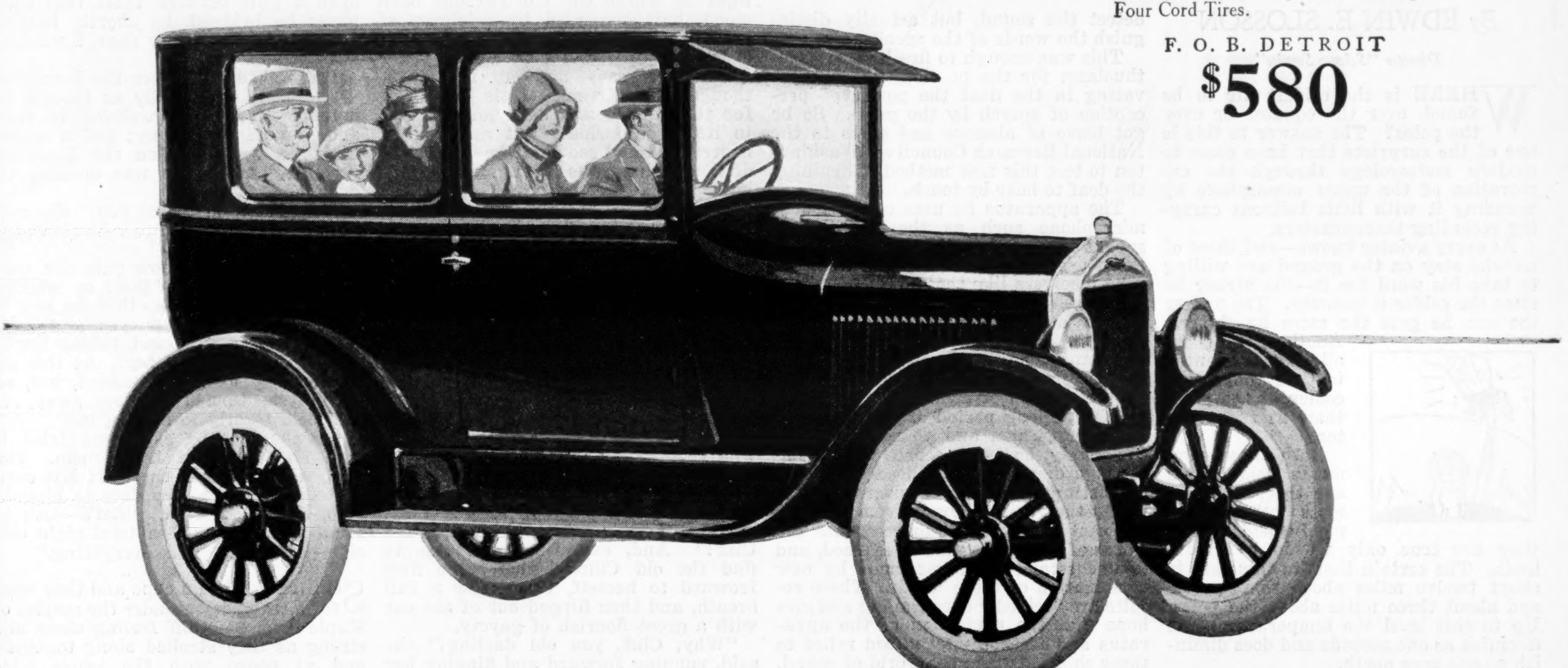

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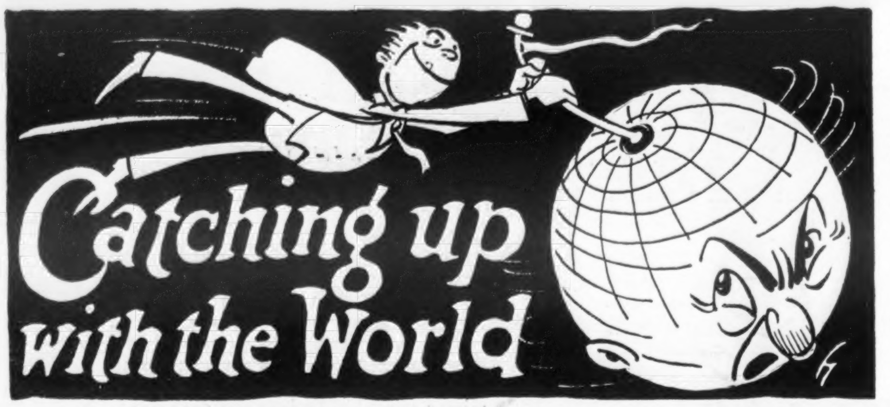


Catching up with the World

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

WHERE is the coldest air to be found, over the equator or over the poles? The answer to this is one of the surprises that have come to modern meteorology through the exploration of the upper atmosphere by sounding it with little balloons carrying recording thermometers.

As every aviator knows—and those of us who stay on the ground are willing to take his word for it—the higher he rises the colder it becomes. The nearer the sun he gets the more he shivers.

Another thing we all take for granted is that the air is colder at the poles than at the equator.

Both these commonly held beliefs are true, but, like most other commonly held beliefs, they are true only within a certain limit. The certain limit in this case is about twelve miles above the equator and about three miles above the poles. Up to this level the temperature does diminish as one ascends and does diminish as one goes north.

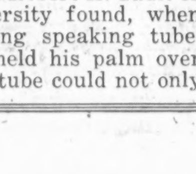
But above this these rules no longer hold. Rising to higher altitudes makes little or no difference with the temperature, and at these levels passing from the poles toward the equator brings one into colder atmosphere.

The mean annual temperature at the earth's surface near the equator is nearly 81 degrees Fahrenheit, and near the poles it is minus 9 degrees.

But at the twelve-mile limit in the ocean of air the temperature over the equator is minus 112, while the temperature over the poles is only minus 22 degrees; that is, the upper atmosphere of the equator is 90 degrees colder than that of the poles.

It is evident, then, that the atmosphere surrounding the sphere of the earth is divided into two distinct layers or shells. The inner shell, where the temperature decreases with altitude and the frigid zone is colder than the torrid, is called by meteorologists the "troposphere." The outer shell, where these familiar effects are altered, is called the "stratosphere."

Hearing by Hand



HEARING through the hand is the latest way of trying to overcome the disadvantages of deafness. Sound consists of vibrations of a certain sort, and if the vibrations are strong enough they may be felt by the sense of touch as well as perceived by the ear. If a person sitting in a solid chair reads aloud in a heavy voice, you can feel the speech by touching your fingers lightly to the chair.

Speech vibrations may be palpable when carried by a column of air as well as by wood. Professor Robert H. Gault of Northwestern University found, when he talked into a long speaking tube, that a person who held his palm over the other end of the tube could not only detect the sound, but actually distinguish the words of the speaker.

This was enough to fire him with enthusiasm for the possibilities of cultivating in the deaf the power of perception of speech by the palm. So he got leave of absence and came to the National Research Council at Washington to test this new method of training the deaf to hear by touch.

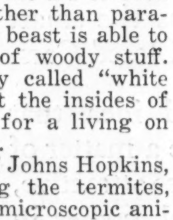
The apparatus he uses consists of a microphone such as the broadcaster speaks into, a three-tube amplifier like those used on the radio, and a set of nine receivers like those on a telephone earpiece, except that the cap is rimmed out so as to expose the whole diaphragm. When the receiver is held in the hand speech vibrations from the diaphragm are transmitted to the palm by the cushion of confined air.

After a long period of patient practice, young men and women who had completely lost the sense of hearing through disease in childhood were able to distinguish with considerable certainty the various vowels from 50 to 90 per cent of the time, to recognize the words of a list they had so learned, and to understand sentences made by new combination of these words. These results are decidedly encouraging and give hope that the perfection of the apparatus and method may afford relief to those shut out from the world of sound.

Nourishing Sawdust

TO USE sawdust for human food has been the dream of many an inventor.

It's cheap by the ton
And it nourishes one.



But man has evolved so far that he has lost the power of primitive creatures to digest wood fiber. Even the goat that pastures on billboards and the ox that eats straw have to depend upon the minute forms of animal or plant life that inhabit the digestive tract. This form of coöperative housekeeping is common in the animal kingdom, and with the aid of such organisms, partners rather than parasites, many an insect or beast is able to extract nutriment out of woody stuff. The termites, commonly called "white ants," which hollow out the insides of rafters, are dependent for a living on such assistant digesters.

Dr. L. R. Cleveland of Johns Hopkins, who has been studying the termites, finds that by the aid of microscopic animals, the protozoa, in their intestinal canal, they are able to live on the purest form of woody material, cellulose.

Starting with the termites, he has raised colonies of over two hundred individuals, and maintained them for a year and a half on filter paper alone.

Since pure cellulose contains no nitrogen, it is a mystery where the termites get the necessary nitrogen. They may be able to draw upon the free nitrogen of the air by means of an internal fixation plant, run by millions of microorganisms; a plant similar to that of Muscle Shoals in theory, but differing from it in that the termite plant works.

Dr. Cleveland has recently been awarded a $500 prize for these researches. However, there is no prospect of a sawdust breakfast food.

The Old Summerton Temper

Continued from page 36

you rang, but I don't think they've started yet."

"That's good," said Cliff, his hand already on the doorknob. "And thanks an awful lot for telling me, Laura. No, please don't come. I'll be back in a little while."

He went down the veranda steps, still carrying himself proudly, as though attended by an invisible company of those high-stepping Summertons who had gone before him; and thus he crossed the lawn in the moonlight to where the old Parsons barn stood, half concealed by a clump of hemlocks. The carriage house had been fixed up to serve as a garage for Jeff's new car; and at first Cliff thought that Kit must be in the house, for the garage was dark and the car in its place inside. But as he drew nearer he could see that the dash lamp of the machine was lit, and on the seat he caught a vague glimpse of Jeff and Kit, their arms around each other, the world forgetting, but hardly by the world forgotten. Although he didn't strive for silence, it happened that Cliff approached without making any noise, and knowing of old that the electric switch was near the doorway, he groped for it until his fingers found the button. The next moment a flood of light showed Jeff and Kit untangling themselves and staring around with embarrassment to see who had pushed the switch. Cliff meanwhile was closing the double doors. There was a bar inside for fastening them; and when he shut the doors he swung the bar and pegged it in its place.

"Good Lord!" whispered Kit. "It's Cliff!" And, expecting of course to find the old Clifford there, she first frowned to herself, then drew a full breath, and then flipped out of the car with a great flourish of gayety.

"Why, Cliff, you old darling!" she said, running forward and flinging her arms around him. "How good to see you! I was just going out with Jeff, but, but he dropped his key—and—and we were both looking for it when you came in."

It might almost be said that Cliff stood waiting, his head on one side, for the old Summerton legacy to get in its work, but to his own astonishment he experienced nothing but a clean feeling of disgust—disgust in some strange manner mingled with pride—and as gently as he could he disengaged Kit's arms and held his head back so she couldn't kiss him.

"No," he said. "You go outside. I want to speak to Jeff."

"No, Cliff, no," she pleaded. "Let me tell you. We had dropped the key of the car—do you see?—and Jeff thought I had it, and was reaching around me and trying to take it off me. Just a bit of fun, dear. Of course I know it must have looked funny when you turned the light on—"

"Yes, yes, I know," he said, opening one of the double doors and half guiding her, half pushing her outside. "But you wait there a few minutes, and then you can come in and help Jeff find the key again."

WHEN Cliff had returned to the car, however, he found that Jeff had decided not to wait—that he had evidently left through a smaller door that led to the back of the barn.

"Gone, all right," thought Cliff after he had made sure; and again he felt that clean feeling of disgust, mixed this time with unmistakable relief.

"But he can't keep dodging forever," he told himself. "And the next time I see him I'll find out if he doesn't want to buy those stocks back too. He guaranteed them personally, and it's funny now if I let him get out of that!"

He was still smiling—a rather grim smile—when he reached the front of the garage; and there stood Kit as though fearfully listening for what might be happening inside.

"It's all right," he said. "He ran away. You'd better go find him."

"I don't want to find him," said Kit, tossing her head.

"Why not?"

"Why should I?" she asked. And then in a lower voice, "I'm not Jeff Parsons' girl; I'm yours. . . ."

Her face was bathed with moonlight, and was very near to his, but Cliff still saw her as he had seen her before he turned the light on in the garage.

"What! You my girl?" he asked, laughing a little. And, as though to open a gulf between them that could never be bridged, he shortly laughed again and added, "My dear, I wouldn't have you on a bet—"

He walked back over the lawn then—still walking proudly as though the invisible ones were walking in front and preparing the way; and a minute later he was back on the Kreislers' veranda, and Laura was opening the door.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you," she said. "I've been watching. . . . Is—is everything all right?"

He noticed then how pale she was; and whether it was that, or whether it was something else that he saw in the dark depths of her eyes, he felt his heart move in him; and, taking her by the hands, he kissed her. At this she became shy all in a moment, but, although she turned her face away, she still held tightly to his hands.

"Come in," she said, and tried to lead him into the living-room. But Cliff wouldn't have that. "If Kit came in!" He made a wry face to himself. "No, listen," he said. "Let's—let's go for a walk. It's a beautiful night outside—moonlight and everything."

SO SHE fetched a cape and they went for a walk, down under the maples of Maple Avenue—Cliff feeling clean and strong as they strolled along together, and at peace with the whole wide world. But as they walked—talking, and listening, and laughing now and then—one part of Cliff's mind was reviewing the events of the evening; and it wasn't long before a dark thought began to bother him and to slow his steps as though with soles of lead.

"Funny," he thought, "that I didn't get mad when I saw them together. . . . Seemed to please me, if anything. . . . Funny," he thought with a sinking heart, "if I've gone back now like the Winfields, and nothing can make me mad again. . . ."

But he needn't have worried. As they approached the corner of Miller Road a car swung up to the sidewalk just ahead of them, and came to a stop with a screech of its brakes. Then the door swung open, and one of those heavy-breathing hustlers flung himself out of the car and started across the sidewalk as though his tail was on fire, frowning behind his horn-rimmed spectacles and nearly knocking Laura backward with a sweep of his elbow. Laura gasped, evidently hurt, her hand upon her bosom; and on the moment, so far as Cliff was concerned, the Winfields moved right out of there, and the Summertons moved right in.

"Here!" he cried, striding after the stranger and grasping his shoulder. "Don't you know you've hurt this lady?"

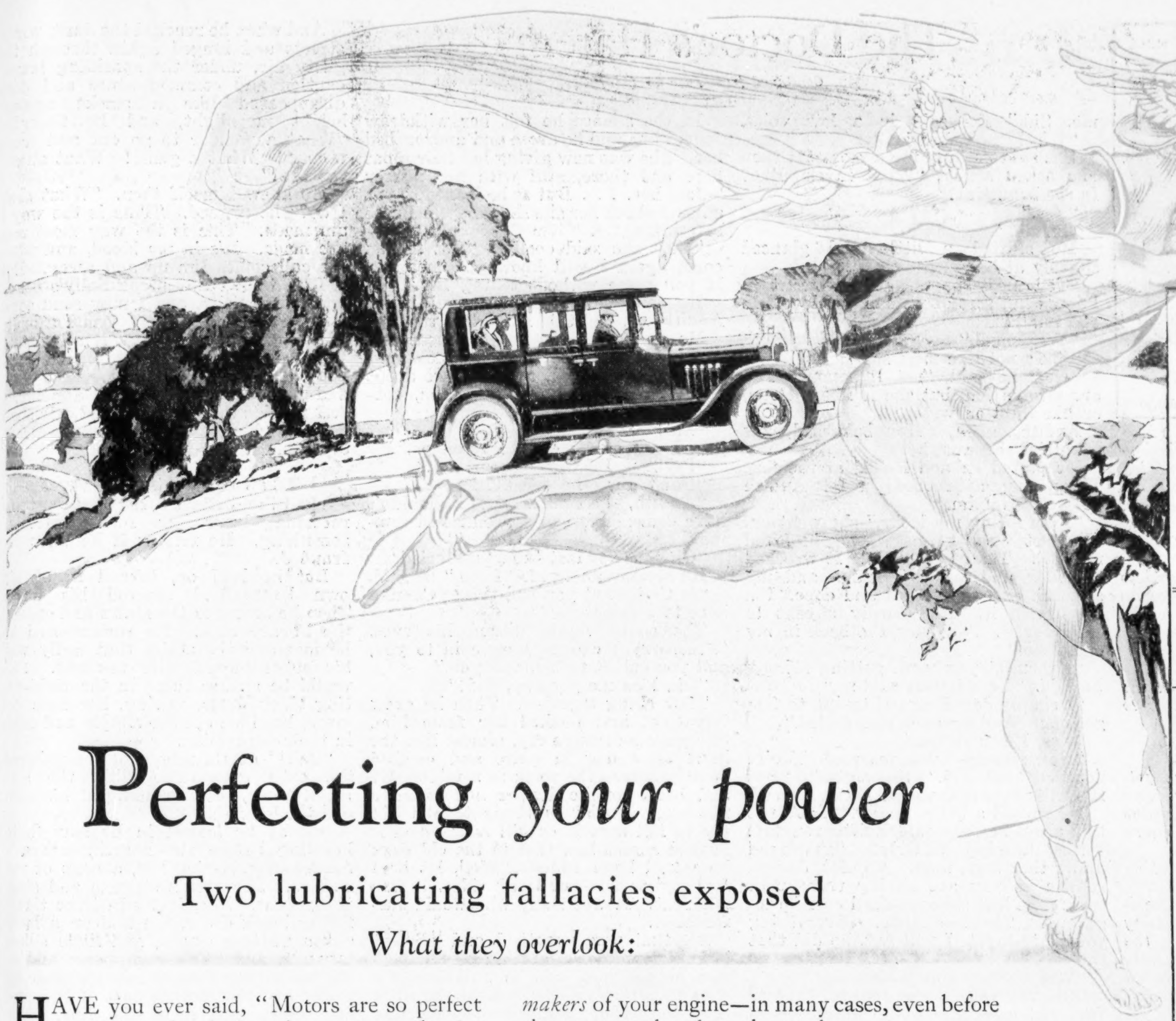
Whereupon the horn-spectacled one ceased frowning, instinct probably telling him that he must either cease or fight.

"I'm *very* sorry," he said. "Quite unconscious of it, I'm sure. I'm very sorry. *Very* sorry, indeed."

"Well, come back and tell the lady so!" commanded Cliff.

A minute later he was strolling on again with Laura, her hand upon his arm, a new note (with something of adoration in it) in her voice; and, partly listening to her, and partly thinking of this and that, Cliff presently found himself breathing, "Thank God, I haven't lost it; and," he almost prayerfully added, "I only hope *my* children will have it too! . . ."

THE END



Perfecting *your power*

Two lubricating fallacies exposed

What they overlook:

HAVE you ever said, "Motors are so perfect nowadays that it doesn't matter much *what* oil is used!"

Or, "I drain off the old oil every thousand or five hundred miles so I'm protected even if I don't use Mobiloil."

A dangerously-wrong attitude toward lubrication is betrayed by these two statements.

Automobile engines *are* better in design, construction, and materials than they were five years ago. But—high speeds are more common. In some cars the pistons travel up and down twice as many times in a mile as they did in the 1920 models.

This means twice as many chances for dangerous friction—twice as much possible wear to prevent—twice as much need for *correct lubrication.*

Frequent draining off of old oil is only *part* of the program in economical lubrication. Your oil *must* be correct in body. And its quality cannot be too high.

Certainty versus guesswork

Our Board of Engineers, including some forty-two automotive engineers, have studied *your* motor in every detail. They have studied its design and clearances and have noted its operating temperatures and conditions. They have considered its requirements in freezing cold temperatures and in August heat. They have worked side by side with the *makers* of your engine—in many cases, even before the car was placed on the market.

And here's the net result:

There is a grade of Mobiloil that is the *most efficient and economical* lubricant for your car. You will find it listed beside your car in the Mobiloil Chart.

In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard. Three out of every four drivers who ask for oil by name specify Mobiloil.

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil builds business on quality and he's a good man to buy from whether you need oil, gas, tires or accessories.

How to buy:

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

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All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

Vacuum Oil Co. Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

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Make the chart your guide

This sign is the guide to scientific engine lubrication

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

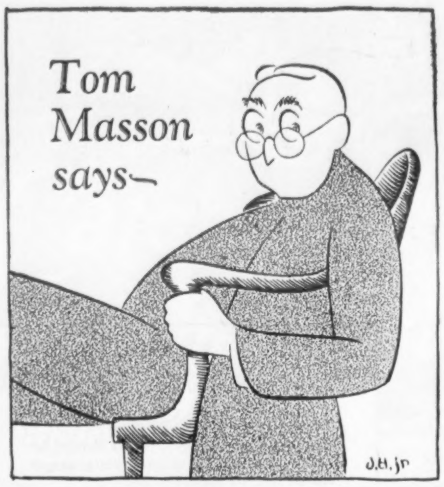
NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-63, 8-63	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chalmers	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB & T	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Cleveland	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Davis	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dorris 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dort	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Duesenberg	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 4	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" 6	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Federal Knight	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" X-2	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Flint	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G. M. C.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Garford (1¼-1½)	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Graham Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Gray	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes 6	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan 6	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Kissel 6	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Lex'ton Concord	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Com'l)	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
"(Com'l Quad.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" "*(other mod's)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (Cont. Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Com'l)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
" *(other mod's.)*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
Peerless 6	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Republic (¾ ton)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" (1½ ton)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
"(1¼-19W20W	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Stearns Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie (Cont. Eng.)	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Hercules Eng.) (2 ton)	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
White 15 & 20	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wills St. Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....

Recommendations for Stock Engines when used in passenger cars only, shown separately for convenience

Continental (Models A-24, W, 5, S, 4, 9K, & 12 XD)	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Lycoming (C series & Mod. 2S)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.



THERE *are 19,000 American missionaries working in other countries. When they get through converting the rest of the world they might come back home and see what they can do.*

* * *

The ideal we are looking forward to is to make enough money in Florida real estate to spend a couple of weeks at Palm Beach.

* * *

The next vacation we take will be the two weeks the wife is learning how to drive the new flying machine.

* * *

The question is whether we are getting from the installments European nations are paying us enough surplus to provide them with the means to carry on the next war.

* * *

"I am discouraged, gloomy and pessimistic," said Dr. William T. Hornaday of the Bronx Zoo, speaking of the slaughter of animals. We should hate to know how he feels if he ever moved his mind along and put it on man.

* * *

The secretary of state for Liberia, Africa (Edwyn Barclay), recently remarked: "We do not want to borrow any money from the United States just now." How about awarding Liberia a Pulitzer prize for the only country that doesn't?"

* * *

There are now said to be two million single women in England over and above the men. They might club together and hire a couple of American stars to start in marrying them.

* * *

It appears after several years' trial that rejuvenation transplantation to resuscitate human beings is still in the experimental stage. As they remark in the laboratories: "It's a gland life if you don't weaken."

* * *

The next thing for divorced millionaires and actors to decide is: "Who will have the custody of the press agent?"

* * *

The British navy is increasing so rapidly it will soon be almost big enough for Henry Ford to buy.

* * *

The new skyscraper in Jerusalem suggests the thought that Jacob knew what he was dreaming about.

* * *

When the Prince of Wales, after journeying around the world, completes his South American tour he will be a good deal like the Connecticut farmer just back from the county fair: there won't be a single darned thing left to see.

* * *

Paris will soon become known as the Reno of France.

* * *

There's all the difference in the world between rocking the Ship of State and having it full of rocks.

The Doctor's Harem

Continued from page 23

me, Sid," she said in a low voice.

"Why?" he asked lazily.

She said nothing for a moment; then she asked softly, "What is she like? Is she beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Small?"

He shifted a little and glanced sharply at her.

"Tell me," she pleaded, "I want to know what sort of woman you love. Is she small?"

"Yes, small."

"She's not like me," she sighed.

"No," he said, "not like you. You are always you, but she is like a cloud, or like light on water."

Andith sighed. "How beautiful, how beautiful she must be!"

He puffed on and looked at the fire. The moments throbbed; he felt Andith very close to him.

"I am losing my looks," she went on. "I'm not what I was when you loved me, Sid. This year did it. It wrecked my hair and my complexion and my stomach—all that speed and dope. I'm done with it. I've hardly a cent to show for it. And now I'm back in my old place."

"I thought you were getting along," he said. "Your letters said so."

"I simply doped myself trying to forget you. And now you're married."

"Yes, I'm married."

"How strange—*you*, married. You're not that kind, Sid." She sighed. "But she will never love you as I do. Never."

He roused a little, finally. "Let's not talk about her," he said, a little roughly.

She laughed bitterly. "I'm mud under that star, mud. Ah, Sid, do you realize as you are sitting there that this is the last time we shall ever be together? The last time. Everything you do to-night, I will say, he did that the last time we were together."

"Why the last time?" he asked.

"Oh, not you—" she replied, "you're fast and loose and would amuse yourself. It's *her* power, *her* power. I can see it. I can see her written in your eyes and on your lips. You've fallen in love."

HE WAS startled and sat up. "Andith, you're a devil! I won't have you putting your hooks in like that. I'm the slave of no woman—and no man either. Why do you talk like that?"

She laughed softly, slid from her chair, and settled on the floor at his feet, her head against him. He ran his hand through her hair. She was like a purring cat.

"Ah, Sid, you still love me, don't you? You love your own slave."

"You're alluring, Andith," he leaned and kissed her. "Yes, you're alluring."

"It's been so long," she sighed, "so terribly long. But now you're here, and now you'll stay with me."

"A few minutes, Andith," he said uncertainly. "I told you over the phone, a few minutes."

Her voice sharpened. "Why can't you stay?"

"Mrs. Sandival is waiting up for me."

"And you a doctor? And you say you're no slave? You can't go out at night to see a patient?"

He grew brusque. "She knows I am here."

She sat back, staring at him. "You told her?"

"Yes."

"And she knows all about me?"

"Yes."

"And you told her you were coming here? What did she say?"

"She said go."

She sat quiet, looking at him. Then she slowly rose and walked as if with great difficulty to her chair. When she turned he saw that her face was haggard. . . .

"Well, we needn't talk any more," she said, low. She went on in a slow, monotonous voice, "It's all over. Yes, all over."

"Why?" he asked, but without conviction.

"You love her," she said, "as you never loved a woman before."

In the silence he felt her withdraw from him; and he arose and approached her. She was now giving her hair a pat here and there, still with her mirror before her. . . . But as he leaned to put an arm about her she slid away and rose before him.

"No," she said coolly. "But if you come again I will know you mean it. If you come without telling her."

He laughed. "Oh, well, all right, Andith. . . . But this is the last time."

He picked up his hat and coat and made for the door. He did not hear her, but suddenly her arms were about his neck and she clung to him, sobbing.

"Sid! Sid!" she cried. "Oh, don't go. Don't go. I can't let you go."

"Perhaps I'll come again. . . ."

"Don't go," she cried. . . .

"Andith," he said firmly, "I shouldn't have come. I broke a promise in coming."

"Give me my last time," she cried.

He became annoyed. "I did," he said.

"Is that what you call this? Coming here to torment me?"

The snake lights flicked his eyes. "I'm sorry I came. I gave in to you, and you call it tormenting you."

"Oh, kiss me good-by, Sid!"

They clung together. Then he grew impatient and pushed her from him. She gave a strange cry, almost like the howl of a dog in pain, and lurched swiftly across the room to a table. He saw her open the drawer and begin to rummage. "Ah," he thought, "she will try to kill herself or kill me." And it flashed across him that in the old days he would have added: "Well, let her! I played to win—or lose." Now it was different. It was Sally who would suffer most.

All that was practical and efficient in him closed down on what pity or passion he had had, and he walked coldly over to her and easily caught the little revolver from her hand. Turning against her frantic efforts, her continuous moan and cry, he broke the revolver open and spilled the cartridges. Then he put it into his pocket.

"So, Andith," he said with that sharp command in his voice which people feared, "no more nonsense. You and I ended matters long ago. You knew what it meant; so did I. Now I'm married. You knew that too. I shouldn't have listened to you when you phoned. But I did, so it's good-by now."

She had stood away from him as he spoke. As he opened the door, he looked back. She was staring at him like a beaten child, her eyes wide, her lips parted. It was the last he saw of her. It was a sight that almost brought him back to her. . . . But he turned and went. . . .

And when he reached the dark, windy streets and lunged again through the gusty air, under the sparkling lamps, caution and common sense and duty disappeared like a smoke against bright moonlight, and he thought: "What a wonder to go out and see a woman! What a game! What an adventure!"

He knew himself then. "What shall I do?" he argued. "This is the way I am made. This is the way most men are made. It's in my blood, and when the call comes I'm up and away. But if I go, then I may break Sally's heart, and I love Sally, and I may send some other woman to killing. Am I a brute to be like this? What's it all about? What shall I do? Shall I crush it all out and be a nice little domestic man, and grow old and dried and amiable, a soft fireside thing in slippers? Or shall I take chances and perhaps wreck everything?"

AS HE swung into Seventh Avenue he had the distinct sense of distaste in returning home. He felt cheated of something. He felt as if he were defrauded.

But he held on, turned in at his own house and entered his office. Then he ascended the stairs and opened the library door. He remembered as he mounted the stairs that Sally was his old-fashioned wife to-night. She would be sitting there in the tight-fitting black dress, sewing, her face demure, her blue eyes so simple and calm in their expression.

"Bah!" he thought, and remembered the cat's eyes of Andith, the soft stealthiness, the enwinding of his neck and the long kiss.

But as he looked in he saw Sally kneeling before the hearth, where a fire was smoldering low, a heap of red embers. She was a strange and startling sight. For, instead of the tight-fitting black dress, she had on a loose silken Chinese smock, and little silken trousers, and Chinese slippers; and as she turned her face he saw its made-up pallor and the strange cast of the eyes and sharp scarlet of the lips. Her whole manner had become Oriental.

He came forward slowly and looked down on her. A wave of enchantment passed over him. Oh, the wonder of this woman! He bowed low. . . .

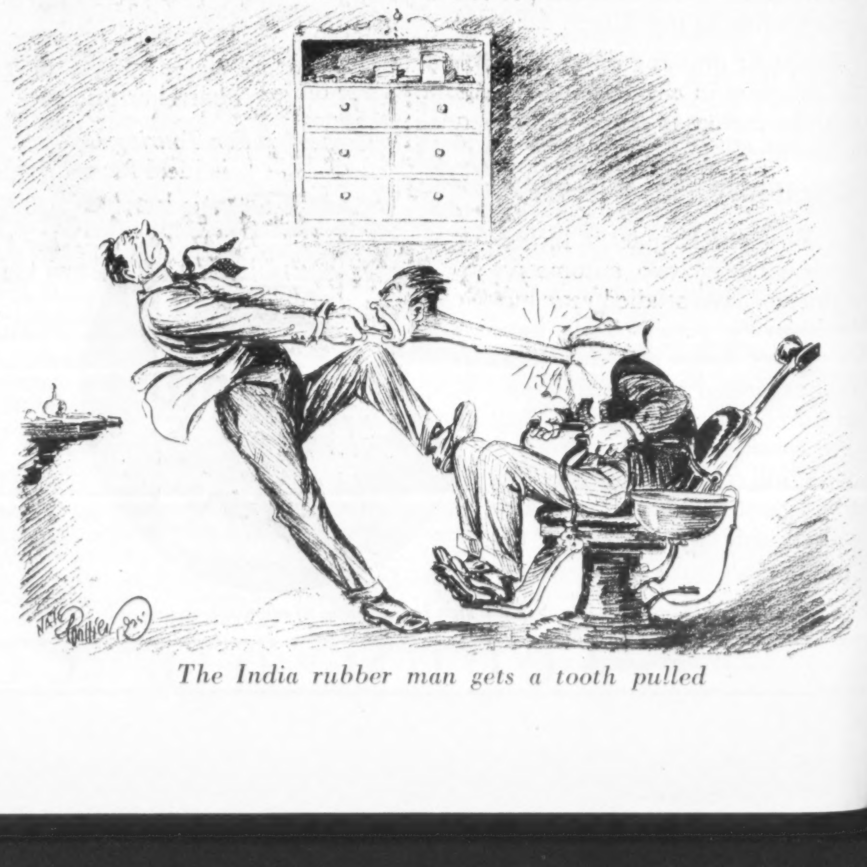
"Honorable Lady Yang Kuei-Fei," he said, "I, a worm of an emperor, bow before you and crave to touch your magnificent hand with my craven lips!"

She arose with grace and studied carelessness, and extended her little hand. . . .

Then he had her tight in his arms and her lips against his.

"You've found the way," he cried. "You little wonder! You've conquered, Sally. You are all women in one to me! You are always the different one!"

"And the other one," added Sally with an elusive smile.

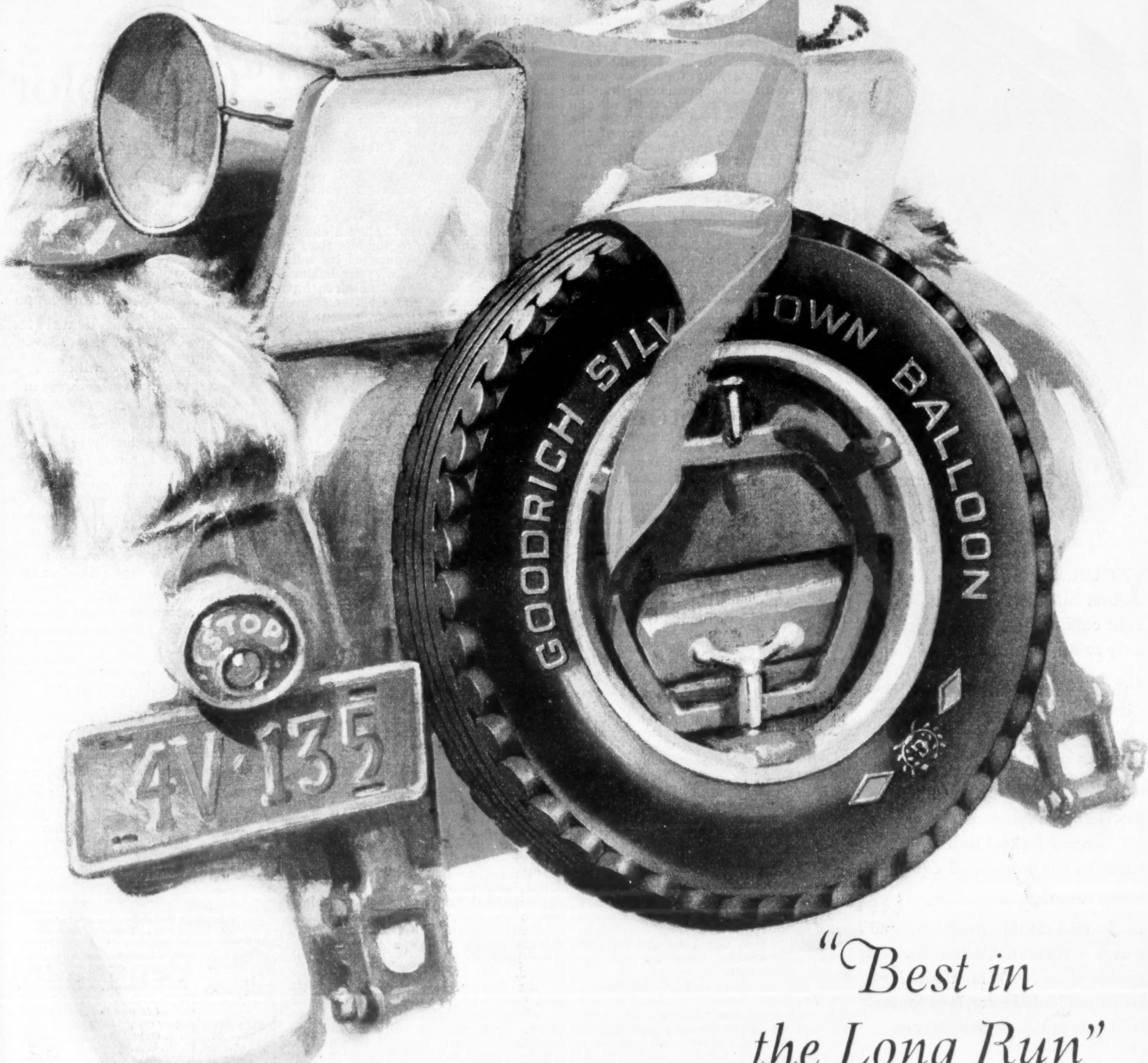


The India rubber man gets a tooth pulled

Victory seems sweeter, and even defeat loses some of it's sting when carefree you ride to and from the game on the smooth-riding comfort of—

Goodrich Silvertown Balloons

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY *Est. 1870* AKRON, OHIO *In Canada:* THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario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"There is one near you"

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY
BOSTON

I Am a Clergyman

Continued from page 13

A third thing might be added, which is equally true—all the professions are suffering from the popularization of professional knowledge. Eminent lawyers are paid by the daily press to give free advice to their readers. Physicians are saying to their patients and proclaiming from the housetops: "All you need is to live temperately, drink plenty of fresh water and live outdoors as much as you can. Pills are no good. Forget your health and keep away from us doctors."

Similarly preachers have been saying to their people: "You can find God anywhere, and religion does not consist so much in church-going as in faithful living."

If doctors and preachers had been more selfish they might have maintained the old-time position of the medicine man and the high priest, keeping their people in physical and spiritual bondage. It is vastly to their credit that they have freed their people, even though in doing it they have sacrificed something of their former power.

So much for Mr. Johnston's article. If he had come to me I could have helped him materially, for I know worse things about some preachers than he would ever imagine. But if, on the other hand, he had sat with me for the last twenty years, as chairman of the Advisory Board of the Chicago Association, the largest in my communion, examining the young men who offer themselves as candidates for the ministry, he would have—as I have—a profound respect for the character and motives of those young men.

They seek no wealth; they know that they sentence themselves to poverty. They seek no fame or power; they know far better than the outsider that the pulpit is not powerful as it once was; and they know that the problems are vastly more difficult. Yet they come gladly, earnestly, seeking to dedicate their lives to quiet, ill-paid service, believing that it is worth while if only some other lives may be better, more wholesome, more hopeful because of their life and labor and sacrifice.

I wish Mr. Johnston could have known Cyrus Hamlin, the statesman-preacher who founded Robert College in Constantinople, who matched his wits against all the subtleties of the Turks, and left that great outpost of Christian education as his monument. Or John G. Paton, who landed alone and undefended among the cannibals of the New Hebrides, where no white man had ever landed except to be eaten, and, by the splendor of his life and example, erected a Christian civilization.

There is one popular misconception about the church which ministers ought to contend against somewhat more vigorously. I refer to the idea of the man in the street that the church somehow belongs to the preacher, that the preacher should keep it going and that if he—the man in the street—contributes a little money or an hour or two of work he is doing the preacher a favor.

There could be no greater mistake. The church is not the preacher's business any more than the government, or the public schools, or the health department. It is *everybody's* business. It is a gathering together of men and women to stand for good things in the community and—by their mutual help—to work more effectively together than they could work apart. If I were a clergyman in New York I would go down and call on Mr. Johnston and I would say: "I need you. We're working with an institution called a church, which is nothing more nor less than an organized ideal. Because of its influence your home is safer, your business is more successful, your children have a better education and a better chance. I don't own it; it's yours as much as mine; for you—as much as I—are a son of God. Come on uptown with me and help to make it better."

The Story of Stumberleap

Continued from page 17

the brown, slimy bowlders. Leaving the water before a footbridge made of a thrown tree, he climbed the combe again, bursting through bushes to delay pursuit, and crossed a further combe, along the bottom of which he ran for several miles in a loop. Ascending again to high ground, he looked back before trotting on at slackening pace. He disturbed a middle herd (about sixty head) of deer which was resting with heads to leeward. Some of the hinds had calves with them, and when they saw Stumberleap they sprang out of the gorse and bracken and ran away, knowing that he was being hunted. Stumberleap tried to mingle with them, but was shunned. For half an hour he followed the herd, then, turning away, he made for the retreat where always before he had hidden unseen. He did not hurry, for the sun of the early afternoon was hotter than at noon and the air was thickening.

During summer and early autumn the moor is traversed by thousands of motor vehicles holding visitors from all parts of Britain and America. A big coach was making a cloud of dust less than a quarter of a mile away as Stumberleap crossed a road. The driver stopped, and the thirty-three trippers stood up and gazed. They decided to wait and watch the hunt go by, but after ten minutes, when no one appeared, the coach drove on. A mile along the road they met the huntsman, and by their timely information the pack was saved many miles of the loop, and laid on again where the stag had crossed the road. Huntsman and whip mounted second horses; behind them an attenuated string of riders stretched over nine miles of moor. Some horses had been bogged, two others had gone lame, or lost their way, or were deadbeat. Sixteen and a half couple of hounds loped into the heather. They ran mute, without fatigue, without haste. And Stumberleap, topping a ridge by an ancient barrow, half a league distant as the blackcock flies (but a league by running), heard the thin echo of the horn. His heart pounded, his pace quickened.

The sun of September was now an orb of larger and duller gold rolling down to the sea, which could be seen gray and remote from the breezy hill. The wind had changed, and now was blowing from the southwest, from where the coast was blue in the distance. Beyond, and traveling in ponderous silence toward the moor, was a black and ragged cloud, and others came after it, bringing the friendly rain that washes scent from earth and air.

Stumberleap knew that a storm was coming. His sinews and muscles had lost their tension; no longer did he fly five-barred gates and banks, but he was nearing the refuge which had saved him many times before. He descended another combe and, entering the stream at the bottom, drank and soiled, and rose refreshed. Upon the opposite bank he leaped, bounded along beside the river for a hundred yards, suddenly sprang sidewise into the stream again, and ran down. Trees grew here, and magpies scolded as he passed. For two miles he ran the bed of the stream, until he came to the pool over which leaned a rowan tree, on which the scarlet berries were clustered. Into this he sank all but his head, and waited. So still was he that a pair of gray thrushes flew to the tree and began to swallow the berries without alarm. About fifty yards away a young man was lying so still that Stumberleap had not seen him. The man never moved. The water made its music,

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Only one tube to a family. 1892

the winged hum of flies sounded under the oaks, and all was quiet for a time.

From where I lay I could see the reflection of ripples gliding on his ears and antlers. Stumberleap was listening. For hours I had loitered in that sweet, shady place, lying on my back and watching the flakes of sky between the oak leaves, waiting for Stumberleap. He had hidden there before. Presently, on the sunlit height of the hill far above me, I heard the thin gleaming note of the horn. The stag heard it also, for his head moved, and a ripple spread across the dark pool. Later the voice of either whip or huntsman floated down, and I knew that the hounds were coming to the stream. Minute after minute passed. A jay flew to drink, and his smoke-gray eye saw the larger brown eye of the stag; he screeched to other jays, because it was unusual and might be dangerous. Two jays came at once and, perching on the lower branches of the rowan tree, leaned forward and screeched. I showed myself. A jay saw me, warned his friends with a quicker note, and the three flew away. Again I lay down, and the minutes passed, until near me a voice said, "Hold hard," to a horse slipping on its haunches down the incline. Sound carries far in the combes on a still day, and the wind was above the combe. Hearing the voice, Stumberleap bent back his head, so that all of him was concealed by the water except his nose and brow and bay points of his antlers.

THE ripples from the movement had hardly worn away when a black-and-white hound named Deadlock ran down the bank with nose to ground, followed by other hounds. The pack had divided, and were casting down the banks to find where the stag had quit the water.

Last of all came a straggler, that nosed about among the dead bracken, and seeing me came up and placed a thick white paw on my coat. He was a young hound, and I imagined by his callow look that it was his first season, possibly his first chase. I spoke to him, and he struck me with his paw, while his stern wagged like a flag. Again he struck my coat, so droll a look on his face that I knew he was begging for food. Where he had learned to beg, in what household his puppyhood had been so pleasantly passed, I do not know. I gave him a biscuit, and after eating it he pressed his muzzle on my knee and gazed into my face with limpid eyes, the whites of which were of that tint of blue usually seen in the young eyes of the higher mammals. He was a great, ungainly thing, with a heart full of love.

When one of the whips trotted past on a sweating mare I ordered the hound, in the usual phrase used to a skirter, to "get on to him," which was altogether a despicable betrayal. The whip rated Credulous and stung his hindquarters with his lash, so that the young hound yelped and ran away.

For half an hour Stumberleap lay in the pool, only his nose above water. The hounds had gone downward some miles; and half a dozen horsemen had followed after them. When it was quiet the jays flew back to the rowan tree and peered at him, for his head was no longer held under the water. I heard them screaming as I returned upstream, and so did the huntsman, who was posted on the hill above. The harsh cries of the jays continued.

Down the valley sang the short notes of the horn, and hearing, the whips' high voices checked, and name by name they recalled the hounds. Good-by, Stumberleap, I thought, you've had a very pleasant life, and all things have to die, and if it hadn't been for the hunt you would probably have been shot or trapped before you were a month old. The pack pressed upon him, huntsman and second whip dismounted, twisting their white untanned leather whip thongs into loops. Stumberleap swam downstream to shallower water where he might use his horns, but other hounds were there, baying in savage triumph and seeking to pull him down by the legs.

Against the high bank, which the winter floods had carved, he stood at bay, the noble head held high and ready to rip hound or man who dared go near. But no hound dared run within the slashing area of his antlers. I saw the huntsman loosen the long knife in its sheath under his left arm, before he plunged into the water with the whipper-in and waded across the stream. The current pressed against them, soaking red coat tails and white breeches, and filling black top-boots. With the looped thongs they hoped to hold the antlers, to bend back the head: a quick stab in the throat and the spirit of Stumberleap would be free to go back to his forefathers.

Water dropped from the rough hairs of the stag's neck, but his eyes did not flinch. The huntsman shortened his whip to be ready, as he knew the stag was not exhausted. Feeling his way step by step over the slippery stones, and fixing his sight on the eyes staring down, with loop reach to cast, he pushed through the hounds and approached the stag, while the whip approached on its other flank. Several hounds swam between them and Guardsman bared his teeth to seize a knee. A couple named Fidelity and Prudence, both female hounds, swam with Guardsman, and then another couple. The rest of the pack was only a few feet away, and the huntsman awaited the moment to dash in and twist his thong round the beam. The teeth of Guardsman were about to snap the knee (for the stag stood on a shelving rock) when suddenly Stumberleap reared up and struck down at the huntsman with his entire weight, knocking him over, and striking a hound with his near fore slot. With plunging leaps he was across the stream and running swiftly through the oaks, the jays screeching at him.

The **BOOK** *of* **ETIQUETTE** *for Railroad Travelers*

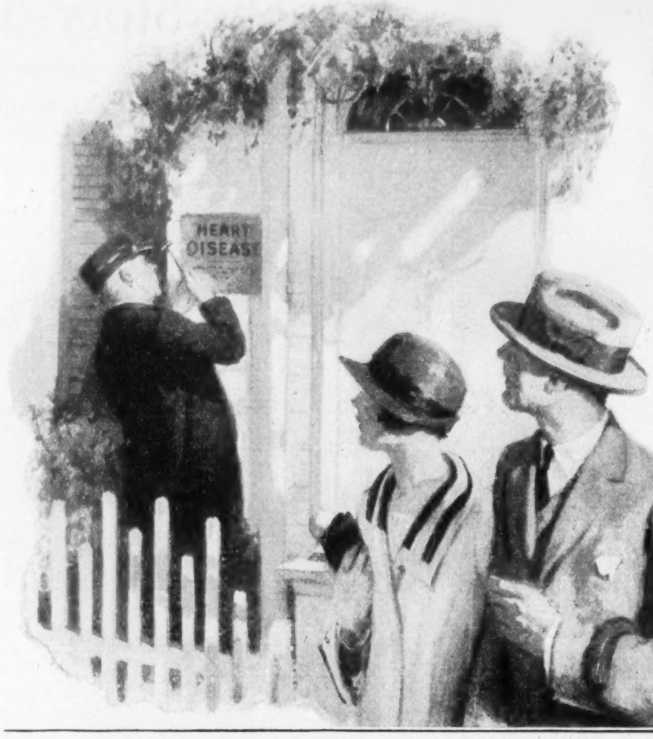
will teach you how to grab a seat gracefully, how to act (and how *not* to act) in an upper berth without being shot, etc. Don't fail to read it. It's by H. I. Phillips in next week's

Collier's

DOWN the valley echoed the full-throated music of the pack. Hounds scrambled out of the water and pursued. The huntsman picked himself up, swearing with rage, and his screaming cheer went after them. He floundered to the bank and remounted.

Other riders were appearing. They forded the stream and followed. The rolling music diminished as the pack reached the wooded crest and went on over the hill. Across another heathery common went Stumberleap, past a ruined and deserted farmhouse around which wild cattle were browsing, and among them in order to destroy scent. As he ran the sunshine went dull, for the clouds had covered the sun. The southwest wind whispered in the heather. After two miles he had gained

(*Continued on page 44*)



Warning:
The Health Officer will not guard us against this mounting peril . . . as he does against contagious diseases. We must protect ourselves.

The most wonderful machine in the world

IT RUNS for forty or fifty or sixty years—sometimes for a hundred years—without stopping!

The only repairs ever made on it are made while it is functioning.

It is more efficient and more durable than any machine of tempered steel—yet the material which composes it has only a small fraction of the strength of steel.

The most wonderful machine in the world—the human heart!

The heart is so good we take it for granted. If it performs perfectly, we seldom think of it. But if it "acts up," we begin to think, and think hard. The proper course, *then*, is immediate and frequent consultation with the family physician.

Our common attitude of indifference toward our hearts—as long as they serve us faithfully—would be ideal, if it had worked out well. But it hasn't. It has resulted in heart disease becoming the greatest single cause of death.

It is possible that all heart disease is preventable; it is certain that much of it is preventable. Prevention, in this case, is not what the health officer does for us, but what we do for ourselves.

A well-known authority on the heart and its treatment lists "poisoning by caffein" among the major causes of heart disease.

Caffein is an artificial stimulant which "speeds up" the heart. And as the only time which the heart has for rest is the time between beats, this "speeding up" not only means a greater load of work, but less time to recuperate.

Eliminate caffein from your diet! You can do this without sacrificing the benefit and enjoyment of a hot drink at mealtime. Change to Postum!

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. This is a drink you can enjoy every meal of the day, with no fear of the nervousness, sleeplessness, headache and indigestion which are so often only the first and minor effects of caffein.

You are the operator of the most wonderful machine in the world. To a large extent, the care you give it now determines how well it will run, and how long it will run. We suggest an easy step in the right direction. Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to start you on your test with one week's free supply, and my personal directions for preparing it—both in the usual way, for yourself, and with hot milk, for children.

"Or, if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is made by the Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich., also makers of Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Grape-Nuts. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

C. W. 10-25

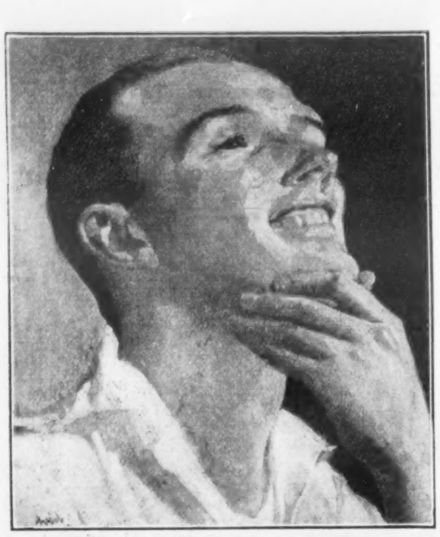
POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . ☐ *Check which*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . ☐ *you prefer*

Name..
Street..
City........................State..............

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd.
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.



Boyd Found a Way to Make New Blades

Shave Better!

"What's the idea! stropping a new blade?" asked Boyd as he saw me take out a new blade and put it into my trusty Twinplex.

"Foolish question number one" I answered. "It's plain you don't know how much better a new blade shaves if it is stropped before being used. Here, try this."

You should have seen Boyd's smile as the Twinplexed edge of that blade went caressingly over his face leaving a velvety smoothness that was new to him.

Of course Boyd got a Twinplex forthwith and now he wouldn't sell it for $100.00 if he couldn't get another one. He has thanked me a dozen times for putting him wise. Only yesterday he said "I've used the same blade now for a month. It's a marvel the way that little Twinplex saves time and money and Oh boy! what shaves I do get."

Don't wait for some one to hand you a new blade stropped on Twinplex—let us do it.

DULL HOUSE
HOME FOR AGED BLADES

Send for this unique Home for Old Blades

Once inside this tiny house with green blinds, blades can't get out to harm anyone. Send 10¢, name your razor and we will send you a Dull House and a sharp new blade, made keen by stropping on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade.

For fifteen years Twinplex Stroppers have been sold on approval at leading stores all over the world. Ask your dealer for one.

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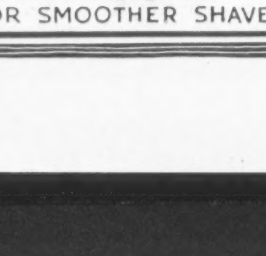


Twinplex Stropper
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

The Story of Stumberleap

Continued from page 43

a lead of half a mile, but after four the longing for water came strongly upon him.

His strength was failing. Down another combeside to a brake of furze: he sprang into its center, causing a hind which had been drowsing there with her calf to start up in fear. The stag lay down in her bed and panted. With her nose the hind nuzzled the calf, and anxiously threw up her head to sniff the air. She heard hounds and, telling her little son to follow, ran out of the brake and down the combe. Deadlock led the pack (with the exception of the deserter Credulous) after the fresh scent, while the hind, that bore no protecting antlers on her smaller head, repeatedly glanced back at her pursuers.

The legs of the calf went so fast during the first mile that very soon he grew tired, and the hind stopped, placed her head under his ribs, and tossed him several feet into a patch of bracken, wherein he immediately settled himself and lay motionless. The hind ran on, and the pack followed her scent up the combeside, passing the calf, which held its breath and never moved.

SHE ran swifter than Stumberleap had ever run, and returned in a wide circle to the furze brake out of which he had turned her. She was anxious to assure herself that her calf was safe, and twice she turned and ran to meet them, swinging round and away again when they were almost upon her. Or she may have known that it was not yet the season of hind hunting, and that the redcoat on horseback, viewing her, would protect her. She overran her starting point, describing roughly the figure 6 inverted and, seeing the huntsman, doubled back along the shank of the figure and stopped at the bushes where Stumberleap was resting. When he saw her he knew that the stag was lying low in the brake. He and the second whip broke the line; Deadlock alone had to be lashed.

Several times before a stag had been found in that covert. A cast was made. A hound called Psyche threw her tongue as Stumberleap cleared the brake at a bound. *Tally Ho! Yoi, yoi, then haunch'n and have'n!*

Deadlock alone barred his way, and as the hound leaped at him Stumberleap lowered his head and one of the upslashing points ripped him open, so that his bowels fell out, and with a howl the hound began to twist in a spiral, licking his hurt. Stumberleap leaped over him and crashed away through the brake.

The wind was rising, and an ondrifting pallor made trees and hill lines curiously distinct. Clouds massy and black were closing upon the moor, and before them wheeled a flock of gulls that had come from the sea. Their forlorn cries came sadly from the heights. Already the headland behind them was invisible, and half the sea of Bideford Bay was blurred in the driven gray chaos of the storm. Hounds needed neither cap nor cheer nor horn. Up the combeside went Stumberleap, his pace already lessening as his outline rose against the sky. Over and across the mile of Woolhanger Common, from which the coast of Wales could be seen twenty miles across the British Channel, over the road bridge under which lay the narrow-gauge railway to Lynton down the road for half a mile, over the heathland again and down a thread of water to a river, hounds making the distance smaller, the hounds which had traveled thirty miles and were not weary. Stumberleap did not always run straight, nor did he stagger; something between the two.

Tears ran from his great eyes; the blood rushing in his head blackened at times his sight. His heart was bursting; the storm was still afar, although ominous were the heavens above, and its great moaning was coming across the moor. A grayness was between the six followers and the pack, and one man had been blown from the saddle by the gale which had broken upon Woolhanger.

Down the stony bed of the shallow river ran Stumberleap, past a hotel before which a dozen motor coaches were drawn up. A group of people stood in the entrance, watching the awful dark of the traveling storm, and the hard gray precipice edge of the black thunder clouds. A flash which stilled speech, awaiting for the reverberation, a voice asking, "What was that?" A pause, and the voice declared that it sounded like baying. They listened. Only a straying sea gull wailed as the wind hurled it overhead, as the gale tore at trees on the hill, and the storm was upon them; the coach hoods were flapping—*boom,* the Hunter's Inn rocked.

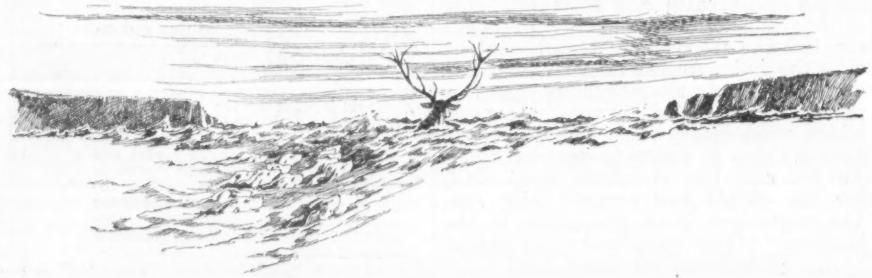
The sea was less than a mile away. The river flowed below, a towering cleave, tameless, steep and smooth with loose flakes of rock. All in the cleave was hidden as the storm hounds of the sky bayed across the world, the wind's thong whirled, and the lash of the lightning cracked; the hills reverberated with the hoofs of the thunder.

Fed by a hundred torrents, the Heddon River rose many feet, and when the storm ceased a muddy stain was spread in the sea at Heddon's mouth. Beyond the stain, swimming in the rolling waves, was Stumberleap, and after him fifteen and a half couple of staghounds.

JUST before dawn the wind ceased, and a golden scarecrow rose in the eastern sky. It was the moon. Seeing it, the puppy hound Credulous, which all night had been shivering his misery in the wet bracken, threw up his head and bayed.

This noise made more fearful the hind which, all the night, had been shivering her misery because the nearness of Credulous had prevented her from returning to her calf, which had been quiet in the bracken ever since she had tossed him there. Credulous tottered toward the golden scarecrow and blundered upon the calf, curled up and warm and very frightened. Credulous was so pleased to find himself no longer solitary that he licked its warm head, whined to it, struck it with his paw, and when it did not move, curled up beside it and slept for some hours. When he left the calf it was with reluctance, and he left to follow a human voice. So the hind had her calf again, and Credulous followed me to a farmhouse where Deadlock twitched in sleep because of eleven stitches in the skin of his belly.

A fortnight later he was back at the kennels, among the hounds of the two remaining packs. Normally three packs—nearly fifty couples—lay at night on the straw-laid zinc benches above the red tiles of the floor, and ate cold porridge and chopped cooked horseflesh once a day. The pack that had chased the stag of Stumberleap Wood never ate again in the kennel yard.



More good news
FROM
Jim Henry

Many millions of men have bought Mennen Shaving Cream on my say-so, and their morning tears of pain changed to tears of gratitude.

More millions took my tip that Mennen Talcum for Men was the real he-stuff that wouldn't show on the face because tinted to match masculine skin.

This is addressed to those who have followed my advice and found it reliable. At your earliest opportunity exchange half a dollar at the drug store for a large tube of Mennen Skin Balm.

Tomorrow morning, after your shave, open up that tube and get ready for a new sensation!

Rub a little of the magic balm into the area just shaved. The balm disappears, but not its effect.

First there's a business-like bite that shows antiseptic work is going on. Then a flood of delicious coolness.

The fresh, flowery odor peps you up for breakfast. For hours afterward you look better groomed than ever before.

Try this remarkable new discovery at my risk. If you're not wild about it, shoot the tube to me for a full refund.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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MENNEN
SKIN BALM

Poison Gas for Home Use

Continued from page 11

are still within the atmosphere of gas or that the cloud may overtake them again at any time.

"Barricaded groups of men in buildings may not be frightened by a gas cloud until the actual odor and effect are on them. A cloud caused by a grenade shot into a third-story window"—and this may show you some of the possible horrors of poison gas in warfare with invaders instead of with fellow Americans—"will slowly enter the halls, roll down the stairs and gas the lower two floors. In case of special drafts the grenades shot into the windows of the lower two floors will prevent any room escaping the gas itself. Under such circumstances the occupants will abandon the house by the nearest available exit. Certain individuals will complain of the effects of a tear-gas cloud. It is impossible to injure seriously anyone with tear gas in *field concentrations*." I italicize the last two words (as I have italicized other words for emphasis) because "field concentrations" is a technical phrase meaning only enough gas to make the enemy move and not enough to kill him. It is possible to kill with tear gas, if the victim cannot move away.

"The greatest injury which may occur in a mob when gassed," continues the book, "will be the physical injury caused by trampling, fighting and stampeding in the efforts made to escape the gas clouds." It may be remembered that it was stampede and not fire that killed almost 600 men, women and children in the Iroquois theatre disaster in Chicago in 1903.

In Europe they have been talking, officially, about the horrors of using poison gas from airplanes. "Airplane gassing" is the specter that stands behind the chair of every European diplomat.

Our American Chemical Warfare Service is too efficient to leave airplane gassing out of its method of handling possible mobs on American soil. Officers in the Chemical Warfare have been taught how to use airplane gas bombs over American cities, towns, fields or mountains.

Airplane Gas for Mobs

AIRPLANE gassing comes under the head of "Sprinkling" in this lively little textbook. "The sprinkling system," you find on page 3, "consists of the following: spraying or pouring gas from aeroplanes, pouring gas out of a container from a moving vehicle or pouring the liquid gas from windows of buildings overlooking the mob.

"Attacking planes," run instructions, "should fly as low as safety will permit and place their bombs to the windward of the mob. Except under the most extreme conditions, bombs should not be dropped into the mob itself.

"Aviation tear-gas bombs," I find on page 4, "can be dropped from heights safe from anti-aircraft gunfire or from heights just above the building tops of a town. Great accuracy is obtained in bomb dropping and it is easy to place these bombs on designated localities to the windward of a mob. From an aeroplane a large number of bombs can be dropped simultaneously along the flank of a mob."

Not all the gases mentioned in the book are as "harmless" as tear gas. There is "white phosphorus," for instance, useful in creating smoke screens. Has the top of a burning match head ever fastened itself to your finger and, while you were trying to shake it off, burned a white spot there? Almost every smoker occasionally has such an experience. That deep, white scar of killed skin is a burn similar to that caused by white phosphorus. But the officers are taught to go slowly with white phosphorus.

"The white phosphorus grenade," says the poison-gas book, "is used to produce a smoke screen. This grenade will cause fire, and the burns from white phosphorus are extremely severe on the body. The grenade should not be shot into the midst of a mob or closer than ten yards to it, unless machine guns would be the only other alternative.

"The white phosphorus," you see on page 3, "is incendiary in character and should not be used among buildings, brush, dry grass or any other place where it might start a conflagration. White phosphorus is very difficult to extinguish, and the flesh burns from this substance are exceedingly painful. These bombs are excellent to produce smoke screens to cover the advance of other troops."

There are two kinds of grenades: those thrown by hand and those thrown by rifles. The rifle grenade can be shot 250 yards, but "it should not be shot into a mob unless the situation is very critical, for the reason that the bomb and rod weigh a pound and a half and will seriously injure anyone it hits in its flight."

There are different ways of getting the five different smokes or gases into the vicinity of a crowd. One way is by "candles." A "B. M." smoke candle, weighing only two pounds, "will produce a smoke cloud 400 yards long by 10 yards wide . . . lasting three min-

(*Continued on page 46*)

The pup: "This is sure some sight-seeing trip for me!"

TEMPERED FOR TOUGH TIMBER

THE tougher the job, the greater the need for a saw made of special steel—a Simonds World-Famous Crescent-Ground Cross-Cut Saw. Ask your Hardware Dealer.

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"The Saw Makers"
Established 1832
FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS

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SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL
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"I suppose all Mothers have to work overtime"

"I know that I haven't had an eight hour day since little Billy came. From early morning until bedtime story hour it is step—step—step, all-day. No wonder I used to get foot weary. I didn't realize what a struggle it was for my feet in rigid, unnaturally shaped shoes. Now I wear Cantilevers and they certainly help a lot. I seem to have more energy and things don't bother me so much."

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Cantilever Shoes are comfortable because they are lasted to fit naturally and are flexible from toe to heel. They conform easily to the shape of the feet and function with them.

The flexible arch of the Cantilever fits the under-curve of the foot. It gives springy support and does not restrict the foot action as do ordinary shoes. The muscles upon which the strength of the foot depends are encouraged to exercise. Weak feet regain their strength and normal feet keep active in flexible arch Cantilevers.

Graceful, natural lines and pleasing rounded toes of the Cantilever add to your pleasure. Your toes have room. Your foot is free. The shoe is scientifically designed so as to distribute the weight of the body evenly, taking the strain off the inner and weaker side of the foot.

Cantilevers have been sold for over a decade and are endorsed by physicians, health authorities and wearers. They have brought foot health to countless men and women.

Cantilever Shoes for Fall and Winter offer you a fine selection of attractively designed models that will appeal to your good taste as well as your practical desire for foot comfort. There are modish pumps in a variety of patterns and several trim oxfords for utility wear.

Long wear and reasonable prices make Cantilevers an excellent investment for the woman (or man) to whom economy is as interesting as good looks and comfort.

Cantilever Shoe
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Please send me the address of the Cantilever store nearest me.

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ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Poison Gas for Home Use

Continued from page 45

utes when the velocity of the wind does not exceed ten miles per hour." This candle is a simple little thing. It makes only a smoke that will hurt no one. But, the book suggests, "if one or two tear-gas grenades are thrown into the smoke cloud, it may be sufficient to disperse an unarmed and undisciplined mob." Other candles are more powerful. Only when some members of a mob are wearing gas masks is it advisable, says the poison-gas book, to turn on a mob the diphenylamine-chlorarsine candle. Besides the candles there are the grenades, both for hand throwing and for rifles, which have already been mentioned.

In addition to the grenades and candles there are also cylinders weighing 50 pounds. The cylinder "may be carried on the back by the use of metal shoulder straps," says the little book. "The cylinder can be fired electrically either singly or in batteries or can be released by hand. The contents will cover an area with tear gas 1,500 yards downwind and about 400 yards wide. The gas is discharged in two minutes and *is invisible 25 feet from the nozzle.*" I have emphasized by italics the information that a crowd cannot see this gas.

Boy Friend

By Viola Paradise

Marion tabulated names, dates and policy numbers. Salary, $18 a week. She and Jenny roomed together. . . . And you'll read happily ever after in this story in next week's

COLLIER'S

But grenades, candles, cylinders and aviation bombs are not all. The four-inch Stokes mortars, made famous during the war, are another of the poison-gas tools ready for use on American soil by American troops against American crowds.

"Ordinarily, people," says the book, "will be safe from the fragments of the bomb 200 yards from the point of burst."

Here's a Real War Bomb

THE Stokes mortar, we learn on page 4, has a maximum range of 1,000 yards. The bomb weighs 25 pounds and bursts with some fragmentation. The bombs can be fired at the rate of fifteen per gun per minute. The mortar can shoot smoke, gas or incendiary material as requirements demand and can produce a large cloud in a very short time. It can deliver gas or smoke independently of its position relative to the wind and the target.

"A mob could be flanked by a gas cloud to windward even when the Stokes position is downwind," run the instructions.

One gas which is particularly effective is brombenzylcyanide. It sticks where you put it. It can be carried either in a little aviation bomb weighing 50 pounds or can be thrown in 25-pound masses by Stokes mortars. It is known as "C. A." in the army. In the open country its effects endure three days. A city street dashed with C. A. would be impassable, so the poison-gas book says, for at least a week. So would forested ground or the interior of houses.

Officers are instructed in the little book that "peaceful citizens who live in the vicinity" should be warned that the use of gas will make the district uninhabitable.

The night use of gases is considered by "experts in mobs" far more effective than the day use, for the book says it is "even more terrifying to a mob than by day."

"At night the flash of a rifle can be seen," the officers are told, "an approach can be made to the windward of the firing, or a Stokes bomb or gas grenade can be shot to the windward. The approach of the gas will not be known at night until the effect is felt by the mob."

Shoot *Into* the Mob

TO DEPEND entirely upon the wind, says the book, is not necessary. Sometimes, of course, there is no wind. The use of gas does not always depend upon the wind. Rifle grenades can be shot and hand grenades thrown *into* a mob if wind is absent.

There you are. It's better to be in a mob, either *a*, *b* or *c*, on a windy day, when young officers, in Uncle Sam's uniform, are told not to shoot directly at you, than it is to find yourself in a crowd they don't like on a calm day when they are instructed to put their gases right down in your midst, in order to force you to go away from wherever you are.

The title of the poison-gas book is "Provisional Instructions for the Control of Mobs by Chemical Warfare. November 21st, 1921; revised to August 1st, 1922."

This writer has been unable to secure any later revised editions, if any exist, though it would appear that the very efficient gas-warfare department had thoroughly covered the subject in the 1922 edition.

The job of gassing an American mob, in case occasion arose, would fall on the shoulders of Brigadier General Amos Alfred Fries, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service during the war and since. The poison-gas book was prepared in his department, and he has been responsible for the training of American officers and men. He has made it his duty to keep a certain section of his staff qualified to use poison gas on Americans at a few hours' notice.

I talked not long ago with one of his officers who had been in the West Virginia coal mining district where a strike was under way. This officer had studied the "lay of the ground" just as he would have done if he had gone into an enemy's country. The result was that General Fries' forces were ready to go into the West Virginia mining country with their poison gases at the drop of a hat. They're ready, indeed, to go anywhere in America and spend part of your income-tax money and mine in committing unspeakable outrages against citizens, in so-called mob formation, by methods which are being barred, so far as possible, by the entire civilized world. Of course mobs must be controlled. But isn't the use of poison gas going too far?

Why not have Coolidge economy extend to the point of shutting up General Fries' poison-gas school in so far as it teaches the use of gas on American soil?

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Yesterday's Gun Fighters

Continued from page 12

was promptly discharged, and Johnson, who was always too drunk to be of any use whatever, was left in entire charge of the town.

This change in administration was, of course, the signal for the citizens to "liquor up" and indulge in as much unrestrained hilarity as possible. They all did it. With the ex-marshal and his bosom friends (the four Manning brothers, who owned the biggest sporting resorts in the town) in the lead, the whole town went on a glorious spree which lasted an entire week. It was a great week, and at the end of it, as a grand finale and a formal protest against the action of the city fathers in dismissing Campbell, the boys got together and shot up the town.

El Paso had been shot up many times, but never before had the ceremony been carried out in such a thorough and systematic manner as on that historic evening. Nearly every saloon and dance hall in the place was wrecked; two or three Chinese restaurants were put out of business; men were beaten up and held up; women were assaulted; good citizens were sent home on the run; and when day finally dawned and people began to poke their noses out of their cyclone cellars the plotters sat back happily, thinking that now, surely, the city fathers would have to send for Campbell and reinstate him in his job.

But the city fathers did nothing of the kind. Instead they sent for a detachment of Texas Rangers, and when these hard-boiled young men arrived and pitched their camp in the center of the battlefield everything suddenly became as quiet and peaceful as a Sunday school.

The Rangers were men who couldn't be trifled with, but as it was their duty to patrol the frontier and not police its towns they had been loaned to El Paso for the period of the emergency only, and soon the old-timers were again faced with the problem of finding some competent man to act as town marshal.

The problem solved itself by the sudden and unexpected arrival of Dallas Stoudenmire. No sooner had he been appointed to office than he began to function. He did it with celerity. Strapping a couple of six-shooters around his mid-section, the new marshal went forth to have an interview with Bill Johnson. He found Johnson easily —drunk as usual in his favorite saloon —and roughly ordered him to hand over the keys to the jail.

Johnson, who had never seen Stoudenmire before in his life and was therefore not familiar with his methods of procedure, very foolishly refused to deliver. Whereupon the new marshal grabbed his deputy by the collar and with no further argument turned him upside down and shook him till the keys dropped from his pocket to the floor. This constituted Johnson's dismissal from office and also made him a sworn enemy of Stoudenmire's.

That night, for the first time since it had been built, the new jail sheltered quite a number of the most hilarious citizens of the community. The next day, before the Mannings, Jack Doyle and other members of the sporting group had had time to recover from their surprise and properly revenge themselves upon the new marshal for having locked up some of their best customers, he did something else.

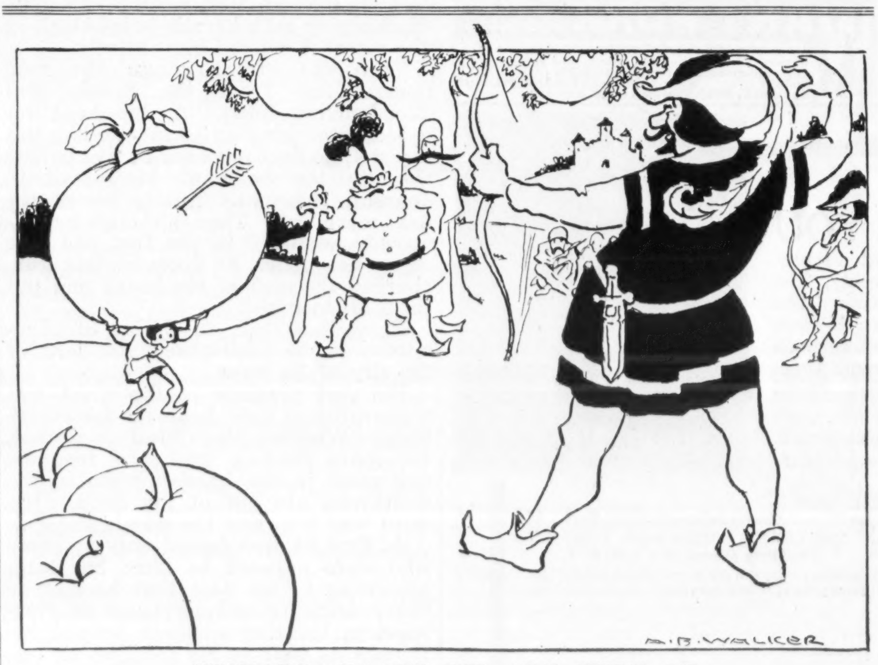
That morning, in a little adobe house on the main street, about a block from the Dowell saloon, an inquest was being held over the bodies of two Mexican boys who had been found murdered on the outskirts of the town. A young German named Krempkau, from the Mexican town on the other side of the Rio Grande, was acting as interpreter at this legal proceeding. When the session adjourned at twelve o'clock and everybody went out on the street this interpreter and one Johnnie Hale, who belonged to the Campbell-Manning faction, got into an argument.

Hale accused Krempkau of having willfully misinterpreted some of the testimony. As was proper, Krempkau very promptly called Hale a liar, and Hale, as was to have been expected from a man of his standing, in defense of his honor, jerked out his gun and shot Krempkau through the heart. Stoudenmire, who had come quietly up and joined the crowd, went immediately into action.

It was fast and beautiful! With his first shot he killed a Mexican whose connection with the incident has always been rather obscure; with his second he brought the turbulent and bellicose career of Johnnie Hale to a sudden end; and then, turning squarely around in his tracks, he sent a bullet through the head of ex-marshal Campbell, who, gun in hand, would probably in another second have killed Stoudenmire.

This unprecedented display of pistol proficiency, which demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of even the most critical that the new marshal was no amateur in the use of a .45, made a deep impression upon everybody in the community. The city fathers patted themselves on the back in high glee at the thought that such a man as Stoudenmire was with them and not against them in the matter of a better and cleaner El Paso; the tough element got together in the back rooms of its saloons and consulted in whispers as to what

(*Continued on page 48*)



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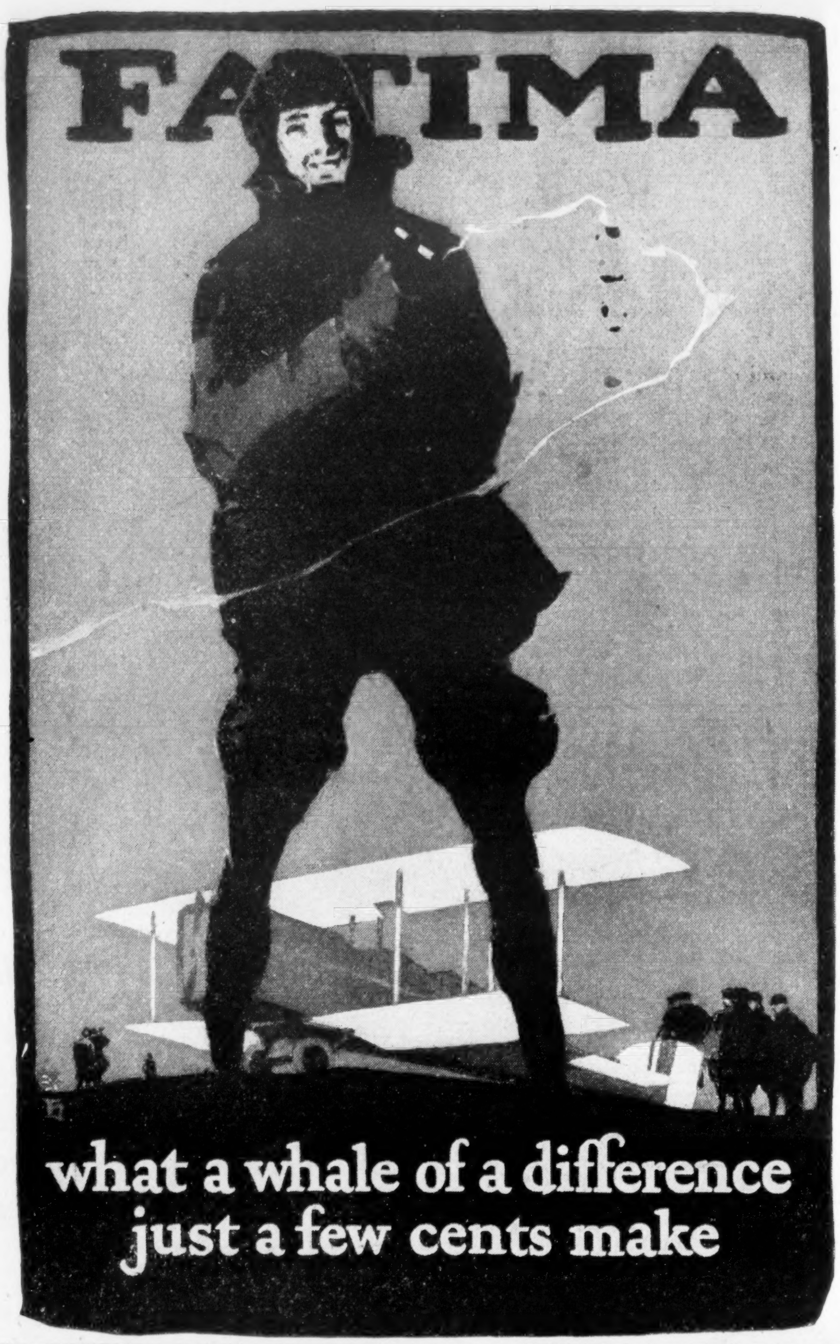
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Yesterday's Gun Fighters

Continued from page 47

they were going to do about it; while the new marshal himself went right on and calmly attended to business.

Stoudenmire played no favorites. He kept his jail well filled with offenders. He crippled an occasional individual who resisted arrest, by judiciously shooting him in the foot or some other nonvital spot. He beat numerous minor offenders over the head with his gun. Then—when he was universally feared and his battle appeared won—his brother-in-law, Doc Cummings, was killed in a gun fight which took place in one of the saloons owned by the Manning brothers.

The fracas, of course, had been planned to take place at a time when Stoudenmire could not be there to take part in it; so all that he could do about it was see that Jim Manning, who gave himself up, was brought to a speedy trial. Manning was acquitted on a plea of self-defense and thereafter the feeling of enmity between Stoudenmire and the four Manning brothers, supported by all of the sports in the town, was more bitter than ever.

Everybody knew that it was only a question of time until the Mannings and Stoudenmire would shoot it out, and as some members of the sporting group, who were not sports, were fearful of the result, they set themselves to the task of arranging for an assassination.

In order to carry out this charitable design against the life of the marshal the animosity of Bill Johnson was made use of. This insatiable drunkard was taken into the wineroom of a saloon, filled with whisky, and his pride and his family honor were appealed to. He was told that it was his duty, as a man and a gentleman, to go forth and slay the marshal because in that way, and in no other, could he remove from the field azure of his escutcheon the blots which Stoudenmire had placed thereon when he had seized him by the collar, turned him upside down and shaken him like a rat.

Urged on by men who promised to protect him against prosecution—but who judiciously refrained from saying anything about protecting him against Stoudenmire—the inebriate armed himself with a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with buckshot, and went out to ambush his enemy.

For the purpose of the assassination the former deputy placed himself behind a pile of bricks at the intersection of the two main streets, while his friends and advisers, who wanted to see the job well done, secreted themselves in some brush on the opposite side of the road.

Within less than thirty minutes Stoudenmire came unsuspectingly down the street. When he was within twenty feet of Johnson that worthy rose and, discharging both barrels point-blank at the marshal, missed him entirely.

Then the crowd across the road opened fire from the brush. But Stoudenmire didn't lose his head for a second or give an inch. Pulling out a pistol, he first put four or five bullets through the body of his assailant, Johnson (who was quietly buried the next morning). Then, although he was already wounded in the foot and was under heavy fire, he drew another gun, charged the men in the brush and put them all to flight.

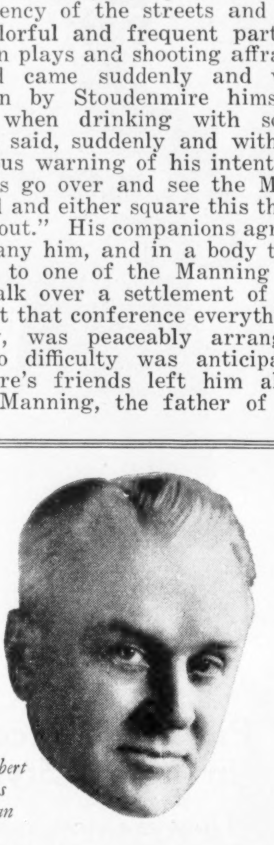
From that time on Dallas Stoudenmire was the undisputed war lord of the city of El Paso.

His very presence on the street was a guaranty of good behavior for everybody. Whether they liked it or not, for more than a year the toughest customers in the hardest town in the Southwest ate out of his hand. His word was law, and the people knew it.

At first he was feared only by those who were opposed to him; but later on, owing to the fact that he took to heavy drinking and developed an overbearing, bullying attitude toward his friends as well as his foes, he became feared by everybody and was asked to resign. He did so, after first angrily assuring the city fathers that he could "straddle the whole bunch" if he wanted to, and offering to fight a pistol duel then and there with W. W. Mills, a prominent citizen who had been very outspoken in his criticism of the marshal's conduct.

Within a short time, however, Stoudenmire received an appointment as a deputy United States marshal, and thereafter, with a star once more pinned on his coat, he again assumed the ascendency of the streets and became a colorful and frequent participant in gun plays and shooting affrays.

The end came suddenly and was brought on by Stoudenmire himself. One day when drinking with some friends he said, suddenly and without any previous warning of his intention, "Boys, let's go over and see the Manning crowd and either square this thing or shoot it out." His companions agreed to accompany him, and in a body they went over to one of the Manning saloons to talk over a settlement of the trouble. At that conference everything, apparently, was peaceably arranged, and as no difficulty was anticipated Stoudenmire's friends left him alone with Dr. Manning, the father of the four boys who owned the saloons and gambling houses.



Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan

Between these two men there was a marked contrast. Stoudenmire was huge, overbearing and ill-tempered; Dr. Manning was small, quiet and dignified. After their friends left them the two went down to Ben Dowell's saloon to seal the newly made pact of friendship with a drink taken on neutral ground. While they were standing at the bar some remark dropped by Dr. Manning angered Stoudenmire, who reached for his gun. As the ex-marshal was very drunk, he was slow on the draw, and the little doctor, seeing Stoudenmire's hand move to his hip, pulled his own pistol and fired first.

The bullet struck against a thick bundle of letters in Stoudenmire's pocket, over his heart, which it failed to penetrate, and before the doctor could fire again Stoudenmire had shot him through the hand. Dropping his pistol, Dr. Manning closed in on his big adversary and grappled at his throat. Then the two fought their way out on the sidewalk.

Just as the struggling pair came through the saloon door Jim Manning ran out of an adjoining gambling house and, taking instant note of the situation, drew his pistol and fired twice at Stoudenmire. The first shot missed, but the second hit Stoudenmire in the head and killed him instantly.

In this manner Dallas Stoudenmire, one of the most notorious and picturesque characters of the early Southwest, passed out of the history of El Paso.

Next week: the story of John Selman, the quick-shooting cattle rustler who became a good officer of the peace.

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 7

you married without a word. Well, I rescued you from that mistake, but it is as far as I will go."

Christine gave a dry sob. "Surely not when you have heard what I have to say! I never talked about it in the old days because I was sensitive with you, but you knew something of my life at home. I've tried to be just to Father, but I can't. And he never understood me. He is too stern and cold. Even before he sent me to school at Charleston I craved life and color and interest and movement and people. I wanted to go places and see things, but Father never understood. Mother sees just as he does. I never had any childhood like other girls. We always lived in mining camps, and Father always held aloof from the other people. He seemed to think that a McIvor was better than anyone else. You don't know how inexpressibly dreary it was. When I came back from Charleston it seemed that I would smother if I didn't get away from it. Home was cold and repressed and—and you, well, you seemed so far above me that you could not understand. I felt that no one understood."

"That's the universal craving—for understanding," Selden commented.

"I have never known a thinking man who did not believe in God."

A noted scientist—Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan, Nobel Prize winner—said that in discussing the question, Are science and religion compatible? The rest of his answer you'll find in "A Scientist's God"

in next week's

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"And then Clem Bennett came and, of course, he understood."

Christine ignored his sarcasm. "I thought he did, but I was young and not as wise as I am now. Oh, I've learned a lot since I have been gone. Much more than I thought possible in three years. And coming back here has taught me other things. You—"

"But about Bennett," prompted Selden.

"WHAT'S the use of discussing him? He's gone, and he won't come back. Do I need to justify myself for that? He seemed such a relief from the monotony of life. He had been places and he had seen things. He talked well, and the mean streak in him hadn't come out then. Father didn't like him. He never liked anyone who was friendly to me. He said I couldn't see Clem, but I didn't obey him. He found out, and then I was almost a prisoner."

"Not so much as you should have been," commented Selden mercilessly. "I wasted a warning on you. I should have acted instead, but I thought a warning would be sufficient."

"There isn't any use in discussing that," said Christine wearily. "I'll admit that you were right. He did have a fault, but you brought it out."

"Exactly what I planned to do. When were you convinced?"

"It wasn't very long after we were married." Christine spoke with simulated reluctance. "First I began to wonder, and then slowly I found that I had made a mistake. That kind of freedom, I discovered, had its disadvantages, and always there is the painful necessity of eating. We were happy for a time, but—but then your blacklist began to work and Clem couldn't find a place. Maybe he didn't try very hard, but always when he was identified he was discharged and we moved on again. Kentucky, Illinois, Tennessee—we went everywhere. At first Clem couldn't understand, and then he found out about the blacklist. He believed that I was the cause of the blacklist. I think he had grown tired of dragging me around, anyway. I didn't want him to do some of the things that weren't honest, and he always got angry. Then one night in a little Kentucky town he went out and didn't come back. I've never had a word from him since."

"Then you wrote to your father?"

"Then I wrote to my father. I had—"

"It must have taken a bit of doing." There was admiration in Selden's tone, an involuntary tribute.

CHRISTINE shuddered and painted a picture for his benefit. "It—it did. I would rather have put my hand in the fire, but I *had* to appeal to him. I was destitute, absolutely penniless. I was alone, a woman among suspicious strangers. He was the only source of help. When I left, after he found that I had married Clem, he wrote me that I had made my bed and I must lie on it. I was no longer a daughter of his, he said. But in spite of that I wrote him just how I was situated. He—he sent me the money for a ticket and wrote two words, 'Come back.' "

Selden smiled dryly. "I judge his welcome was not over-warm."

Christine's brows drew together, and this time her bitterness was genuine. "You put it mildly. If things had been difficult at home before I married, they were a thousand times worse after I came back. I have absolutely no independence; I am cramped; I am never allowed to forget that I am there on sufferance only. And I'm helpless! As helpless as—as—"

She broke off with a passionate gesture, struggling to keep the sob from her voice. The pretended had almost been lost in the real. "I'm desperate!" she cried. "I've stood it as long as I can! I'm going to *do* something, and I don't much care what!"

"You want me to help you get away from Ivanhoe?"

Christine was taken aback. That was not what she wanted at all, but she was forced to acquiesce or see the house of cards she had builded for him crumble. She put a touch of hysteria into her manner.

"I don't care what you do, so long as I get away!"

Selden shook his head decidedly. "I shall not help you to leave Ivanhoe. You've just proved that you are not competent to fend for yourself. You will grow accustomed to your father's house. Your trouble now is that you are a rebel."

"If you knew how I lived, you would not say that."

Selden leaned back in his chair and stretched his long legs before him. Under the light his features were outlined sharply against the dark background of his chair. He spoke coolly:

"You say you are desperate?"

"Believe me—I am."

"Very well. I'll help you."

Christine sank back in her chair and covered her eyes with her hands. "Oh! you don't know what that means!" she choked. "You can't realize how much I—"

"Save your gratitude," advised Selden curtly. "When I have decided what I shall do you may not like it."

Christine's chin sank on her breast. She was prepared to consent to anything that kept her with him and the two of them in Ivanhoe. Only so could she find a weapon against him. The camp must be made to laugh at him; chuckling gleefully to see him overreach himself. While she reflected he rose.

"When I am ready I will send for you."

"But what—"

"I do not know yet. No impatience, please."

"I won't," promised Christine. "Not if I know that relief is in sight."

Selden accompanied her to the door, and she went out. The darkness hid her smile of triumph.

(To be continued next week)

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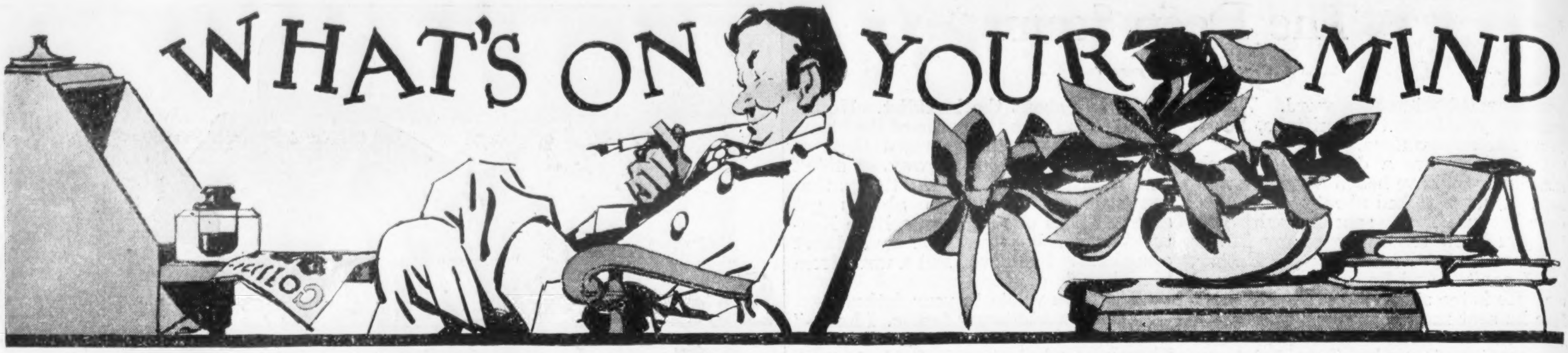

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To the Editor of Collier's:

MR. KENNEDY'S report of conditions in dance halls in the great cities, and, in a measure, in the small towns also, will make people reflect upon the base commercial exploitation of what in itself is a natural and not unwholesome desire on the part of people, particularly young people, to get together.

In every city there are demonstrations of properly supervised dance halls, free from the dangers inherent in the halls that Mr. Kennedy describes. Alas, it must be for lack of imagination, as well as for lack of a sense of responsibility on the part of men and women, that New York, Chicago, Boston and other cities and towns show so few of the right kind of dance halls as compared to the wrong kind.

There can be no doubt that dancing meets a craving that is instinctively social. The popularity of the best kind of dance halls in New York, Chicago and Boston justifies their multiplication many times and is a challenge to provide adequate facilities for the young people who feel an urge to meet and to have a *good time*, not a bad time, together.

LILLIAN D. WALD,
New York.

We Know Another

To the Editor of Collier's:

We are certain to find "The Short Short Stories" more than interesting—I enjoyed the first of the series very much. May I not submit the shortest short story as it comes to my mind from somewhere in the past?

Two men were sitting together on a bench.

"I don't believe in ghosts," said one.

"Don't you?" said the other, vanishing.

M. E. C., Boston, Mass.

Are We Unmannerly Americans?

To the Editor of Collier's:

The attention of Canadians in general has been attracted lately by accounts of the manner in which certain American tourists, while traveling in Canada, have openly insulted the British flag.

Needless to say, these episodes are most offensive not only to Canadians but to all right-thinking Americans. Can it be that a percentage of the tourist class is utterly devoid of any sense of international courtesy? Such evidences seem to sponsor an affirmative reply.

We can't afford to weaken the bond of union existing among English-speaking nations by such overtures of feeling as have been made in Canada during the summer.

C. J. FREANK, Toronto, Ont.

No Family Stuff and Nonsense Here

To the Editor of Collier's:

Your editorial in your August 22d issue entitled Family Nonsense touches my pride as a citizen of the state of Wisconsin and I wish to correct your inference that we who wished Mrs. La Follette to succeed Senator La Follette wished it because of "family stuff and sex warfare."

We wished it, first, because we wanted Senator La Follette's work continued by the one who, after himself, best understood all that he was striving for—the one who had worked with him nearly a half century, the one who was capable of carrying on his work, the one who could have united all the warring factions of progressionism in the state. Mrs. La Follette is no ordinary woman and the state which was first to announce ratification of the Suffrage Amendment would have been fully represented by her candidacy.

ALURA COLLINS HOLLISTER,
Mukwonago, Wis.

And the Moral of That Is—

To the Editor of Collier's:

All this debating between fundamentalism and science reminds me of the old parable of the blind men and the elephant: The first one, feeling of the elephant's ear, was sure the elephant was very much like a fan; the next one felt of its trunk, and, after running his hand along it, decided that the elephant was like a snake; but the third one, touching one of its legs, felt of the "bark" and followed it to the ground. He was positive that the elephant was like a tree, and so they argued, long and earnestly, but it didn't change the shape of the elephant.

MRS. MARY L. HORNER, Portland, Ore.

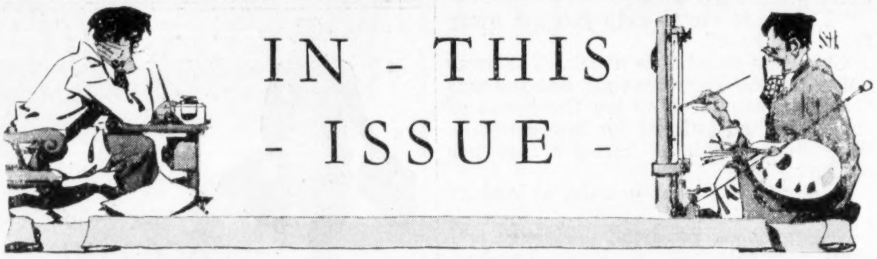
Crowning the King of the Barnyard

To the Editor of Collier's:

The objections of Mr. W. G. Nelson to the use of the eagle as the symbol of this country recall the fact that Benjamin Franklin opposed the original selection of the eagle for reasons very similar to those of Mr. Nelson.

Franklin proposed the turkey instead, urging that it is a native of and peculiar to America, and that, though not aggressive, it is no coward, for it will fight in self-defense or to protect its young.

OLIVER BAILEY, Cincinnati.



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A Job for Uncle Sam

To the Editor of Collier's:

We're not going to increase local taxes in our towns to enforce prohibition. And the rest of the country might as well know it. There are plenty of other towns in America, I guess, that are in the same hole we are. Detroit, for instance, though it is a big town and we're a little one. There are no places in our town that I know of where you can get a drink. We're trying to keep it dry and our officials won't stand for wet policemen, so far as local conditions go.

But booze in plenty has been landed on our shores and caravans of booze-loaded trucks have passed through our town headed for New York. A fellow from Detroit tells me the same thing. He says that booze routes run back into Ohio and Indiana from Detroit, but Detroit citizens can't be expected to pay their policemen to watch these routes and keep Ohio and Indiana dry. "Keep your own town dry if you want it dry." That's what we believe in Atlantic Highlands; but the little towns, where the liquor comes in, can't be expected to do federal police duty for the hinterland.

"NAVESINK LIGHTS,"
New Jersey.

A Good Intention Bears Fruit

To the Editor of Collier's:

For once in my life I'm going to refrain from adding to hell's pavement, and instead, before going to bed and forgetfulness, tell you what an uncommon fine story I thought Mr. John Peter Toohey's "On the Back Seat" was.

"Realism" is a word that the gents with lofty brows have brought into my disfavor. And I'm sorry, for it is the one word to apply to this story. I *know* those people, now—and, what's more, I'm glad I know them.

H. V. O'B.,
Harbor Springs, Mich.

We Love the Little Fellow

To the Editor of Collier's:

When Lafayette came to this country to aid the colonist against British rule, he was hailed as a hero.

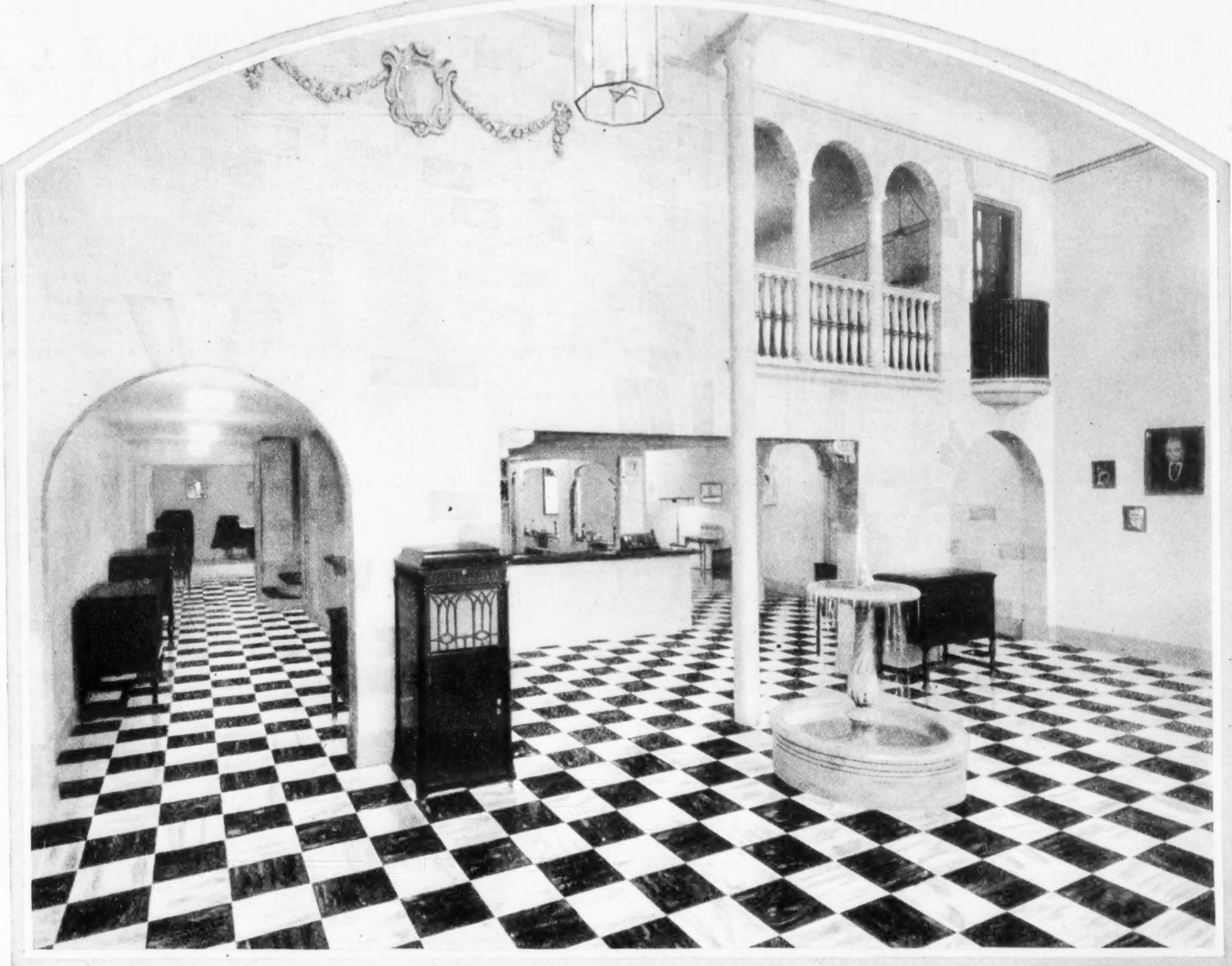
When the Boers in South Africa fought their heroic battles for freedom, American sympathy was all theirs.

When little Belgium was overrun and stood to lose its freedom, a howl of disgust went up in this land of the free and the brave. In every instance it was because it appeals to the human mind to see a small minority fight its way to freedom and be boss in its own house.

Lately we have seen that some *American* adventurers offered and were accepted to help break down the resistance of the Riffian people against a powerful nation. And the worst of it is, daily papers are giving news of these adventurers' exploits and hail them as heroes!

How many streets and squares would be named to-day after Lafayette if he had fought on the British side? For, after all, the Riffian people are merely doing the same that the American people did one hundred and fifty years ago, trying to be boss in their own country.

FAIRPLAY,
Buffalo, N. Y.



AN Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum Floor No. 76 plays an important part in making sales for the Grove Phonograph Shop of Oakland, Cal. It deadens footfalls. It contributes smart yet dignified beauty to the well-planned interior. It adds a cheerful note of welcome, an invitation to linger and shop awhile. Below, Marble Inlaid Pattern, No. 71.

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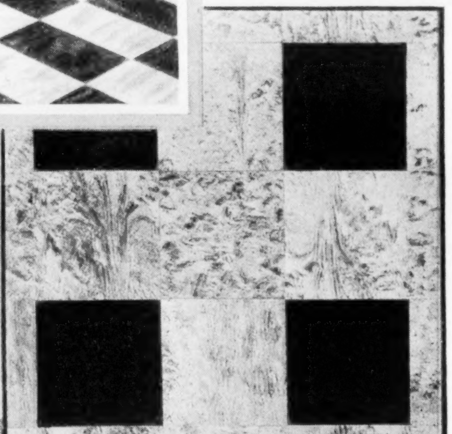
Ye White Horse Tavern, New York, shown below, has a floor of Armstrong's Dutch Tile Linoleum.



This music shop has floors of *quiet* beauty

IF there is any place where "silence is golden," it is in the floor of a shop where radios and phonographs are sold. Only when the floor of such a shop quiets noisy, shuffling footsteps to the faintest whispers can customers listen in comfort to the music and instruments on sale.

This golden silence underfoot has been secured in the smart California phonograph shop you see here without sacrificing any of the other important features so necessary in a business floor.

The floor selected by Mr. Grove, proprietor of this shop, is Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum. One glance at the picture tells you this floor is a handsome, dignified floor—a decorative part of the whole well-planned interior. One step on this floor would tell you that it is soft, springy to walk on—*and remarkably quiet.* And if you had been in this shop the day the floor was laid, you would also know why this is a floor that will last for years. For it was firmly cemented in place over builders' deadening felt. Laid this modern way, linoleum makes a smooth, practically one-piece floor. It waxes to a rich, soft sheen. Dust and office litter brush up from its surface quickly, easily. It never needs refinishing.

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Write for "Business Floors"

A post card or letter mailed to us today brings you a 48-page book, "Business Floors." This book contains colorplates of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors and gives specific directions for the laying and care of modern linoleum floors. No charge. Address Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division,* 2516 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

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